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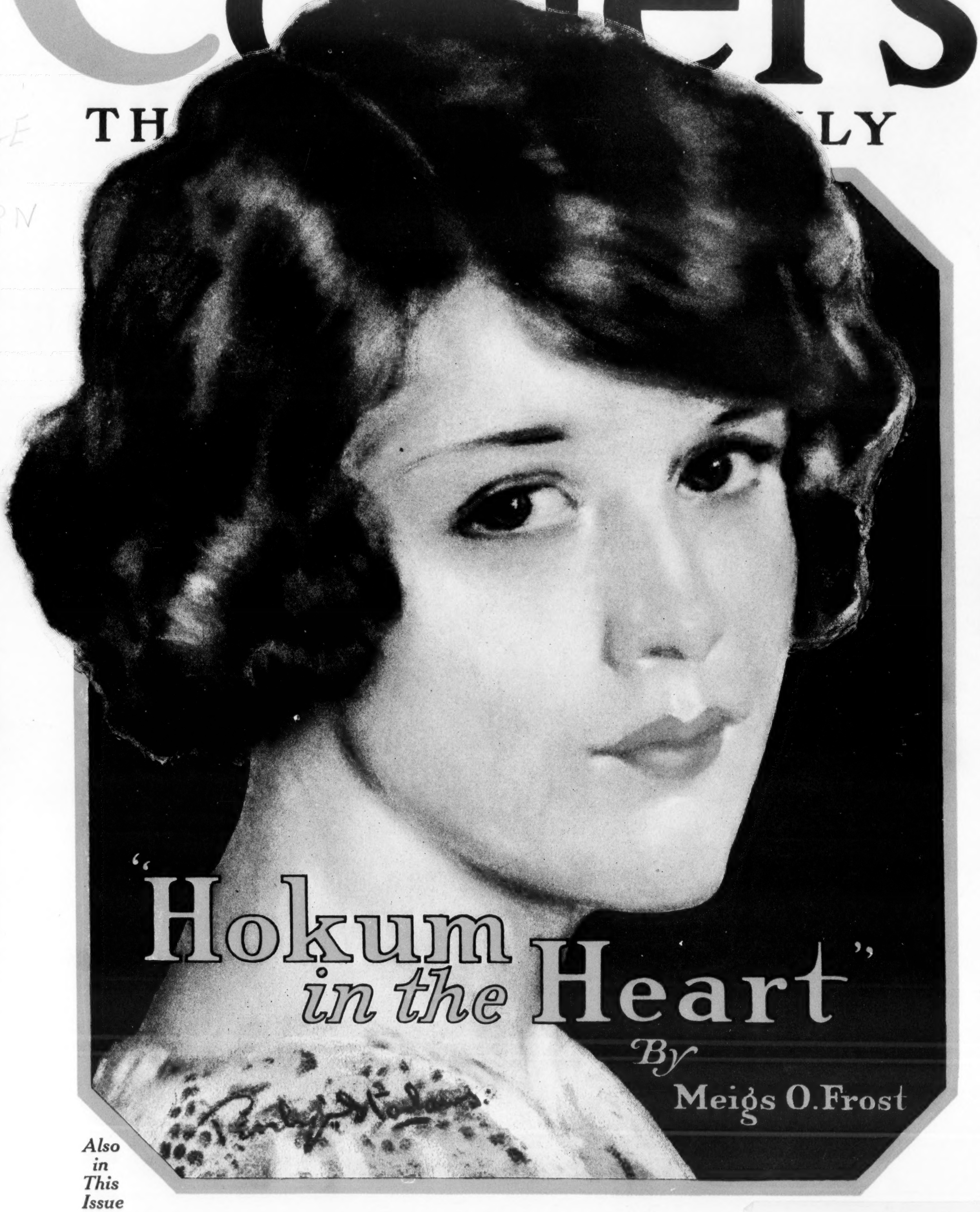
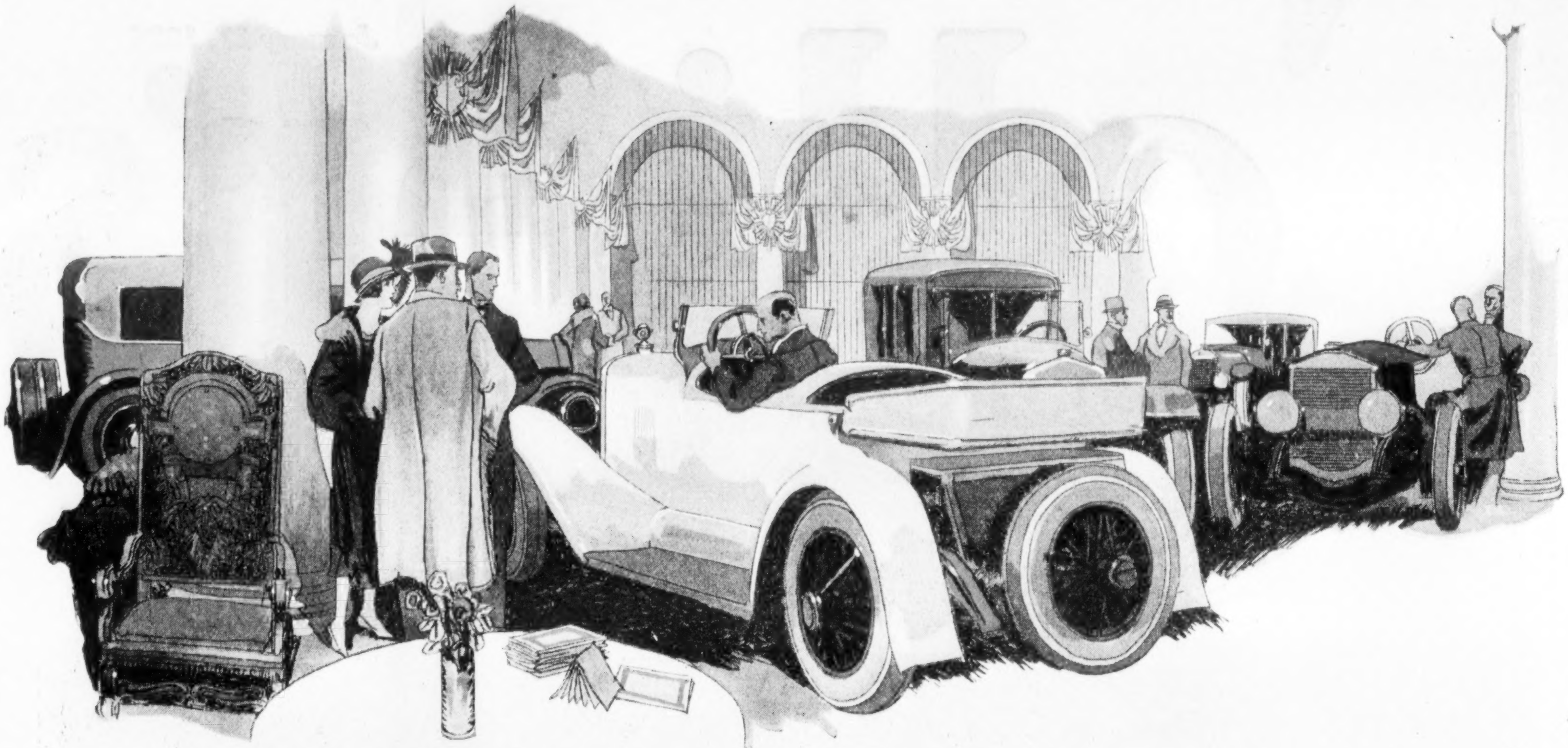


"Hokum in the Heart"

By
Meigs O. Frost

*Also
in
This
Issue*

A Code for American C



To buyers of 1925 cars

1925
Models

	SUMMER	WINTER
Anderson	Arc	Arc
Auburn Six	Arc	Arc
Auburn Eight	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc
Dodge	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc
Elcar 4-40	A	A
Elcar 6-50	Arc	Arc
Elcar 8-80	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc
Flint	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E
Gardner	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc
McFarlan	A	A
Moon Six	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc
Peerless Six	A	A
Reo	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc
Rollin	A	A
Velie	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	Arc

The above list represents cars on which a recommendation has been passed. If your new car is not listed above, write to the Automotive Department, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City, and the correct 1925 recommendation will be sent to you.

THE 1925 cars are on the road.

Some of them present important engine changes over previous models. Others are identical or almost identical with those of last year.

Engine changes may mean new lubrication needs which, if properly determined and supplied, will protect your car and add to the pleasure you will get from it.

The specifications of the new cars have been carefully analyzed by the Gargoyle Mobiloil Board of Engineers and we offer in the abbreviated Chart at the left, the recommendations of this staff of more than two score competent automotive engineers, each a lubrication specialist.

To the buyers of these 1925 cars we suggest:—

Be especially careful of your lubrication for the first 1,000 miles.

All new cars are stiff. The parts are not "broken in", and during this "breaking in" process two points are especially important:

1. ***Drive slowly* — not over 25 miles an hour.**
2. ***Lubricate* every moving part thoroughly and correctly.**

It is important that only high grade oils and greases be used—so—get the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for the engine, transmission, differential, and the other parts of the car. Then be sure to change the engine oil according to the following schedule.

After 500 miles drain and refill. After the next 500 miles, drain and refill again.

Then make it a regular practice to drain every 500 miles in Winter and every 1000 miles in Summer—and use the grade of *Gargoyle Mobiloil* recommended as especially suited to the needs of your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York (*Main Office*)

Albany
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Dallas
Des Moines
Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City, Mo.
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
New Haven
Oklahoma City
Peoria
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.
Rochester
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The dance she sat out

THE man was an attractive fellow and a good dancer. But she didn't want to dance with him again.

By a clever excuse, she slipped away and "sat it out" on the balcony.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk.* There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

How Mr. Johnson improved upon the *"good, old-fashioned" floor*

Are you building a home? Are you remodeling, redecorating? Then read this story of a practical engineer who found a better way for building floors.

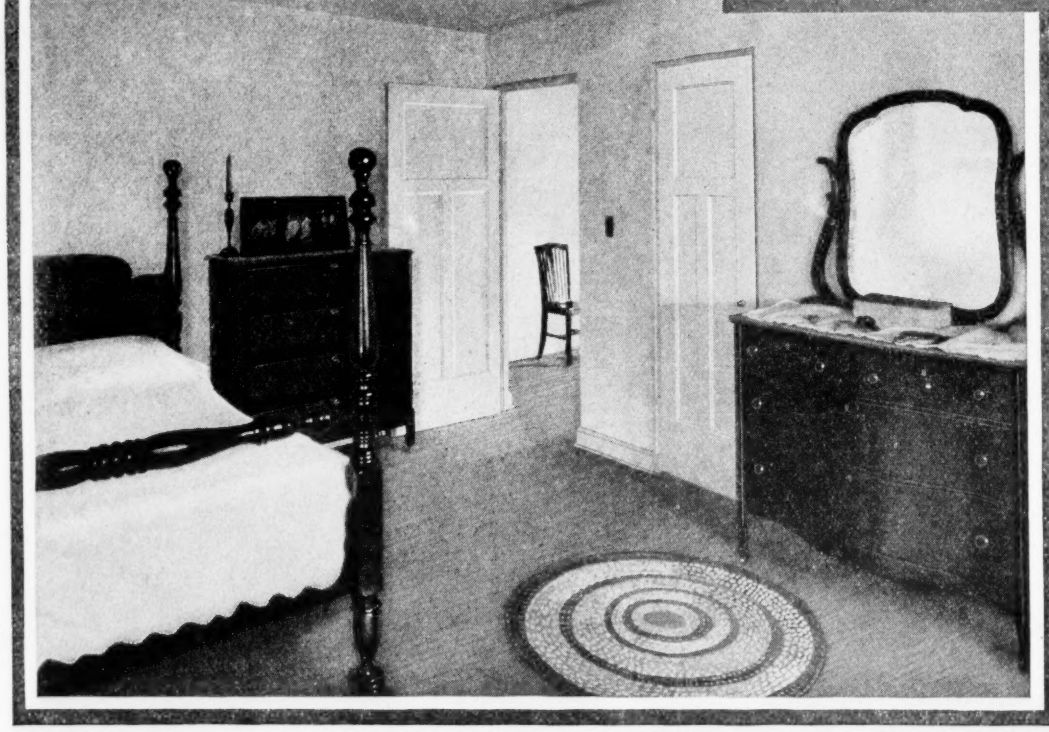
HE was showing the plans of his new home. "What's this," asked a friend, "linoleum floors? Better stick to the good, old-fashioned way and put down wood."

But Mr. Johnson only smiled. As an engineer, he had learned that old methods are not always the best. Back in 1916, when he built his first home, he specified "good, old-fashioned" floors of wood. But in one room, the kitchen, he laid linoleum.

Five years later, when he sold that house, only one floor looked as "good" as new. It was the floor that was walked on the most, the floor that received the hardest abuse—the kitchen floor of linoleum! Recalling these past experiences, Mr. Johnson had good reason to smile.

Today, Mr. Johnson's new home is a convincing example of the beauty, comfort, and convenience of modern linoleum floors. Even closets and stair landings in the new residence of this Illinois engineer are floored with linoleum.

The linoleum floors in Mr. Johnson's new home are as permanent as the doors and windows and walls. These floors of modern comfort and beauty are firmly cemented in place over a warm lining of heavy builders' deadening felt. They are warm, springy, clean floors and will last for a lifetime of the hardest wear.



Does Mr. Johnson believe he has found a better way to build floors? A recent letter reads, "I chose Armstrong's Linoleum for my new home because I thought it would be soft to walk on, springy, and noiseless. I also knew it to be sanitary and easy to keep clean.

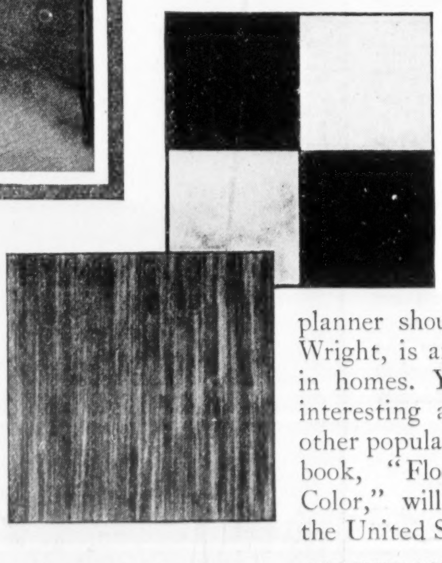
"In actual use, my linoleum floors have shown not only all these advantages but others as well. They are *warm* floors. Why? Because they absorb heat. Because their unbroken and practically one-piece surface keeps out all draughts and cold air. Because cork, the chief ingredient of linoleum, is one of the best heat insulators known. The heavy deadening felt over which my linoleum floors are firmly cemented further increases their warmth.

"This floor warmth means more than foot comfort alone. It has actually helped me to reduce my coal bills considerably, even though my new home is much larger than the old one.

"Nor is this the only saving my linoleum floors have brought me. I hunted up my bills for maintaining the wood floors in my old house. In not quite five years I spent $380 for refinishing these floors. All my linoleum floors will ever need is an occasional waxing and polishing. And they grow prettier with every polishing!"

Would you like to know more about the better way to build floors? Would you like to enjoy greater floor comfort and modern floor beauty at moderate expense? Then write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. State in your letter whether you are building a new home or remodeling and redecorating your present home. You will receive intimate information that will help you plan floors of built-in beauty that will last a lifetime.

One of the new Armstrong Patterns, a black and cream in 4-inch blocks (No. 285). Below, a soft gray Jaspé (No. 15), which also comes in rippled browns, blues and greens.



You can see the latest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum floors at any good department or furniture store. Step in the next time you are shopping. Learn what really modern linoleum looks like. You can be sure you see genuine Armstrong's Linoleum by looking for the Circle A trade-mark on the burlap back.

Agnes Foster Wright's new book on *decorating and furnishing homes*

Here is a book that every home planner should have. Its author, Agnes Foster Wright, is an authority on the new use of color in homes. You have possibly read some of her interesting articles in House and Garden and other popular magazines. Her new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
2507 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

A

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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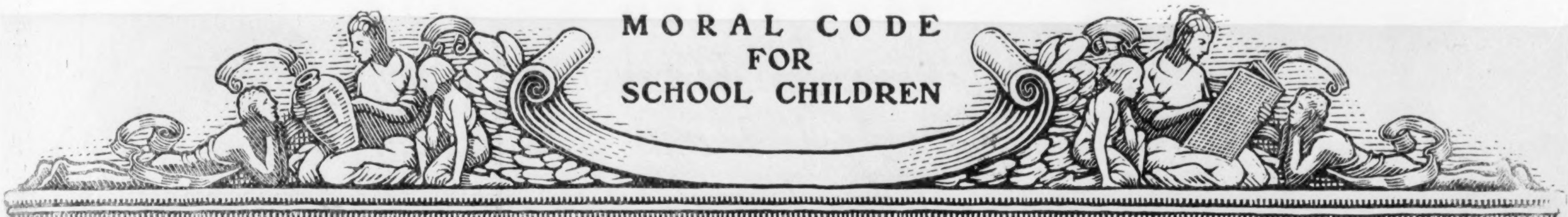


MORAL CODE FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

IN GOD WE TRUST

If I want to be a happy, useful citizen I must have:

COURAGE AND HOPE

I must be brave—This means I must be brave enough and strong enough to control what I think, and what I say and what I do, and I must always be hopeful because hope is power for improvement.

WISDOM

I must act wisely—In school, at home, playing, working, reading or talking, I must learn how to choose the good, and how to avoid the bad.

INDUSTRY AND GOOD HABITS

I must make my character strong—My character is what I am, if not in the eyes of others, then in the eyes of my own conscience. Good thoughts in my mind will keep out bad thoughts. When I am busy doing good I shall have no time to do evil. I can build my character by training myself in good habits.

KNOWLEDGE AND USEFULNESS

I must make my mind strong—The better I know myself, my fellows and the world about me, the happier and more useful I shall be. I must always welcome useful knowledge in school, at home, everywhere.

TRUTH AND HONESTY

I must be truthful and honest—I must know what is true in order to do what is right. I must tell the truth without fear. I must be honest in all my dealings and in all my thoughts. Unless I am honest I cannot have self-respect.

HEALTHFULNESS AND CLEANLINESS

I must make my body strong—My eyes, my teeth, my heart, my whole body must be healthful so that my mind can work properly. I must keep physically and morally clean.

HELPFULNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

I must use my strength to help others who need help—If I am strong I can help others, I can be kind, I can forgive those who hurt me and I can help and protect the weak, the suffering, the young and the old, and dumb animals.

CHARITY

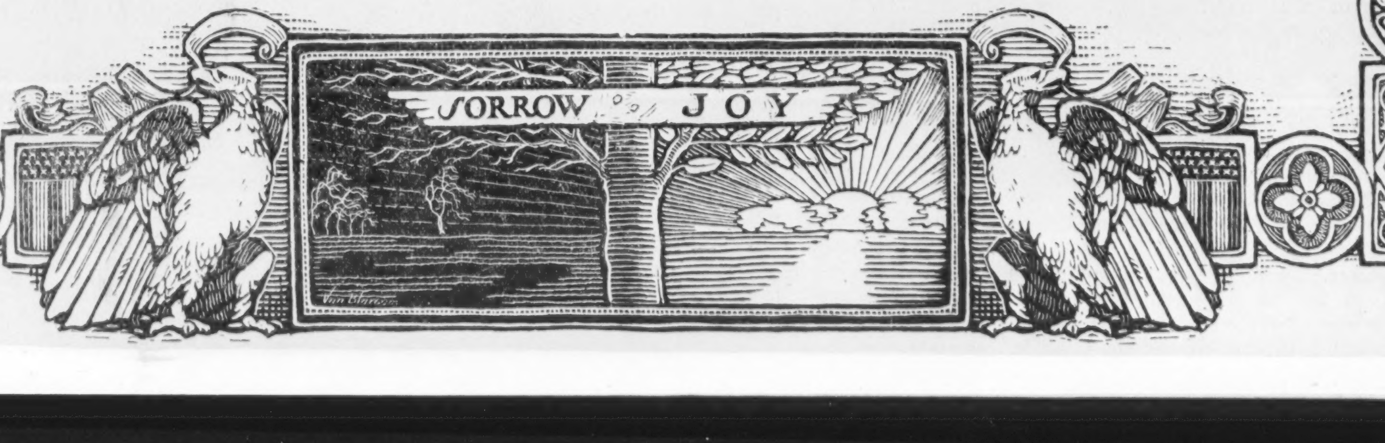
I must love—I must love God, who created not only this earth but also all men of all races, nations and creeds, who are my brothers. I must love my parents, my home, my neighbors, my country, and be loyal to all these.

HUMILITY AND REVERENCE

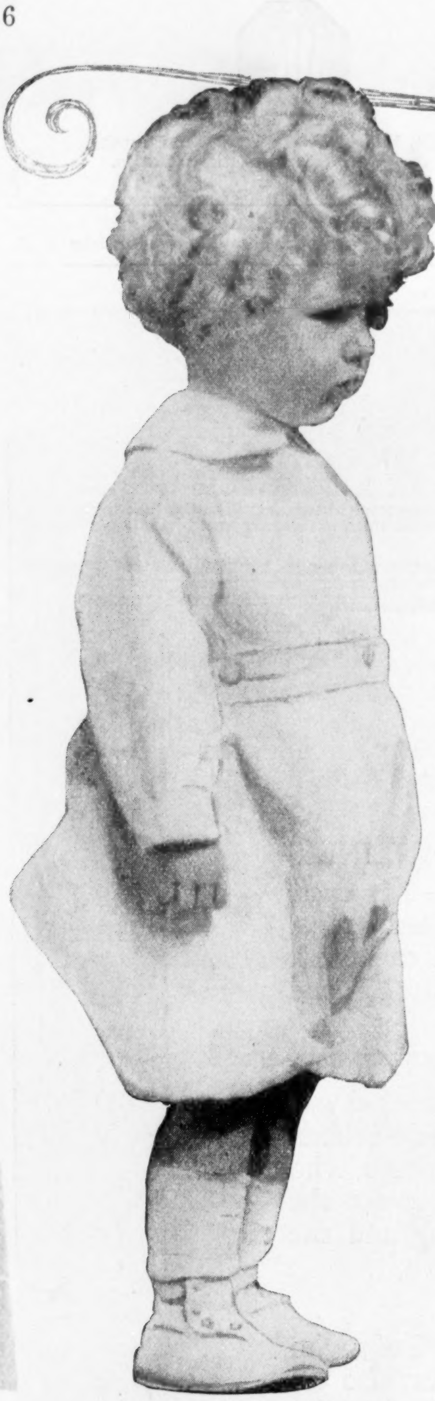
I must know that there are always more things to learn—What I may know is small compared to what can be known. I must respect all who have more wisdom than I, and have reverence for all that is good. And I must know how and whom to obey.

FAITH AND RESPONSIBILITY

I must do all these things because I am accountable to God and to humanity for how I live and how I can help my fellows, and for the extent to which my fellows may trust and depend upon me.



The Story of the MORAL CODE



Yes, children can be taught to be upright. Consider Jimmy. He lied and cheated, but wise teachers increased his honesty score 200% in three months

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

GUINEA pigs get into laboratories and have a hard time of it. And here was Jimmy in a laboratory, and in the hands of scientists, and he didn't know that he was having trouble.

It wasn't his warped body that was in the hands of the scientists. It was his ragtag little soul. He was in a laboratory for children's souls. Jimmy would lie and cheat and steal at every opportunity; he was only thirteen and one-half years old and he thought that was the way life went.

These scientists—he thought they were foolish school teachers—gave him every possible opportunity to cheat in his examinations and in all sorts of tests, and Jimmy didn't miss a bet. For instance, one of his teachers gave him a piece of paper twelve inches square; on the face of it were printed five circles, each the size of a dime.

"Close your eyes," ordered the teacher, "and stick the point of your lead pencil into the center of each circle. I am going to give a prize to the boy who hits every circle the most times."

Jimmy did as he was ordered, only he squinted. His lead pencil struck the center of each circle without fail.

"Try it again," the teacher told the class. Jimmy squinted again and hit every circle. They tried this five times.

In the back part of the room, a boy burst out crying. "What's the matter?" asked the teacher.

"I guess I'm not smart enough—I can't ever hit any of these circles with my eyes closed," said the boy.

Secretly the teacher marked the little fellow with the tear-wet cheeks "Ten"—the highest possible mark for this test. Then she turned to Jimmy and said, "How many times have you hit the circles, Jimmy?"

"Five times," replied Jimmy. The teacher gave Jimmy a quarter but marked him "Zero." This was because he had lied to her. This was not an intelligence test, but an honesty test—a test for trustworthiness.

One day the teacher gave Jimmy 25 cents to go to a certain store to buy a pamphlet costing 9 cents. The storekeeper, under agreement with the teacher, gave Jimmy 26 cents in return. Jimmy took the 26 cents back to the teacher and handed it to her without counting it.

"Isn't this too much change?" she asked. Jimmy, sensing a lesson in arithmetic, counted the money, and said. "Yes, there is 10 cents too much here."

"Did you have a dime of your own in your pocket?" the teacher asked.

"Yes'm, I did," lied Jimmy, and down went another zero mark for Jimmy. He kept the dime. The teacher wasn't trying to find fault with Jimmy; she was trying to find out the truth about him.

In eight other tests Jimmy showed up his ragtag soul with its slippery philosophy of life.

There were twenty-four other boys in this schoolroom class who underwent these same tests with Jimmy. Jimmy ranked lowest. His score for honesty, honor and trustworthiness was exactly 23—way down in the mud. Other boys ranked up as high as 75. One, who must have had excellent home training, scored 95. He missed scoring 100, although he had not seized upon one single opportunity out of ten to cheat or lie, for the simple reason that he had promised—still not knowing that he was being tested—to return a certain borrowed book at a certain hour.

Now, that's the story of the tests that were made at the beginning of the laboratory experiment. "You can't measure human souls," our experts in education were saying not longer than fifteen years ago, but Jimmy was coming pretty close to having his soul measured, or at least having the contents of it gauged.

Morals Can Be Taught

LABORATORY work sometimes isn't very pretty, and I wouldn't want to have my boys go through this sort of thing. But there is a brighter side to this story, or I shouldn't have told it. These same scientists began to see what they could do to improve the state of Jimmy's morals and strengthen his trustworthiness.

For three months, although Jimmy did not know what was being done to him—and no one has ever told him, so far as I know—he was subjected to lessons in hero worship; he was put under a pledge to be true to himself and to everybody else. Special, careful teachers, sympathetic yet seemingly artless, pounded decency into Jimmy's head and soul; and they did the same for the other boys in the class. At the end of three months Jimmy's soul was put under another strain. Ten more tests, which he thought were intelligence tests, but which in reality were tests of his honesty, were given to Jimmy, and he shone forth like a knight in white armor. The other boys increased their score of trustworthiness, but Jimmy's score rose 52 points to 75! One good boy in the class went up 2 points; Jimmy had improved twenty-five times over the good boy.

What the laboratory found out about Jimmy was this: Jimmy had not had a fair start in life and the laboratory gave him the start. His home was of the sort that couldn't have done it.

You couldn't have boosted Jimmy from a mark of 23 to a mark of 75 in the subjects of history or arithmetic or geography within the space of three months, but you could boost him over 200 per cent in morals.

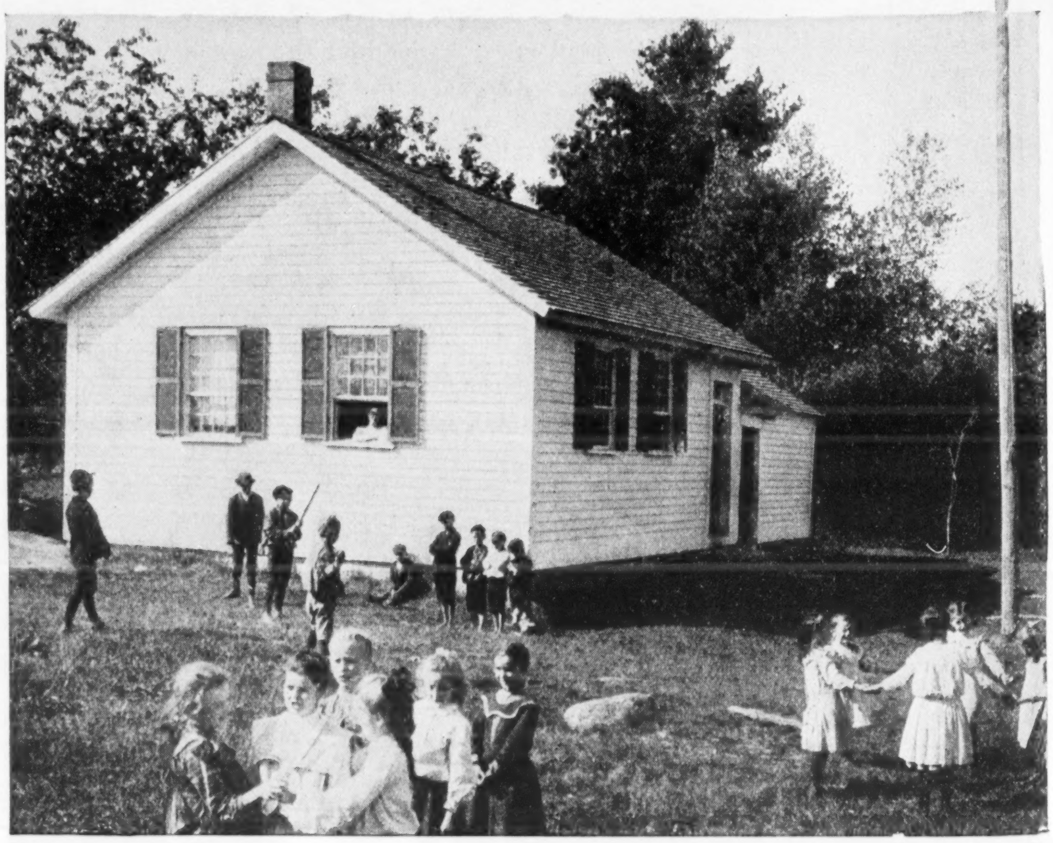
Yes, morals can be taught.

The man who has developed this laboratory of children's souls is Paul Frederick Voelker. He has shown within recent years, to our educators, that children's ideas of morals can be measured with laboratory exactness; that children can be taught in school or by other methods how to be good.

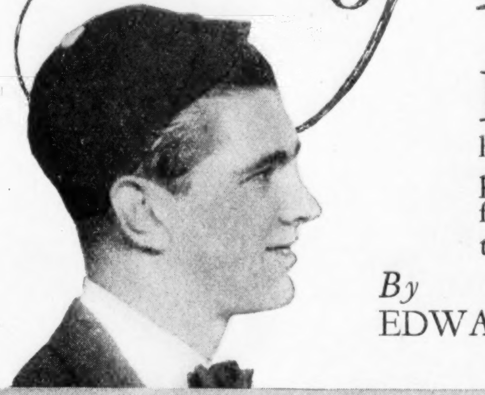
It was at Teachers College, Columbia University, that young Voelker, who had come there to take his Ph. D., declared to psychologists like the famous Professor E. L.

(*Continued on page 43*)

Outside the schoolroom come the tests of self-reliance and honesty—where the influence of home and teacher count most



The GREATEST THRILL of MY LIFE



FOR years a good, snappy revolution or a peppy little war was manna for "Tex" O'Reilly's soul. Where the bullets hummed, there was he—enjoying life. But here's a surprise. He says his greatest thrill did not come on a battlefield. It came in Little Old New York; and the young man on the left—a freshman at Columbia—was responsible for it.

By
EDWARD S. O'REILLY

I HAVE been asked to tell what was the greatest thrill that has come to me in a life more than ordinarily filled with adventure. That's a hard one to answer. After many years of wandering and fighting, adventure becomes commonplace. But I'll try to answer.

There was that day, for instance, when a broncho mule and myself were the star actors, in a hectic sketch acted in a bullet-swept street of Santa Rosalia, Mexico, during the Madero rebellion of 1911.

The insurrectos had attacked the town the day before. They had worked their way around the outskirts of the pueblo until the federal troops were encircled. The second day the rebels were closing their lines, mining from house to house with picks and crowbars.

A freight car load of dynamite had been captured in the railroad yards. The insurgents made tin can grenades of this dynamite, threw lighted sticks on the roofs, and shot up the town like a gang of small boys celebrating an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

With a squad of Mexicans I had worked my way down one of the main streets toward the plaza. We had taken refuge in an opening off the street where the adobe walls formed an aisle of safety about fifteen feet square.

At the next corner the federal soldiers had entrenched themselves across the street, and fortified one of the house tops. They were pumping volleys down that narrow lane in an enthusiastic manner.

The World's Most Dangerous Mule

SOME drunken genius in the insurgent army conceived a brilliant idea. He packed two boxes of sixty per cent dynamite on the back of a small mule and tied a dried palm leaf to the animal's tail. The idea was that the mule would stampede down the street until it arrived at the corner where the soldiers were. Then the rebels would shoot into the boxes, explode the dynamite, and blow up the mule like an animated mine in the faces of the soldiers.

It was a great idea, but the strategist forgot to figure on the nature of the mule. The contrary beast came careening down the street kicking at the rattling palm leaf until it reached the spot where I was standing. There it stopped and seemed to go into a deep revery, while the bullets buzzed all about.

Any second that mule was liable to explode, and if those two boxes of dynamite went up I knew I too would fade out of the scene. I had to get that animated grenade behind the wall or the joke would be on me.

"Come, muley, muley," I pleaded, but that was a very suspicious mule. He did not believe in making friends.

Finally I reached out, seized his halter and dragged him, resisting, into the niche behind the wall. Then that fool beast decided to get frightened. He plunged and kicked, whirling me around like the tail of a kite.

One minute I would swing out into the street and the soldiers would shoot at me. The next minute I would swing in and the mule would back out, exposing his load of explosives to the bullets. To add to the hilarity, a bullet raked him along the flank, convincing him that all was not well with the world, and another punctured my pistol holster.

I yelled for help, but that gang of insurrectos just lay back behind the wall and howled with laughter. They slapped each other on the back and roared like a bunch of idiots. It never seemed to occur to them that if that jazzing hybrid blew up they would be dead heroes.

After they had enjoyed their laugh, they finally came to my assistance. While they held the mule down to a mere buck and wing dance, I untied the diamond hitch and cautiously eased the dynamite to the ground.

I still think that the few minutes I spent playing ring-around-a-rosie with that explosive mule may be classified as a thrill.

Looking back through the moving pictures of the years, there is another day that brings a thrill of horror when it flashes across my memory. It was in the Philippine Islands when I was a boy soldier, not long graduated from a Texas ranch.

When the Filipino insurrection flared up in 1899, my regiment fought north through the suburbs of Manila, driving the natives before us. It was an all-day fight under the tropic sun, with the nipa shacks burning around us.

About sundown we captured La Loma church on the hills north of the city, and were halted for the night. We were thankful for the rest, for we were bone-weary, and had lost our grub wagon.

During the fight we had made a charge through a Chinese cemetery about a mile back of where we were halted. Adjoining it was a Chinese leper hospital. That night our officers received the report that the hospital attendants had decamped during the fight, leaving the place unguarded. It was rumored that the leper inmates were escaping and scattering through the city.

It was my hard luck to draw the special guard detail. The sergeant of the guard stationed me in the doorway of a compound surrounded by high walls and buildings. The gateway where I was stationed was the only exit from the patio. The wooden doors had been pried from their hinges.

Lepers I'll Remember

IT WAS a moonless night, but the sky for miles around was lighted by the flare of the burning thatched houses. Several miles to my left the gunboat Charleston, one of Admiral Dewey's fleet, was bombarding the rebel trenches. The intermittent firing of the sentries crackled up and down the line to right and left.

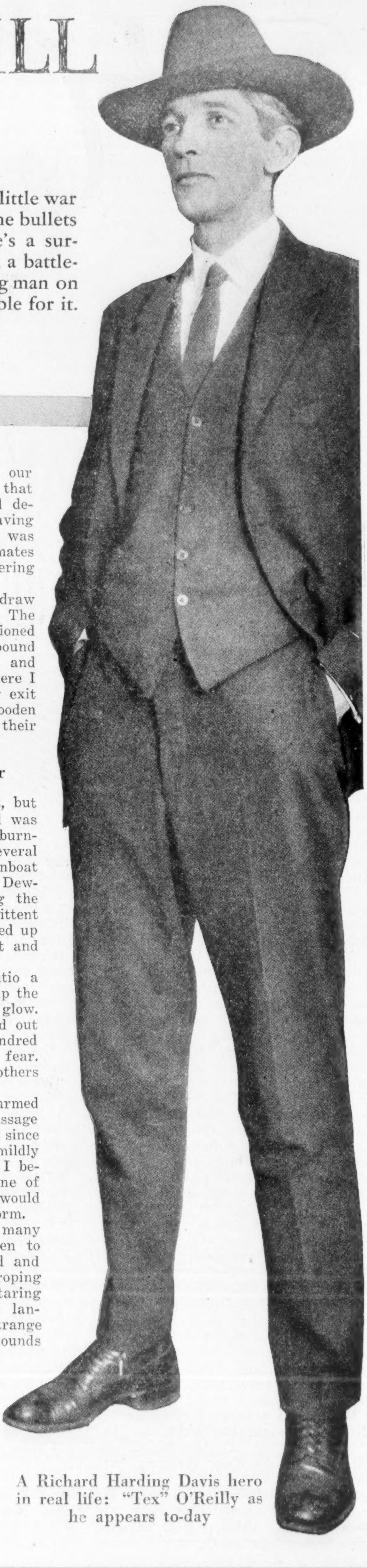
In the center of the patio a fire was burning, lighting up the place with a weird red glow. Around the fire and in and out of the rooms more than a hundred lepers ran about wailing in fear. That is, some of them ran, others could only crawl.

Again and again they swarmed out of the patio into the passage where I stood guard. I have since learned that leprosy is only mildly contagious, but that night I believed that the touch of one of those pitiful creatures would mean death in a horrible form.

They did not attack me, many of them did not seem even to see me. They just pushed and crowded toward the door, groping with fingerless hands, staring with sightless eyes. The language they chattered was strange to me, the whimpering sounds were not human sounds.

Desperately I shouted, threatening them with my gun, shoving them back with the rifle barrel, at times shooting over their heads. My orders were to hold that gate. I believed that if that crowd escaped they would spread a dreadful

(Continued on page 45)



A Richard Harding Davis hero in real life: "Tex" O'Reilly as he appears to-day

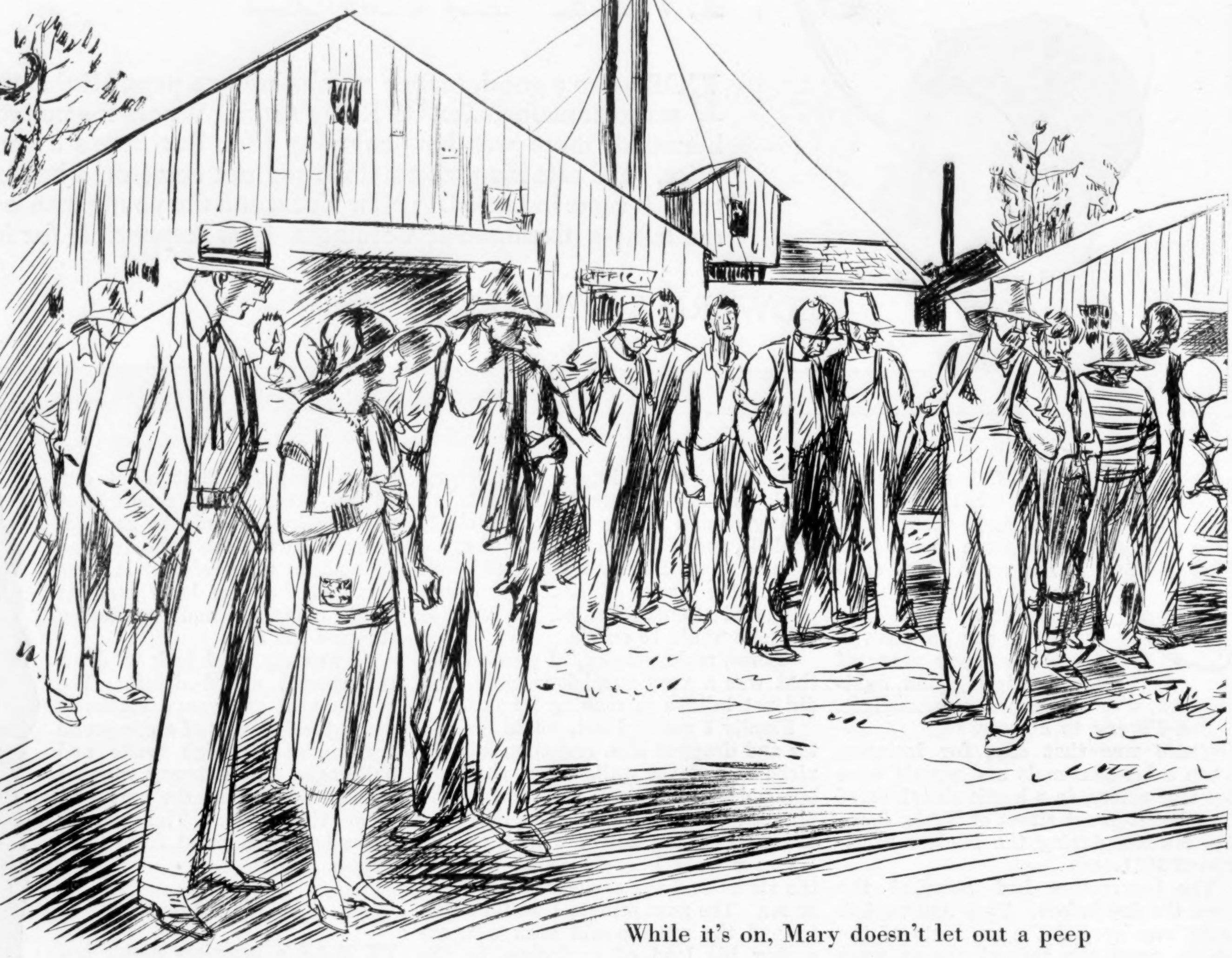
HOKUM *in the*

By

MEIGS O. FROST

ILLUSTRATED BY

WALLACE MORGAN



While it's on, Mary doesn't let out a peep

SURE, it's a good show. The boss spent a wad of jack on that layout. He's catching back too. It's an eye filler all right, from the time the nine-thousand-dollar purple velvet curtain climbs till she drops. But it ain't a whang. There ain't enough hokum in it.

Yeh, I said hokum. I mean hokum. Don't you know yet what it takes to keep the jack coming in off the road after you finished the nine hundredth Broadway performance? The hokum. The good old heart-throb lines that get under their ribs and make 'em laugh and cry and want to climb the footlights and love the heroine and pat the hero on the back and soak the villain with everything the Daily Dozen put behind their trusty right. Sure-fire, knock-'em-dead, riot stuff.

You said it. The way Mary Blake used to put it over. I had Mary in mind all the time. I learned about hokum from her.

Where's Mary now? Out in a Louisiana hick town you never heard of. Sawmill town! Mary Blake! And happy! Happier'n a hophead turned loose in the narcotic squad's evidence room. All hopped up on the greatest hokum of her career. I know. That's how I learned hokum is the ace card in the deck.

It just happens I'm the guy can tell you all about Mary Blake. That ain't her name any more. She's Mrs. John H. Ralston. Though inside the profession, even, there ain't many folks could tell you her married name on a bet. Once you drop off Broadway, usually you're out of sight. I'll go you a dinner you can't tell me where Maude Adams is living now. Or Marie Doro.

How do I know so much about Mary? Here. Light up. You're right, they're good. The boss buys 'em for himself.

I was out in Dallas ahead of "Happy Hearts"—say, *there* was one sure-fire box-office riot—and getting ready for the long jump, out to the coast, when I get the boss' wire. All it says is:

"Brownson takes your job. Report New York office at once."

Orders are orders. I check out at the Adolphus and take next train. *And* I was worrying. I'd been reasonable with the swindle sheet that trip, so I didn't think it was any expense-account scandal. I can't see any hole in the publicity I've been plastering the country with, either. But, anyway, when I step into the elevator a coupla mornings later, I ain't wearing the kelly cocked any too far over the starboard lamp.

The boss looks at me a minute without a word. You know how that helps.

"Your eyesight all right?" is his first crack.

"Sure thing, Boss," I says, trying to sound at home, even if my breakfast didn't feel like it was setting right.

"No danger your starting to wear cheaters framed in a celluloid turtle's raincoat?" he asks.

"Not that I know of," is my bright comeback. It's the only one I got.

"What're you smoking these days?" is his next little ray of sunshine.

I know now something's stirring, but I'm a liar if I can guess why the tornado is going to promenade up my Main Street.

"Three for two-bits, mostly," I tell him. "Pack or two of Dromedaries on the side. They satisfy—me."

"Got an eight-inch ivory cigarette smokestack or a Bunhill pipe on you?" he contributes.

THIS was getting bad. My morale was slipping. Next crack he has me buffaloed. Pung and Chow!

"Ever had any inclination to call me 'Chief'?" he shoots. I'm getting groggy, but I manage to block that with: "Not yet. They picked you for Charlie Murphy's job with Tammany Hall?"

Then the boss grins, and I know it ain't as bad as it looks.

"I think," he says, "you'll qualify if you're still a press agent."

"I'll tell the jug-headed world I'm that," I says. I'm on solid ground there. Ask any city editor.

"Not a Publicity Counselor?" the boss kids. I begin to see light. The things he's been asking me if I *ain't*, they're what his new highbrow director of publicity *is*. Lord Reggie, we call him after his first day in the office. Yeh, you got me.

"Not on your life," says I. "I get *my* stuff printed. And what do those last two-dollar toggle-jointed words mean, anyway?"

"Damfino," says the boss. "Though there's been a lot of chewing the fat about 'em around this office lately."

"When do we start?" I chirps.

"You started, first of the week, on Lord Reggie's pay," says the boss, "and I've got a job for you where you'll have a chance to earn it."

That breaks my heart, of course. Because it's Friday then and while I been pulling down a century a week, Lord Reggie's been getting away with murder as a two-century specialist.

Where does Mary Blake and the hokum stuff come in? Why, Mary Blake's the job the boss was talking about. Mary and me, we'd worked together a long, long time. I used to be her personal press agent.

Sure, she'd been off the stage four years then. Had Broadway and Hollywood where they lay down and rolled over and played dead and jumped through the hoop when she said the word. And she quits the whole works cold, to get married.

Doesn't break her contracts, get me? Finishes 'em out like the little lady she is, right up to the last minute, cheerful, with never a sulk.

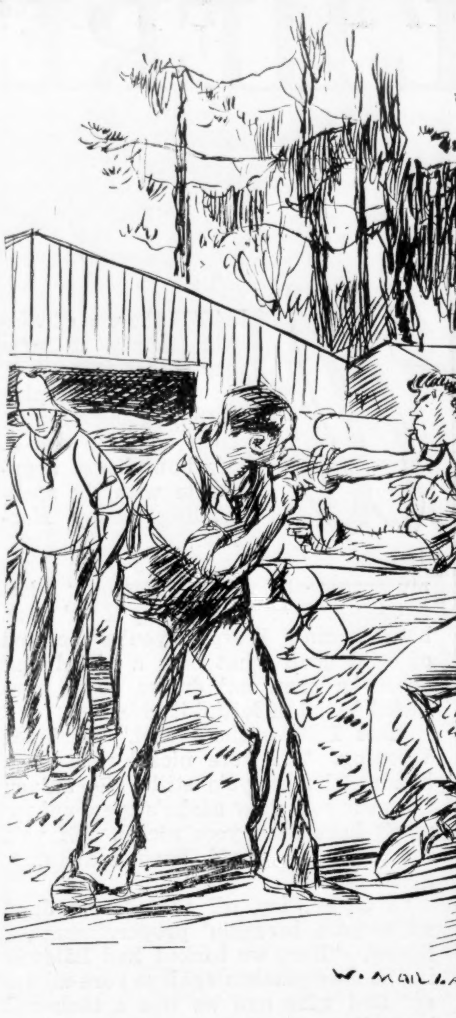
This John H. Ralston she's marrying, his father is a cypress lumber millionaire down in Louisiana. Sent the kid back East to school—usual Andover and Yale combination—and once he's in New York with a rah-rah gang celebrating some mayhem they've committed on Harvard, he lamps Mary over the footlights and it's all off. She was just a kid, starring in "Baby Darling," then.

I gotta hand it to the youngster. He didn't do any stagedoor stuff. He finds somebody who knows 'em both, and he gets an introduction would 'a' satisfied Beatrice Fairfax. Then he starts out after Mary like Sir Launcelot starts after the Holy Grail. He has a long uphill hike ahead of him, before she'll let him walk her into the "until death do us part" scene. But he makes the grade. Finishes school and college and goes back down South, and I guess he gives his check-signing father heart failure by going straight onto the job. Don't get the idea Jack Ralston was any little Rollo, even if he does step on his own feet and get tongue-tied when Mary Blake's around. He plays a wicked left tackle, he pulls Number Four on the crew, and between training tables I guess his gasoline bill makes his tuition fees look like small change. But he ain't rotten, get me, like some of those rich men's whelps.

WELL, "came a day," as Anita Loos puts it, when Ralston and Mary Blake climb into his royal blue choo-choo and roll up to Greenwich, Connecticut, which is altogether another thing from Greenwich Village, New York. They come back to town Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ralston. After that Mary only sees Broadway when she runs back up North amongst us Yankees to buy some clothes or take a boat for their summer vacation.

Four years! It's a million years off Broadway. The profession remembers, mostly, but the crowd forgets.

HEART



The husky was out for murder

Only the boss, he don't forget anybody who made him the money Mary made. So that's why he's called me in. I ask him what this new job is all about.

"Well," says the boss, "there may be a chance to get Mary Blake back. Here's the set-up. I'm out to dinner the other night with a bunch of these old-young and young-old financiers who think I'm in the theatrical game to keep up the supply of girls for them to play the heavy-sugar daddy to. Every one of 'em a Curly Wolf of Wall Street. Here's what leaks. That gang of manicured buccaneers young Graffenreid Pinckney trails with, they've been forming a cypress lumber trust. United something-or-other, they call it. They've been busy with the old auger under the water line, and they've scuttled old Hank Ralston. Yeh, Mary Blake's rich father-in-law. He thought he'd rather fight 'em than join 'em. They licked him. That is, they licked a dead man. Might have been different if the old hard-head had lived. Been through many a fight in his time. Always come out of it with the other fellow's heart and pocketbook in his teeth. But right in the middle of this scrap, he's in one of his cypress sawmills down in Louisiana, and a nigger fireman full of corn hooch lets a lot of cold water into a red-hot boiler. Old Hank is one of those they took away and never brought him back."

"Go on with the second act," I says. "This is getting good."

"They club some Southern banks through their New York connections, and they got their own receiver running the Ralston business now," the boss goes on. "But young Jack Ralston, Mary's husband—they ain't rounded him up yet. It seems that when the kid marries Mary the old man puts him through one hell of a course of sprouts and makes a real lumberman out of him. The kid sticks through a rough razzing, shows guts, and gets some local country bankers to back him in starting a cypress lumber business of his own. Of course he was going in with the old man later."

"This sounds interestin'," I says.

"It *is* interestin'," says the boss. "I wouldn't have got wise to this, only young Pinckney got all steamed up on prewar and starts talking to me about Mary Blake. It seems Mary must have been trying to do something to help the family. You know she had a sweet little bank balance and a safe-deposit box full of gilt-edge stuff when she married. Not enough to win a war like Hank Ralston was in. But she tried to make it enough, and—blooey! Some guys like General Wood's son can lick Wall Street from the Philippine Islands. Mary couldn't do it from Louisiana. Pinckney's crowd own her broker. That's how they know Mary's personal assets are worth six cents less than a nickel. Pinckney chuckles when he tells me about it. Then he slips it that when the United Pirates, or whatever they call 'em, get through with young Ralston, he'll be lucky if he can hook onto somebody's pay roll in the only business he knows. And I'm the only theatrical producer in America knows that."

I BEGIN to see light.

"You said this info. leaked, Boss," I says. "But on the level, now, is it you or Graffenreid Pinckney, dam' him, that thinks Mary's about due to come back to Broadway?"

"It's about fifty-fifty," owns up the boss, smiling a little at the way I'd picked him off. "Pinckney wants her back here where he can do some sharpshooting. He was drunk and talking too much. Crazy about her as he ever was, and that's some crazy. But Mary can take care of herself. There's nothing to worry about *there*. And you and I know what a whang it would be for me if I could get her to come back. I've got three plays on ice here that were made to order for her."

"Gee, Boss," I says. "Do you think we can get her back?"

"That," says the boss, "is where you come in."

"Me?" I says. And I ain't pulling no modest-hero line, either.

"You," says the boss. "I'm all tied up here with this Equity row and I can't go. She ain't going to come for any wire or telephone or letter, and you know it. This thing has got to be handled while it's hot. Young Pinckney is heading down into Louisana this week to slip over the knockout in this cypress war. You've known her ever since you were out ahead of her when she was a baby star. She likes you. You're my special agent in this. Full power to act. Written authority. Take all the time you need. Use sense, but go any limit within reason. Go a little farther if you have to and it ain't too dam' unreasonable. Here's your first big job. Do you field it or muff it? I've given you the whole set-up. Now let's see if I was a liar when I argued there was one press agent had a little judgment and knew how to use it."

SO THAT'S why the Dixie De Luxe has me for a passenger that same night. Six o'clock the morning after I hit New Orleans I'm climbing aboard a day-coach train full of hot red plush seats, and men with washed-out faded blue jumpers instead of coats and shirts, and babies, and women that wore out their imagination when they'd picked between white calico with black spots and black calico with white spots. Eleven o'clock the brakie sticks his head inside the door and bellows: "Bia Cypress nex'!" I grab the grip and pile out.

I look for the town. Ain't any town in sight. Just dusty road and trees.

I look at the station agent. He looks at me.

"Morning," I says. "How far is it to Mrs. John H. Ralston's house?"

"Mawnin'," says the agent. "It's th' big house up on th' other end of Main Street.

"We-all calls her Miss Mary, roun' heah."

I look at the dusty road stretching out under the hot sun, between the trees, and I tries to be funny, though I ain't feeling funny.

"Can I get a taxicab out to the hotel?" I cracks at him.

"Sho'," he says. "I'll phone fo' one."

He steps over to the little yellow wooden station there in the hot sun. Him and me, we're the only human beings in sight. I think he's kidding me, maybe, so I walk along behind him to see has he really got a telephone.

The bozo makes good. Steps into a door marked "White Waiting-Room" and grinds the crank on one of them 1890-type telephones they musta had when New York's phone directory was printed on a card. He don't call for no number. Just says: "Mawnin', Miss Celestine. Would yo' kin'ly call 'cross t' Euzebe t' drive down t' th' deepo. Got a Nawthe'n gentleman wants a taxi."

Euzebe comes along. His last name is Miltonberger and he pronounces it "Meel-tong-bare-shay;" can you beat it?

He drives me down that dusty road among the trees, and pretty soon we turn into Main Street and there we are at Mother Boudreaux's hotel.

So I scrub off the worst that red plush train can do to me in five hours and go downstairs to telephone Mary.

A maid answers. No, Miss Mary ain't home. She's "gone up the road a piece in the cyah, t' look oveh her chicken fa'm. Sho' be back befo' suppeh time." Would I leave my name?

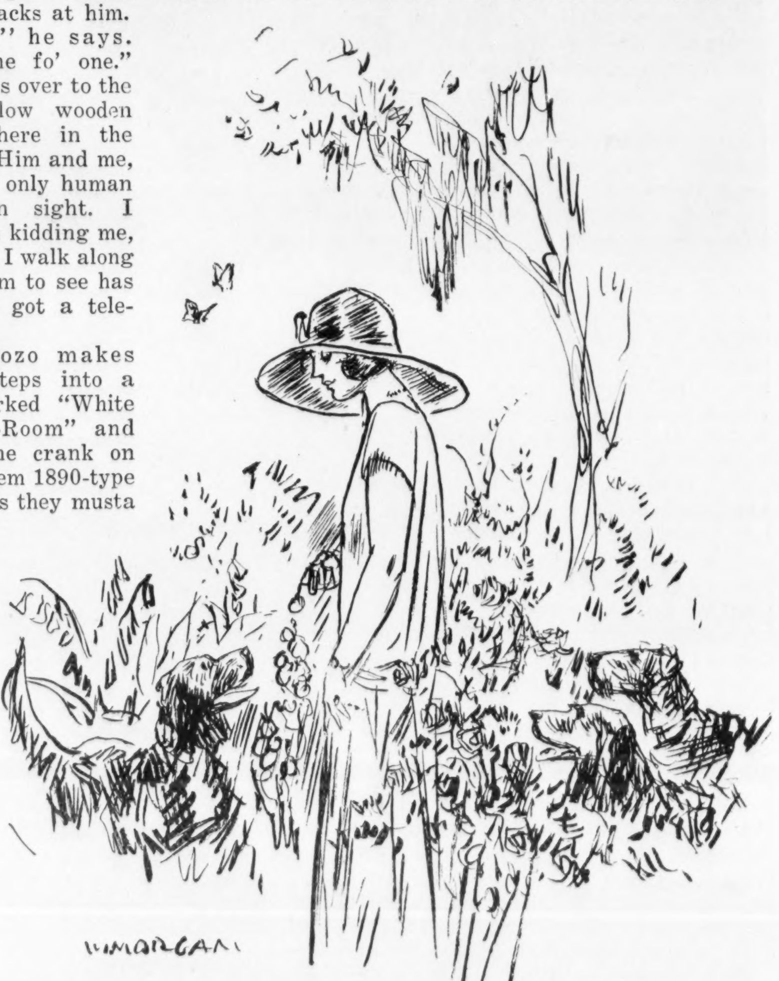
"Ask her to leave word for Jack Armstrong, her old press agent, at Mother Boudreaux's hotel, when she gets back," I tell the maid. She gets it after the fifth try, and I wander out to give the main stem the up and up.

There's a tinsmith and a general store. A tin garage. A frame hotel and a few frame houses. A couple of cows and a few hogs nosing around, mournful.

That's Main Street, town of Bayou Cypress, Parish of St. Agathe, State of Louisiana, U. S. A. And at the end of it lived Mary Blake! Home! It was the Old Home Town stuff all right!

I drop into the drug store to kill time and have an ice cream. Ten cents' worth of dissipation. Then I get back to the hotel, twenty feet away, and sit down in a rocker on the piazza and wait to see the traffic go by. Only there ain't no traffic.

And this is home, I tells myself, for the girl that had Broadway traffic-blocked only four years ago. I kinda shut my eyes and pictured the nights I'd seen "MARY BLAKE" there in big electric letters. (*Continued on page 34*)

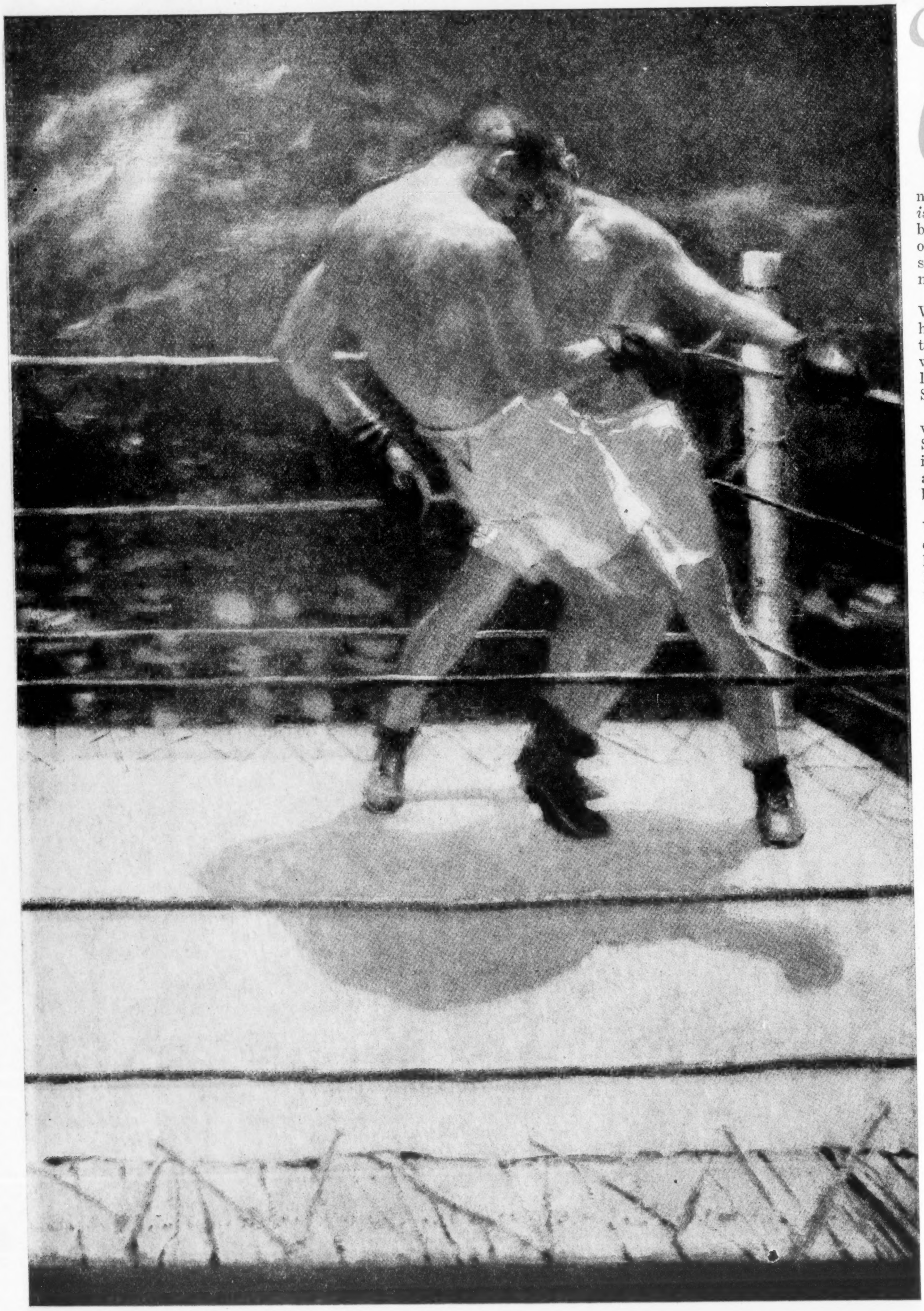


Broadway should have seen Mary in her old-fashioned garden with her dogs

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

By
HERBERT L. McNARY

ILLUSTRATED BY JES WILLIAM SCHLAIKJER



With superb carelessness Yates weaved in for the finishing blow —and he got it!

"WHAT'S the use of winnin' money if yo're gonna bet it again?" protested Weeping Willow, going stronger than usual in one of his bunk-house arguments with the spellbinding Soapy Harlow.

"That's jest about my argument," retorted Soapy. "What *is* the use of winnin' money if yo' don't bet it again? Weepin', you're the kind of wild devil what bets a nickel and shoots a crap an' draws down yore nickel 'stead of lettin' it ride."

"But I have the nickel," reminded Weeping. "Ef yore nickel rode to a hundred bucks, yo'd still ride, an' on the next roll show snake's eyes, an' yo' won't have even yore nickel. Ef yo'd lissun to me, yo'd have something. Some day—"

"Weepin', lay off that 'some day,' while yore breathin' proper," warned Soapy. "Here we backed Red Baldwin in the Sweepstakes against yore advice an' Red wins and we win a thousand bucks."

"Yes, an' if yo'd lissuned to me an' Valla Blake," put in Shaver Wallace, one twenty-five-pound pepper box, "an' let Valla stage a fight between Red an' Buck Miller we'd a had ten times as much, wouldn't we?"

"No, we wouldn't," answered Soapy.

"Why not?" flamed Shaver. "Didn't Red knock out Buck, an' didn't Buck fight in New York an' lick the guy what licked the guy what fought Dempsey?"

"Right so far as yo' go," allowed Soapy, letting a slow smile spread over his clean, sharp features; "but yo' overlook the fact that there warn't no referee when Buck and Red did mix, an' before Red put Buck to sleep Buck put Red down plenty, sometimes for more'n ten seconds, which would have made it Buck's fight, an' instead of havin' sixteen hundred right now we'd have nothin' if yo' hadn't lissuned to me."

"An' all we got to do," protested Weeping vindictively, "is keep on lissunin' to yo' an' we'll likewise have nothin'. All yo've done sence Red cleaned up in the rodeo is to try to think up some scheme so's yo' could bet that sixteen hundred an' lose it. Yo' can't keep on winnin'. Some day—"

"Dawgone!" cried Soapy, "yo' lettin' that 'some day' in again? Here, gimme that Denver paper an' shet up arguin'. How's my brain gonna think up schemes to get us rich while yo' keep pesterin' with gloomy prophecies? Yo' musta been born with smoked glasses on yo', Weepin'. Gimme that paper."

Soapy took the Denver paper and curled his long frame up on the floor with his back against a post, and prepared to enjoy himself keeping abreast with the times. Soapy prided himself on his knowledge of affairs—knowledge, he proclaimed with confidence, lent to his arguments with the Happy Ten, composed of ten of the hands of Boss Blake's Bar None Ranch. Valla Blake, Boss Blake's daughter, was honorary member. She was a peach, and likewise the apple of every eye in the room. The Happy Ten possessed a joint fund of sixteen hundred dollars amassed principally by backing Red Baldwin in the Clark City Sweepstakes, which he won according to schedule. He also won a pugilistic victory over Buck Miller which was not according to schedule. Since Miller was a heavyweight who had fought at the Polo Grounds, New York, Red Baldwin was now some pumpkins, and it was up to Soapy to realize on Red's value.

SUDDENLY Soapy sprang up from his crouched position, waving the paper and disrupting the card game.

"Hot dog! I got it!"

"Oh, good gosh!" groaned Weeping. "Good-by, sixteen hundred."

"Lissun," exclaimed the excited Soapy, spreading out the paper, from the sporting page of which he read: "'The Rocky Mountain Athletic Club of Denver intends to send its promising 135-pound sensation, Willie Edwards, to the National Amateur Boxing Tournament to be held in Boston. Each year amateurs from all over this country and Canada compete for national titles in the 115, 125, 135, 145, 160, 175 and heavyweight classes allotted to Boston by the A. A. U. It is hoped that Edwards will bring back a championship.'"

"Meanin' which?" questioned Rocky Rhodes.

"Meanin'," answered Soapy with shining eyes, "that we know who *will* bring back a championship. Dawgone! A real champion at last in Red!"

"It costs money to send a man to Boston," reminded Weeping dolefully.

"Dawgone, Weepin', if Rockerfeller was to drop a million bucks in yore lap the first thing yo'd do would be to telegraph Washington to find out what counterfeit money was out. Right here I appoints Ad to ride over to Clark City an' see what it fares up for nine human bein's and Weepin' to go to Boston."

That afternoon Ad came back with the gloomy news that it would cost approximately two hundred and fifty per man.

Soapy started concentrated thinking; but at the end of two days all he had for his pains was threatening nervous prostration. Watching Soapy think was too tame for the excitement-loving Ten, and when Rocky Rhodes suggested a visit to a Zuni village to see the closing of the fourteen days' winter solstice ceremonial there were nine "ayes" on the first ballot. Soapy reluctantly made it unanimous. "Mebbe the diversion will help clear my mind that's as foggy as Weepin's map," he confided to Shaver.

The village of the Zuni tribe of Indians was in gala attire when the Bar None Ten rode down on it, and, with the exception of Rocky Rhodes, knowing nothing of what it was all about. When you consider all the clans and fraternities and Gods of War, and Rain and Godsons, and all—why, a white man was licked.

There were three gods known to Rocky, and when their impersonators appeared he named them Pautiwa, Shisukia and Kwelele. Pautiwa, Rocky said, was the boss of the gods' council. He was seen coming from the south and the whole town got excited, just as if they hadn't been expecting him. He was all painted up in white and pink and wore a mask that looked like a big green dipper with the handle for a nose, and it had a fur top and neck piece to which brilliant plumes were attached. In his hands he carried wands and other stuff that Rocky called *telikinawe*, or offerings.

"How do you like that?" asked Rocky of Soapy, but the latter only grunted.

The god did a snake dance about the village in circles that brought him always nearer; then he went up to the house at the east end of the village and with the aid of lesser gods paid homage, as Rocky interpreted it, to the sun and the moon. He did the same at the other end of the village, and then he went to a tomblike affair and climbed a ladder, all the while scattering corn meal in front of him. He performed some mysterious rites on the roof with meal and plumes, and then disappeared.

"Who are those birds?" asked Shaver as a group in terrifying masks came on the scene and went about scolding the elders and frightening the children.

"Those are the Atoshle," answered Rocky after some hesitation—"the angry gods."

"They look it," commented Shaver. "Red must be one of 'em."

"I feel that way myself," grunted Soapy, "jest 'cause I can't get an idea —hey, Rocky, what's this?" Soapy's tone had brightened suddenly as if fired by the flame that leaped into his blue eyes.

Rocky's attention had been called to a strange group who now entered into the ceremonial. Suddenly fires blazed and lights flared all over the village, while big bonfires, built in readiness, were quickly ignited and long red flames snapped at the night air. Into the center of this flaming village came a group covered with the hides of steers, the horned heads serving as masks.

They appeared a huddled and harried group, and suddenly the villagers cried out with excitement and ran to the nearest bonfire and seized firebrands which they pelted at this strange group, protected only by steer hides.

"Those are the Hlelele," explained Rocky, "and the Zunis are yelling, 'Give us fire. Give us crops!'"

"The Gimme Gods," suggested Soapy. "Let's follow 'em, Rocky, I want to talk to their boss."

"What's up?" questioned Shaver.

"I got the big idea at last," Soapy hurled back over his shoulder as he slapped Rocky's horse on the flank and wheeled after him.

"Oh, gosh!" groaned Weeping. "Good-by, thousand."

"Hello, Boston!" piped Shaver.

Soapy refused to reveal his plan to Rocky until they were about a mile from the village, and when he sprung it Rocky pulled up short.

"Let's turn back. Those hides are ceremonial robes, and you can't talk 'em away from an Indian."

"I can talk a free quart away from a bootlegger," answered Soapy. "Yo' jest translate what I say."

An hour later Soapy had the robes. Just ten of them.

ALONG in March the sunken eyes of Pop Bagley, Clark City freight agent, nearly hopped over their shaggy brows as he sighted the special cattle shipment to Boston which he had already routed and for which he had received payment. Pop had shipped cattle to Chi and to Casey, but never before to Boston; even then he thought the Beaneaters were not partial to two-legged cattle.

With pointed chin sagging over his gravy-stained chest old Pop watched Soapy Harlow consult his papers and then herd his strange bovines into the car billed for Boston. Then old Pop hobbled down the track as fast as his game leg would permit.

"Heah, thar! Yo' got men under them hides. What yo' smart alecks think yo' pullin' off?"

Soapy looked up blandly from his papers, "Did I hear someone speak?"

"I'll do more than speak!" fumed the freight agent, wild-eyed and scarlet of face. "It's a criminal offense to evade a fare!"

Soapy's even brows arched a bit. "Have you your attorney present?"

"Have I what?" snapped Pop. "None of your monkey—"

Soapy froze him with an icy tone. "I asked if yo' had yore attorney present. Otherwise let me warn yo' I hold yo' personally responsible for any damages from delays occasioned by yore interference an' yore ignorance of railroad matters. Let me refer yo' to the celebrated case of the Simpkins Circus versus the Denver, Arizona, Montana and Nevada, otherwise known as the D. A. M. N. railroad. In said case three tigers and two lions belonging to said circus did devour six humans between them. On shipment said railroad did charge said circus fares for said six humans in addition to rates for said tigers and lions; said railroad claiming said humans were inside said animals. The said Simpkins Circus sued and the court decided said railroad had no right to charge fares for said humans. The case is exactly parallel to this. We ship at cattle rates, an' since when have yo' looked beneath the hide of any cattle yo' ship. What is under the hide is hidden naturally."

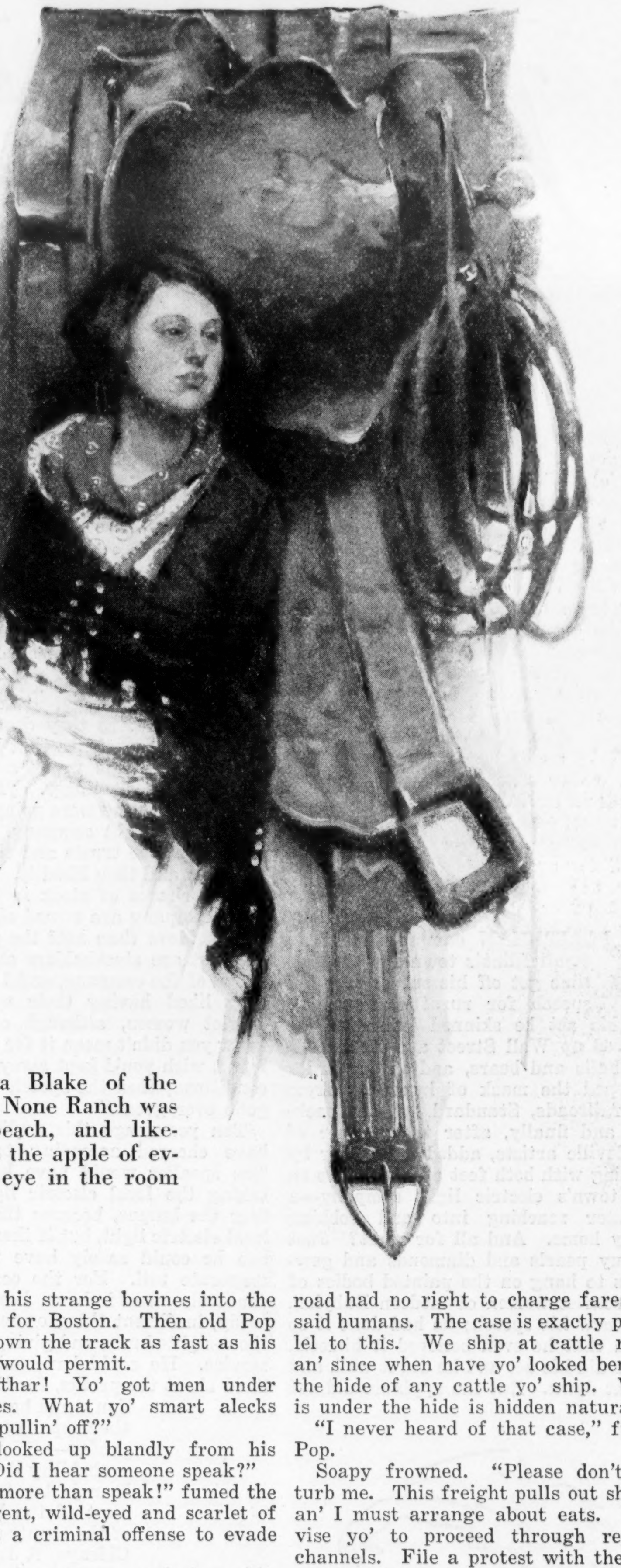
"I never heard of that case," fumed Pop.

Soapy frowned. "Please don't disturb me. This freight pulls out shortly an' I must arrange about eats. I advise yo' to proceed through regular channels. File a protest with the general freight agent. 'Bout a month later yo' will get a letter back askin' for particulars. A month later yo' will be asked to write to the general manager. A year later to the Interstate Commerce people, an' a year after that yo' should get yore writ of noli contendere, habeas corpus and E pluribus unum. Guess that signal means train's startin' —I'll send yo' a postal from Boston, Pop."

A few minutes later the train gave a lurch, and the long line of cattle cars, including the special shipment to Boston, pulled out, with Soapy dickering with the train crew about eats.

"Hot dog!" exclaimed Rocky, imitating a snake by shedding his hide, "if this shore don't remind me of when I was in France ridin' in them forty oms wheat shove-offs."

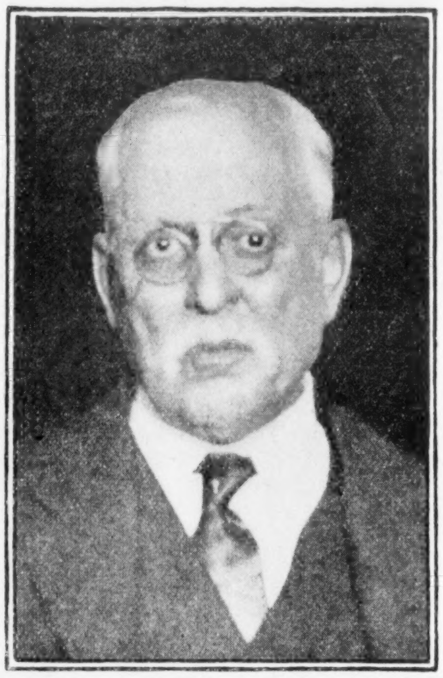
The gang from the Bar None saw the country through the slats of a cattle car and whiled (*Continued on page 32*)



Valla Blake of the Bar None Ranch was a peach, and likewise the apple of every eye in the room

He's the Public's HIRED

And reports to his employers over the radio



Samuel Insull

SAMUEL INSULL is a marvel. He has caused customers actually to *like* the gas and electricity companies that serve them. The reason is that they do really *serve,* and at the lowest price, with the customers and employees owning stock and sharing in the profits. They have no secrets, no strikes, no grouches. "The formula is as simple as Ford's." Can you say as much of your town?

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

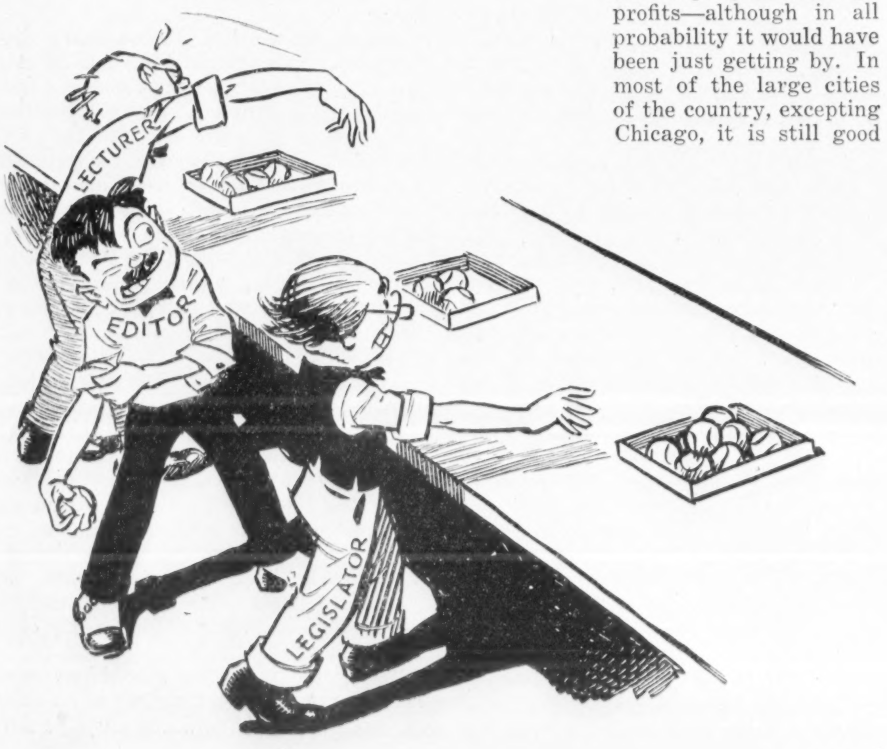
A POLITICIAN campaigning in a small Illinois town for the first time got off his surest sure-fire speech for rural communities. In this act he skinned 'em alive—he showed up Wall Street and its cavorting bulls and bears, and in due order stripped the mask of hypocrisy from the railroads, Standard Oil, the packers, and finally, after the manner of vaudeville artists, added local color by landing with both feet and both fists on the town's electric light company—a monster reaching into and robbing every home. And all for what? Just to buy pearls and diamonds and gewgaws to hang on the painted bodies of the scarlet women of modern Babylon. He knew his speech; he had done it so often that he even believed it himself.

He did his act and he did it well, and he sat down. But the applause did not roar. It did not even whisper—the downtrodden people just got up and walked out.

"What's the matter with these people?" asked the orator, turning to the committee chairman. "Haven't they any spirit? Are they dead? I never talked to a crowd like that before."

"Well, it's this way," answered the chairman, hesitatingly. "I just wish you'd told me you were going to lay into the electric light company. What you said about the trusts and the railroads was fine and they liked it. But nearly all the shares of stock in the electric light company are owned right here in town. More than half the people here to-night are stockholders and they are proud of the company, and I don't think they liked having their wives called scarlet women, although of course I know you didn't mean it for them. But I just wish you'd kept away from local conditions; then the speech would have gone over great."

Ten years ago this audience would have cheered according to schedule. The speaker would have had to omit taking the local electric light system over the bumps, because there was no local electric light, but if there had been one he could safely have twisted its corporate tail. For the company undoubtedly would have been a poor, needy, inefficient thing owned by a few short-sighted men and giving villainous service. He could have said what he liked about the profits, for the local fiction would have been that the company earned large profits—although in all probability it would have been just getting by. In most of the large cities of the country, excepting Chicago, it is still good political policy to curse out the street railway lines, the gas company, and the electric light company.



In Chicago people are not ready and willing to believe the worst. They refuse to believe anything short of the best. Perfect strangers will tell you about the service and the rates they get from the gas company, from the electric light company, and from the elevated railways. They will tell you all about any of the companies. And if you ask how they happen to know so much, they will go on to explain that they listen in on the radio to Samuel Insull making his reports to the stockholders.

A great and far-reaching experiment of keen moment to all of us is going on in Chicago and throughout hundreds of towns in the Middle West. Samuel Insull is the man making the experiment. He has, one by one, taken the public utilities out of the catch-as-catch-can class and put them on a basis of coöperative service. It is not philanthropic coöperation; it is on a purely business basis.

The utilities needed money and the bankers would not lend. Samuel Insull had sold the idea of service to the consumers of the companies which he then headed. So he went a step further and asked the people to put their money with these companies so that the companies could extend and give better service and earn greater profits.

That was in 1919. He sold the stock to the employees and to the consumers. The Commonwealth Edison Company started in 1887 (as the Chicago Edison Company) with eleven stockholders; when the 1919 campaign began it had about six thousand and in a year it had more than double that number. Now it has nearly forty-five thousand—ninety-six per cent of the stockholders own ninety per cent of the stock. Only six per cent of the stock is held outside of Illinois; nearly ninety per cent is held by consumers in Chicago. The people who use the electricity own the company which sells it. It is public ownership without politics.

Getting the utilities out of politics and speculation and into the realm of service has been one of our great modern problems. Consumer ownership, without in the least meaning to, seems to have solved that problem.

The utilities have been in politics. Between the politicians and the promoters the average public utility company began life with such excessive organization and promotion expenses as to be left without sufficient capital properly to do the job in hand.

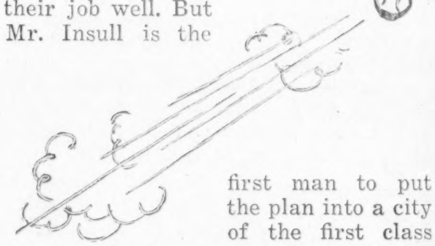
Many students of public affairs set themselves to finding a way out. Some worked out that public ownership was the only escape.

Another school argued that municipalities should give cheap service and pay the deficits out of taxes.

The Syndicalists—of which the I. W. W. are examples—say that the workers ought to be the owners because everything is produced by labor and to the worker belong the fruits of his labor. Conservative executives agree that it is a good thing for a workman to have a stake in the company he works for because then he will work better and will not strike, and so they make stock buying by employees an easy and attractive affair.

But the logical man to own the electric light company or the gas company or the street car line is the man who uses it. Then the public interest and the private interest coincide. And enterprise and initiative are left free to work.

Mr. Insull is not the first man to carry through a program of customer ownership. The idea was already in operation in a number of communities, notably in southern California, long before Mr. Insull turned to it, while several banking and engineering concerns follow the same plan and are doing their job well. But Mr. Insull is the first man to put the plan into a city of the first class and to carry it through on the grand scale. His formula is exquisitely simple—as simple as Ford's. He is, in a way, the Ford of electricity and gas. When I asked him how he managed to give the people confidence in such naturally unpleasant animals as gas and electric companies, he denied at once that he or his associates had consciously tried to gain confidence and also he denied that gas or electric light companies are naturally unpleasant.

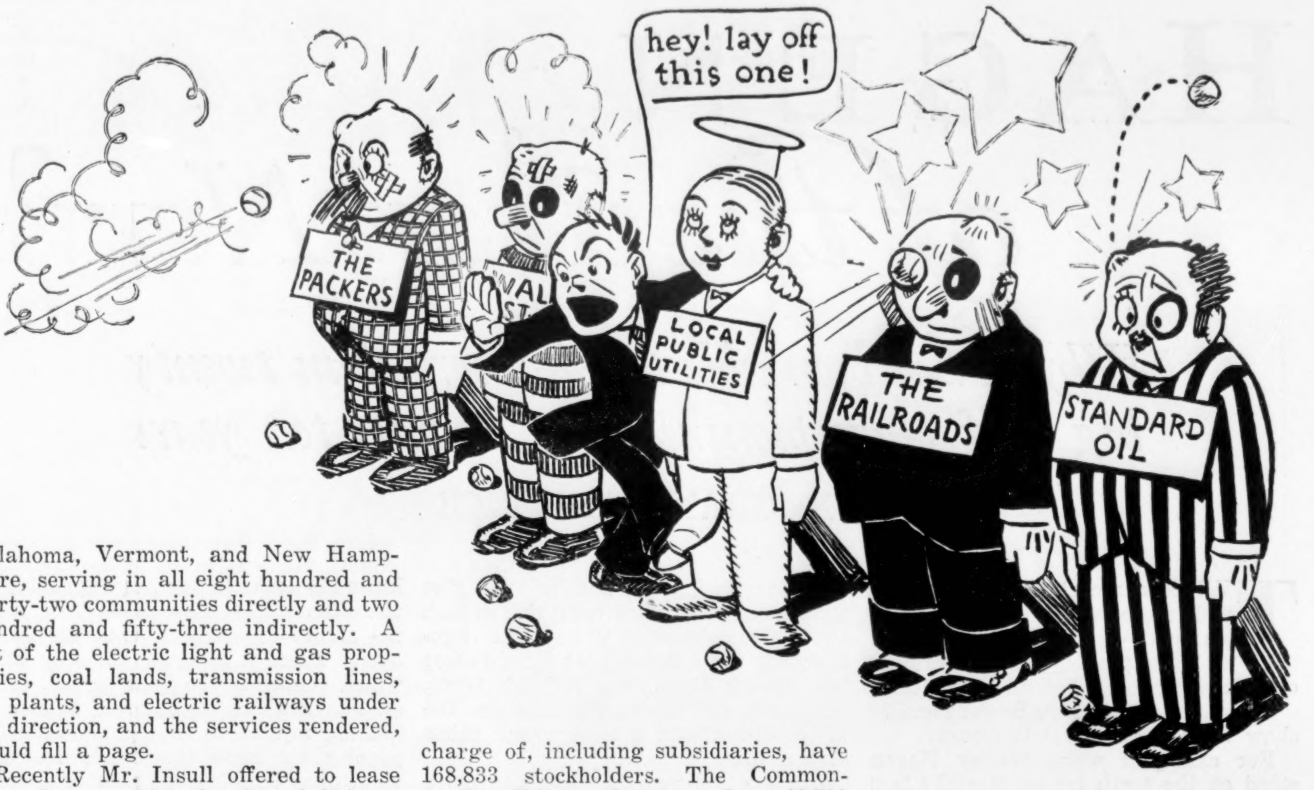


"It is a simple matter of business," he said, "to place the consumer first. We cannot satisfy him with words—anyway, that is not business. We are here to sell electricity and gas at a profit. The best way to do that—the only way, in fact—is to give service. We could sell our products at a high price and earn a profit, but the profit would be small and we should not grow. Our plan is to sell our products at the lowest possible price—to make it cheap and easy for people to be served by us. Through quantity production we earn a small percentage of profit on a large volume of sales. Our residence rates are one fifth lower than those of the next lowest large city. Because of that we sell a great deal and earn money.

"For instance, since 1910 the population of Chicago has increased somewhat more than half a million, or about twenty-five per cent. During this same time the number of customers of the Commonwealth Edison has increased from one hundred and thirty thousand to nearly seven hundred and thirty-two thousand and the number of kilowatt hours generated by the company from just above half a billion to more than

MAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. G. COOPER



two and a half billions. That tells the story.

"Whatever confidence the people have in us has grown out of giving them the best service and the lowest prices we know how. All our efforts are in the direction of still better service and lower prices. A first-class, stable business can be built on no other basis."

Samuel Insull, in many respects, is one of the most able and interesting men that we have in this country—although he is not very well known outside of Chicago. He is an Englishman by birth and his early training was as a stenographer. As a young man in London, he answered a blind advertisement, which turned out to have been inserted by Thomas A. Edison's British representative. Mr. Insull became his secretary. Later, when the representative made a trip to the United States, he instructed Insull to send him weekly reports of what was going on.

Mr. Edison saw the reports and he liked them; needing a secretary at the time, he decided that Insull was the man and sent for him.

For some years Mr. Insull worked with Mr. Edison day and night as secretary and then as an assistant and finally as a kind of business manager, taking all the details of business off Mr. Edison's shoulders. He organized most of the Edison properties and when a number of these were consolidated into the present General Electric Company he was for a time its second vice president. He resigned to become president in 1892 of the Chicago Edison Company, which he eventually consolidated with the Commonwealth Electric Company, into the present Commonwealth Edison Company, and began to be a power in the public utilities not only of Chicago but of most of the Middle West.

He is president of The People's Gas, Light and Coke Company, which serves Chicago with gas, and he is also at the head of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company—thus directing all the important public utilities of the city other than the telephone and the surface street railway lines. He organized and is president of the Middle West Utilities Company, which owns and controls sixteen companies that fairly well cover Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, stretching up also into Wisconsin and Michigan and with branches in Nebraska, Missouri, Oklahoma, Vermont, and New Hampshire, serving in all eight hundred and thirty-two communities directly and two hundred and fifty-three indirectly. A list of the electric light and gas properties, coal lands, transmission lines, ice plants, and electric railways under his direction, and the services rendered, would fill a page.

Recently Mr. Insull offered to lease any subways which the city of Chicago might build or, if it could not build them, to build them himself, because—and this is the remarkable fact—Mr. Insull by reason of the confidence the small investor has in him, is financially more capable of building these subways than the city itself! He is at the head of all these properties. He is not the chief stockholder—he is employed by them. There are no chief stockholders—the stock is owned by the customers and employees of the companies. He is only the hired man of a large and growing public—a public of small investors.

"The only economic basis," continued Mr. Insull, "for a public utility is monopoly. If two or three electric light companies, say, attempt to serve the same community, then both the community and the companies will suffer, for not only will there be wasteful overlapping, but none of the companies will be big enough to generate power at the lowest possible cost.

"Coal is the expensive item. Thirty years ago we used twelve pounds of coal to produce a kilowatt hour of electricity. Now in our best plant we use one and four-fifths pounds of coal per kilowatt hour. The Commonwealth Company now uses somewhat under three million tons of coal a year, but under the old ratio we should have to use, for our present production, about eighteen million tons of coal a year. Merely mining and bringing that coal to Chicago would cost more than the entire amount which we receive for electricity!

"In spite of the increased cost of everything which the company has to buy, we have been able steadily to reduce our rates to the consumers. We have never increased rates—not even during the war period. The increase in lamp efficiency and the decreases in our rates have put the householder in a position where he can with a dollar now buy 672% more candle hours than he could in 1905.

"I thoroughly believe in public utilities companies having a monopoly in the territories they serve. We could not have reduced our charges if we had not had a monopoly. But, human nature being what it is, uncontrolled monopoly is dangerous. It may get greedy and wreck itself. Therefore, I believe in the control by impartial and non-political public service commissions, but the best of all controls is within the corporation itself—by having the corporation owned by the community.

"The various concerns which I have charge of, including subsidiaries, have 168,833 stockholders. The Commonwealth Edison Company has 42,500 stockholders; the Public Service Company has 25,000; the Middle West Utilities Company and its subsidiaries, 90,000 stockholders; the Peoples Gas, Light and Coke Company, 7,956 stockholders; and the Northern Indiana group, 8,677 stockholders.

"We are great believers in the community owning these properties. We think that is the solution—the answer—to municipal ownership.

"We think that a continuation of personal responsibility in management, and an ownership spread over the whole community, are the best safeguards, apart from the physical property, for the continuity of good service.

"We spend a good deal of time and some money in developing the idea of community ownership. The best evidence of what those who are opposed to us think of the matter is that at a recent meeting of people who are advocates of municipal ownership as the cure for all evils connected with the local utility business, a resolution was passed demanding that the various states pass such laws or rules as might be necessary to prevent the local public utilities from taking part in the distribution of their securities among the people who use their product!

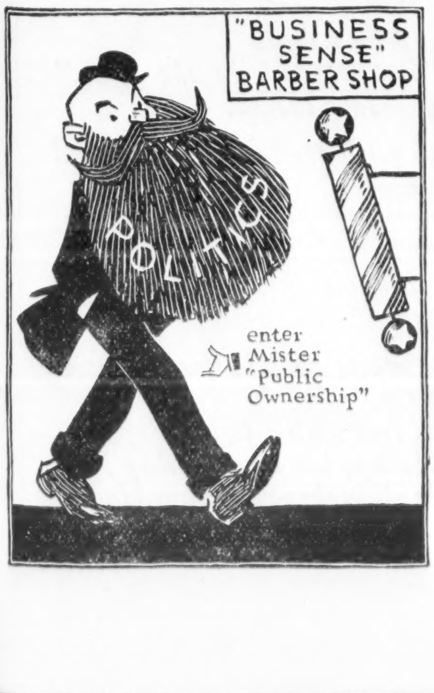
"But above everything else, the thing that is fundamental in any great business, whether it is a local utility, whether it is a manufacturing company, or whatever it is, in this day and generation, is that community ownership leads to community good will. It does not matter how good may be the property that we are operating, or how conservatively it may have been capitalized, or how good may be its earnings—unless we can add to that community good will, we are bound to fail."

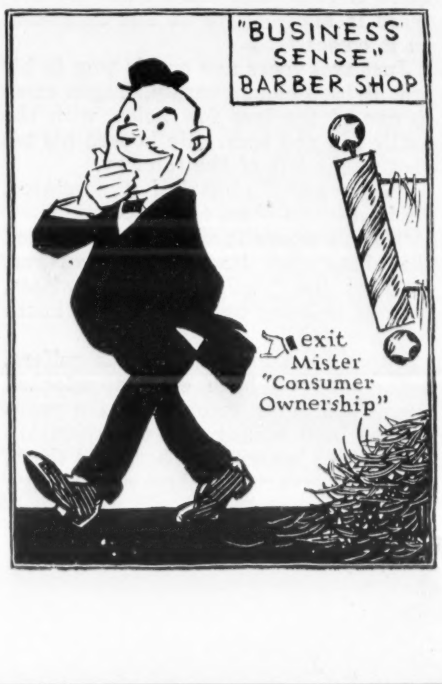
The plans are comprehensive; the employees are part of the corporation. Each company has a stock ownership plan by which any employee may set aside a percentage of his wages to be invested in the stock of his company. The investment is not compulsory; when the employee has accumulated a specified sum to his credit he has the option of drawing it out or putting it into stock. Almost invariably he puts it into stock. Practically all of the employees on the payrolls of the companies for a year or more are either owners of stock or are buying stock through savings plans. All, after a certain length of service, are insured by the company with an option to take additional insurance which they pay for themselves. More than seventy-five per cent have taken this additional insurance. Each division of employees elects representatives to act as a go-between with the management so that no grievances may remain unadjusted, and the companies in turn maintain public relations departments to instruct all employees who come in contact with the public and to follow complaints of any kind. It is a give-and-take arrangement and it works.

The secret of this whole success under the most trying conditions has been service and frankness. Something of the service I have described. The frankness is difficult to describe, for it is all-embracing. Any stockholder, any consumer, anyone, in fact, may have information on any point he asks for.

Mr. Insull addresses the annual meetings over the radio, putting the whole of the company's year into simple language. Then each company issues an illustrated year book giving every fact and figure and setting out the balance sheet with explanations after each item so that no one can fail to understand what the item means. There are no mysteries, financial or otherwise, in the Insull companies. There are no secrets to be dug up and exposed. Any human being who can read can know as much about the companies as there is to be known.

This really is socialized industry on a business basis. It is the foremost representative of one of the most important movements of our time.




"BUSINESS SENSE" BARBER SHOP
exit Mister "Consumer Ownership"

HAGEN of the Iron Nerve

Why he has been able to win more than twenty big golf championships in the past ten years

By GRANTLAND RICE

THERE are certain episodes here and there which will indelibly stamp the competitive caliber of a player, proving either greatness or lack of greatness beyond much doubt.

Just one incident may be sufficient to show what winning spirit means.

For example: when Walter Hagen stood on the tenth tee at Hoylake last June in the final round of the British Open Golf Championship he knew in advance that he could afford to make few mistakes on the final nine holes with Whitcombe moving at a dizzy clip.

"This tenth hole," remarked Hagen a few days ago, "is slightly dog-legged, with an elevated green for the second shot, where there is also rather an abrupt slope down the bank. A keen wind was blowing at the time and this did not help the situation. I had a good drive and I then played my mashie iron through the cross-wind to the green. At least I thought the ball was on the green, but when I got there I found it had trickled down the bank to the rough, leaving a hard shot to get near the pin."

"This must have jolted you," we suggested.

"No," said Hagen, "it didn't. And for two reasons: In the first place, I knew in advance that the green was treacherous under the conditions and that even a good shot might not stay on. I had underwritten this possibility. And, in the second place, that was no spot to fret over any bad break. I needed all the concentration I had to get the next shot close and drop my putt for a par 4."

That explains Hagen's competitive make-up.

"I took my time," he said, "chipped about 8 feet by the cup and then holed my putt for the 4 I needed badly."

Right at the start of the last sprint, when he had to move at championship speed, hard luck had kicked him in the face and he hadn't batted an eye. "There is hard luck," says Hagen, "and there is good luck, and I don't see that there is anything to do but take each as it comes."

Just two years ago on his way to his first British championship, Hagen came to one of the last few holes, with the battle nip and tuck. He hooked his tee shot to the left of the fairway.

"Your ball," remarked a spectator, "is in a tough place off the course."

"That's where it should be; I missed the shot," was Hagen's only answer.

"That line," said a British writer, "should be hung up in every golf house in the world."

There are many other great golfers, but none who have even approached Hagen's winning record. For ten years he has been adding one championship to another; beaten back here and there, he has invariably broken through later on.

In these ten years of tournament golf between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one he has won the United States Open championship twice; the British Open championship twice; the Professional championship at least twice; the French Open, the Belgian Open, the North and South, the Western, the Metropolitan and almost every other known title.

In these ten years he has won more than twenty big championships—one of the most remarkable records in sport when the elusiveness of golf consistency is known.

There must be reasons beyond mere physical skill to account for this ten-year march through triumphal arches.

"I figure in advance," he says, "that on each round I am going to miss a few shots and have a few tough breaks. So when these things happen what good is there in worrying or being upset? I know the same things are happening to the others. They always do. And when the stroke is made it can't be played over. There it is. And the only thing which counts is the next stroke. And on this next stroke I never believe in kidding myself, in trying to evade the penalty by some impossible recovery which may lead to even greater trouble. This is one trouble too many golfers have. They refuse to accept the penalty for a mistake and try to get it back with a miracle. The thing to do is make the penalty as light as possible and keep your mind on the stroke to be played, not on the one that has just been missed."

In 1920 Hagen went over to take his first shot at the British Open championship at Deal. He failed miserably in 55th place. "I have no excuse," he said to reporters, "but I'll be back." Two years later he was British Open Champion, the first native-born American to reach this classic goal and the only native-born American who has ever brought home a British golf title. In the wake of that first terrible fizzle, which might have wrecked even a fairly stout heart, Hagen in the last three years has won the British Open twice; and in between he finished only a stroke out.

No one who saw it can ever forget the finish he made at Braeburn in his second U. S. Open victory. Around the 13th hole of the last round he knew that he had to beat par by a stroke to tie Mike Brady, who had already turned in his card. And his first stroke here sailed out of bounds.

Hagen's expression never changed. He came to the last green, 400 yards away, with a 3 to win and a 4 to tie. The pin was only ten feet from a wall back of the green, a dangerous spot for an over approach. Hagen went for the pin and in place of playing short the ball stopped hole high, just ten feet from the cup. He was not out to get a drawn match, but to win, and his putt hit the back of the cup before it jumped out. One of Hagen's greatest qualities is his complete concentration on the job. He plays no haphazard strokes. He makes a careful study of each situation and he knows just when to take chances and when to play for the safe side.

Golf is a game which can start a mental flurry in a second, but Hagen has won so many championships because, in addition to fine physical skill, which many others also have, he has built up a philosophy which fate can't overthrow.

He is a marvelous putter for the simple reason that good putting calls for the qualities which make up his competitive spirit. Putting calls for complete nerve control, for rare delicacy, for a relaxed mind in a relaxed body, for an unhurried, unworried touch.

Hagen weighs 180 pounds and is well-built with broad shoulders and strong hands. He is now thirty-two years old. His shining black hair and his natty golf attire bring him to notice at once, and it might also be known that he is usually smiling. It takes an avalanche of accidents to make him sore. An earthquake would hardly leave him grouchy. He seems to be happiest when there is a hard battle ahead and he must come from behind to win.

Another big season of here and abroad is just ahead and Hagen again will be one of the leading factors, not only because he can play golf, but also because he refuses to let golf play him.

In addition to fine physical skill, he has built up a philosophy which fate can't overthrow

THE MAIN IDEA

The ball flies far from the driver's sweep,
It takes the air with a startled leap,
And then it lands where the heel-print's deep,
"But it's all in the game," says Hagen.

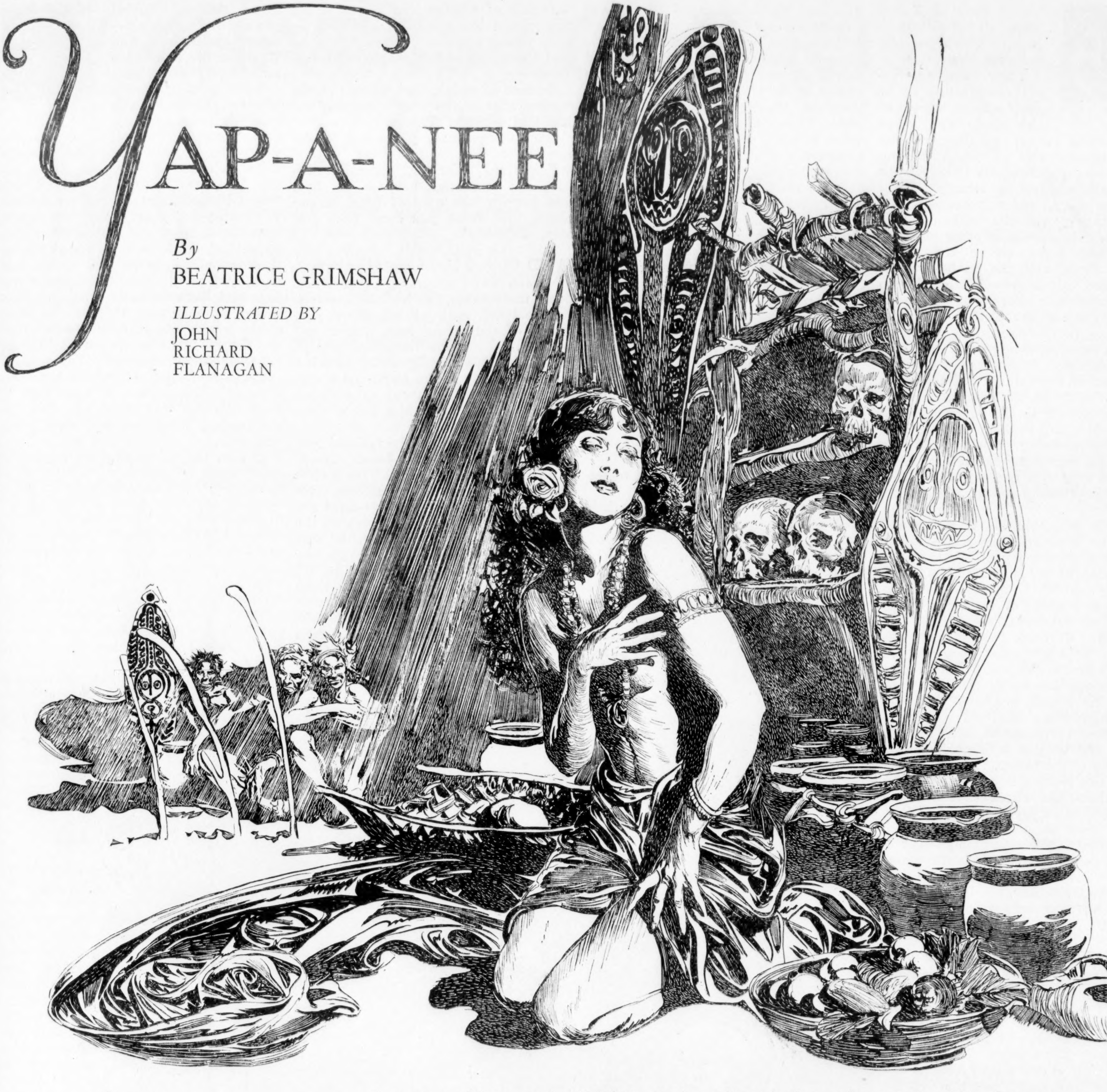
The high pitch starts for the bunkered green,
It lands with a flop on the emerald sheen,
And then it skids to the trap unseen,
"Well, it's all in the game," says Hagen.

The putt starts straight for the waiting tin,
Keen and true with a forward spin,
It hits the lip, but it won't drop in,
"But it's all in the game," says Hagen.

YAP-A-NEE

By
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN
RICHARD
FLANAGAN



A strange white man in Tabati! Such a thing had not happened within her memory

IT WAS twenty-six years ago; but Lord! what a little time it seemed! Eighteen ninety-four to nineteen twenty. Eighteen ninety-four—why, it was eighteen ninety-four now. It must be. Here was he, Conway Howe, son of a "good" family, young, avid of strange perils and places little known, slaking his thirst for adventure at the very back end and utmost edge of the world, on the northern spine of New Guinea. There was the wicked coast-line, blue and black, gapped by the mouths of rivers that led God knows where. There were the islands, palm-feathered, incredibly green, just like the South Sea Islands of a dream, and yet not like them, for within the ring of their innocent white beaches many of them hid strange horrors, such as the soft romantic isles of the mid-Pacific—Tonga, Tahiti, Stevenson's Samoa—knew not. . . . So much the more they drew; they called. They and the black-blue mountainous lands behind; they and the dark, pyramid-shaped sea-houses, standing up stark in the middle of Humboldt's Bay; the gliding canoes, the river-mouth, the heat, the sound of the southeast trade among the trees, of the young men from Tabati singing the Song of Travel—these he remembered. These had called him, across the seas and the years, from youth into manhood; dimly, fitfully, but unceasingly, until now in middle age they won their answer. He was back again.

Surely the hands of the clock had been reversed; surely none of the things that had occurred in those mythical years—money-making, marrying, parentage and loss, and friendship and separation and death, little distinctions, small successes, the pension of a retired bank manager at last, and the sense that life was over—none of these were true. They were things he had dreamed in his midday sleep on the lagi-lagi platform of Tabati village—Tabati, where the good-humored, kindly cannibals were; Tabati that he was going back to, after an hour or two away. . . .

He could have believed it all, with one more effort of the mind; just the effort that hovers on the perilous border-line of the too-far. . . .

HE COULD have persuaded himself, as he sat there in the canoe, bending a little with the paddlers' rattling swing, that behind him, in the anchorage of black Humboldt's Bay, lay the famous Champion, the yacht fitted out in 1890 by the Royal Society, for scientific work in Papuasia; that he had gone forth just as usual, to take photographs in the villages, being by dint of a special ability less common in those days, official photographer to the party.

He could have sworn that the ten slim youths, bronzed, dressed in beads and grasses, who swung to the paddles and sang as they went the Travel Song of the Young, were the very ten who had brought him first to Tabati—yesterday—twenty-six years ago. As the wind starts, of a sudden, without cause that one may know, blowing among the trees, and here a bough and there a bough takes up the impulse, dancing, swaying, so the young men of Tabati were caught by the wind of song that blew from the edge of the world, and let themselves go upon it, one by one, till all the canoe, as it pulsed its way through the tilted swells near shore, was humming to the melody of "Yap-a-nee!" The same song! Yesterday—in 1894—the young men of Tabati had sung it to young Conway Howe, stealing six months' holiday from the school of civilization. Now they sang it—they, the sons of the lads who had sung before—to Howe, retired bank manager of "good" family; Howe, rather portly in figure, rather heavy as to chin; Howe, forty-seven and a runaway once more.

And as before, it waked in him longings, called him back to joys, for which our civilization has no name. The young men of Tabati were full fed with these joys of which they did not even know.

Their faces, so unself-conscious as to seem almost a part of the landscape, were smooth with happiness; their muscles flowed like velvet. "Yap-a-nee!" sang the leader, repeating his phrase three times, and sinking by strange, windy cadences to a minor note. "Yap-a-nee!" caught up the others, as in a fugue. Then broke in other phrases; Howe had never known the meaning of them, and the natives themselves did not know—it was all too old, traditional; but they knew it was the Song of Travel that the young men sang in the canoes.

Howe listened, drugged, as long ago, by the melody. It smoothed away the memories of the things that had happened—the things that did not matter, such as fighting in the war and being decorated; going back to civil life and the bank; becoming manager; retiring, getting ill, and being ordered to travel in warm countries for a year. . . .

It cast them out—they were no longer.

Then it sang, throbbing, rising and falling as wind and sea, fall and rise of what was; the joy of the sun; the life devoid of time, that melted into one long day; of the moon on the reefs on fishing nights; of drums, sinister, maddening, that beat at midnight in the bush. Of dark dawns, when the club and the jagged spear were clutched in hands that shook with blood-hunger, under enemy houses in the dim hour of attack. Nights red with fire, and more than fire. And dayspring of pearl, when the paradise birds danced, cloaked and winged with gold, on the high trees of the forest. The sago pots full, on the cooking fires; youths lying round them, the chase of the turtle beyond the black, pyramid houses that stood in deep sea water.

The thing in the soul of man that is never tamed, that is one with green waters and with glass-clear winds, that cannot be told in any language of white men, sang out, wordless, insistent, in the Song of the Young Men.

CONWAY HOWE might have been half asleep—indeed, he had slept little the night before, because of the furious rolling of the little cargoless Dutch steamer that had brought him to Humboldt's Bay—or he might have been merely hypnotized. In any case, the bumping of the canoe against the Tabati landing stage was the first he knew of the end of the voyage.

Tabati!

Now he knew that he had been dreaming. It was not eighteen ninety-four. Then, while the Champion lay out in the roadstead, guarding his first landing, the warriors had met him with wild dances, dog-like yappings and howlings of welcome, that needed but little to flare into something else. They were all armed, too, in case of accident; they were painted for war. The women were hidden away, among the houses at the end of the rustic timber causeway that led through this cannibal Venice. There was a sensation of daring, of high adventure, in landing at Tabati, in those times. You never knew. . . .

But to-day the people came out, men and women together, cheerful, smiling, well-pleased.

The landing stage was rather high above the water; a dozen hands were stretched out to help him up. . . . Tabati again! Tabati tamed, a little civilized, a trifle missionized; the skulls that crowned the pyramid peaks of the houses very worn and green, as if they had been there unchanged for six and twenty years—perhaps they had been. Little wooden figures of men taking the place of the dramatic skull, here and there. A new lagi-lagi house (men's house) in the place of the old one. For the rest, the green, sparkling water under houses and causeways; the sea wind blowing through; isosceles triangles of roof standing dark on a pale-blue tropic sky; away behind, the mists and mountains of the wicked mainland, still uncivilized, unsubdued.

Howe was met at the entrance to the lagi-lagi by a crowd of smiling young men, made like Mercuries and Bacchuses, and like Mercuries and Bacchuses naked. They had red flowers in their hair. Some of them held up branches of palm; one, an oldish man with an air of authority, swung aloft a brand from one of the fires. It was their way of welcome.

Atu, the elderly man, could speak a little pidgin English. Holding up his brand, he advanced towards Howe, like a statue of some rather mature Greek God out for a walk, and remarked with great dignity:

"Hallo, Marster, me very glad to see you. What for you come back?"

"Come back?" said Howe, startled. "You don't remember me."

"By ——, Marster, me remember you too much. Me pickaninny, thass time you here before. What for you come?"

Why, indeed, had he come? He was well again now, well as ever he had been. He had duties in England; the banking company he served wanted him on the board of directors; there was talk of making him mayor of his town; and there was—a girl—not so very young, but well connected; and he had thought, and her people seemed to think—

Instead of which, here he was at the ragged edge of the world, entering the lagi-lagi house of Tabati.

Atu, unanswered, proceeded to answer himself.

"Me think, Marster," he said, running his lime stick between his lips, and turning the quid of betel in one cheek, "me think you come back you stop, dis time."

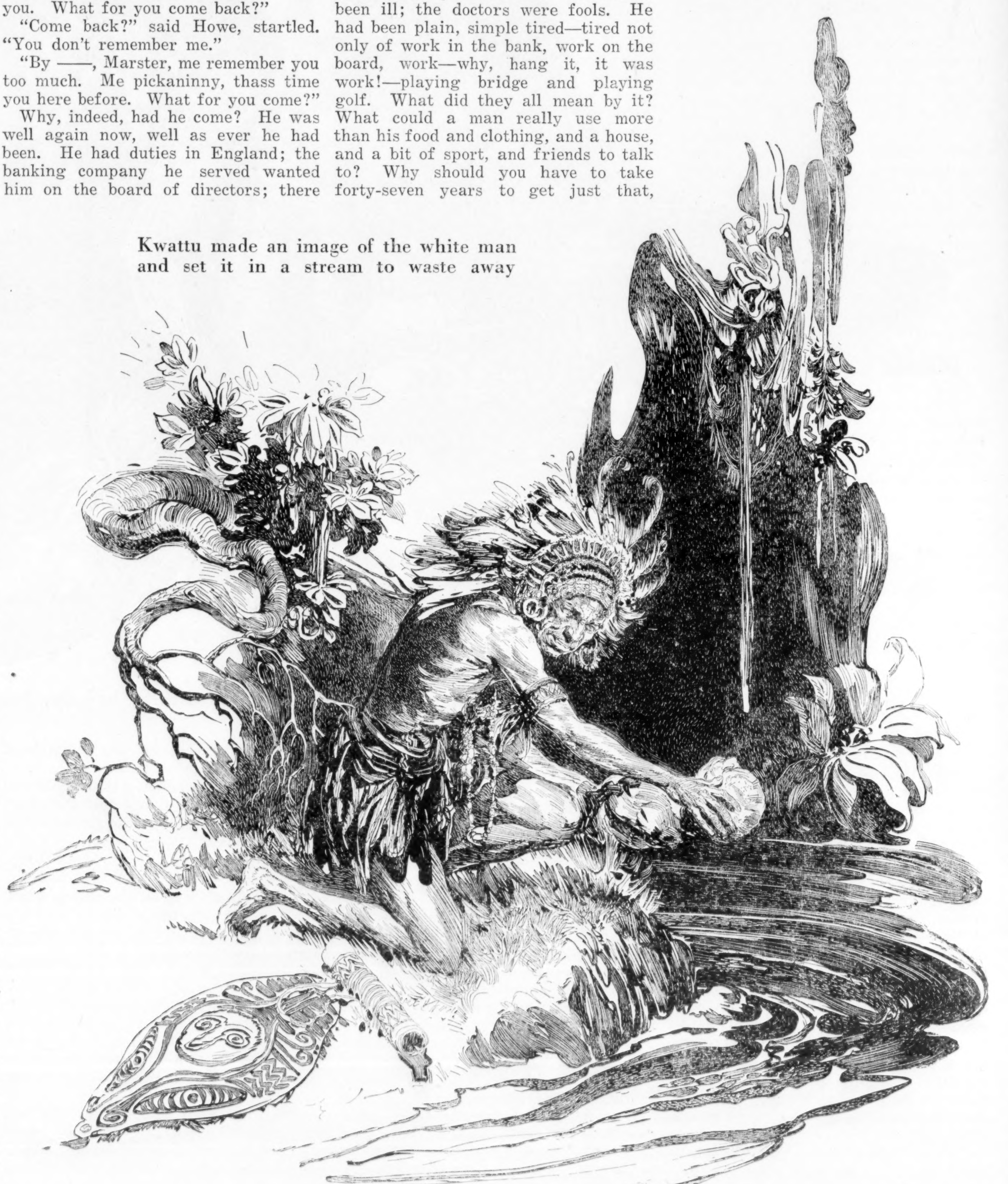
AND Conway Howe, seated on a mat, green water gleaming through the floor underneath, a husked coconut, ivory-colored, cool, at his elbow; the crowd of the young men sitting and lying all about the immense floor of the house, contentedly doing nothing at all—Conway Howe wondered if the savage, after the manner of savages, had not indeed read him better than he read himself.

It was only now that he realized how hideously tired he had been. Tired! It had nearly killed him. He hadn't been ill; the doctors were fools. He had been plain, simple tired—tired not only of work in the bank, work on the board, work—why, hang it, it was work!—playing bridge and playing golf. What did they all mean by it? What could a man really use more than his food and clothing, and a house, and a bit of sport, and friends to talk to? Why should you have to take forty-seven years to get just that, when Atu of Tabati was born with it—when he himself had it all in his hands six and twenty years ago.

Your instincts were always right; it was the dashed advisory other people who spoiled things for you. The advisory other people would think him mad; they would try to advise him back again. Let them! He was a pioneer, and he had not known it—twenty-six years ago. He could have lived here; cut out a place for himself, been a sort of king among these people, done as well as he had done, and at the same time sipped the joys that have no name—the joys that a man finds only on the far, far edge of the world—the joys that were sung, wordlessly, in the old unintelligible, heart-clutching song of "Yap-a-nee!"

Beach-combing? Going back to the savage? Not much. A man with a past like his had paid his shot to civilization, owed nothing more. He was free.

Out on the (*Continued on page 26*)

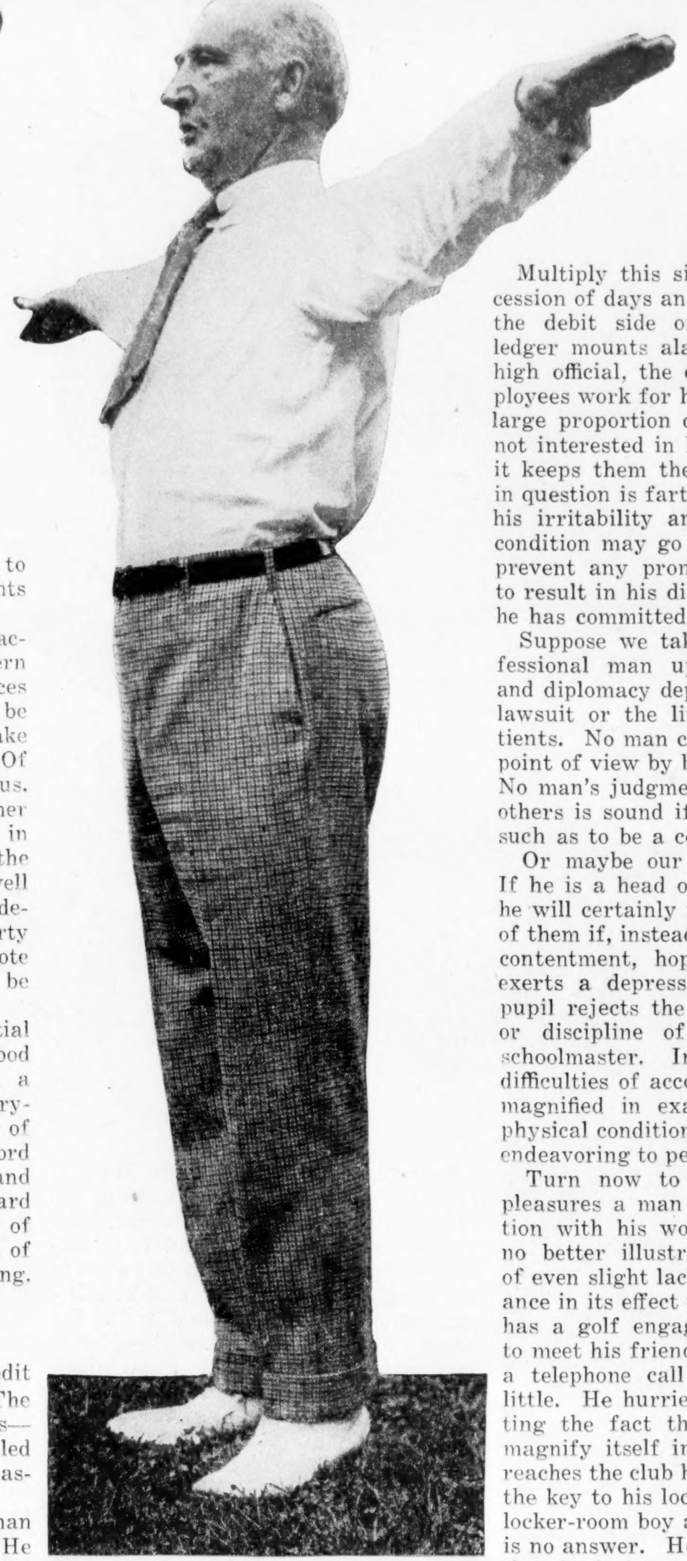


Kwattu made an image of the white man and set it in a stream to waste away

WHAT IS IT WORTH to be Fit?

By
WALTER
CAMP

WHO doesn't know Walter Camp? He's our greatest authority on matters athletic. Since 1899 his All-America football selections have appeared annually in Collier's. His "Daily Dozen" was also introduced in these pages. This is the first of a series of articles on health preservation, which will be one of Collier's leading features this year. Does he practice what he preaches? His picture is the answer.



A COLLEGE professor, about to retire at the age limit, was asked by his board of trustees what quality he would recommend in his successor. He replied, "Good health. I regard that as the prime qualification!"

The chairman of the board of one of the largest financial institutions in New York recently said that the greatest asset a man in his line could have was good health and physical fitness.

The epitaph "Broken in harness at middle life" seems to be altogether too common nowadays. There is nothing that costs so much to the individual or the community as physical unfitness. It will cost you in the long run first your happiness and then your job, and incidentally your family's happiness. It will cost your country your share of its production.

Hard Luck for the Puny

LET me begin at the beginning—with the youth to whom success in athletics means what money and power mean to the older man. His keenest ambition is to "make the team." As the coach looks over his material, he sees two boys, one with a hollow chest, drooping shoulders and thin neck. He passes him by because he knows that his physical stamina will not be good enough in November to make him worth the effort.

He sees an upstanding youth, with a good chest and well-developed neck and shoulders, and he picks him out because he knows that if he can teach him the game he will be a big asset.

The same is true in respect to enjoyment of life by girls at a similar age.

Two girls go to a party, one of them flat-chested, with shoulder blades sticking out; the other with an attractive figure of graceful curves. The former becomes a wall flower while the other is ever dancing.

Later, when the boy plunges into life's work, there usually comes a time when, full of ambition and energy, he seizes opportunities with avidity, shoulders his way along and makes his place in the world. But at this time he cannot afford the day off for illness or the lack of ambition that comes with poor physical condition, for some other man, with more stamina, is going to fight the thing through and get the job.

I have before me now a list (compiled from the obituary notices in one of our metropolitan papers for the past few weeks) of especially prominent men who have recently died in early middle life. I am no alarmist and shall not print the long record of men whose deaths have been such a great loss to their communities. But it represents the *very pick* of our professions.

Does this prove that we must accept the notion that the pace of modern life is so swift that all these sacrifices must be expected—that a man must be content to burn up his life and make his exit before the age of fifty? Of course such a conclusion is erroneous. And I will promise to show in other articles how simple and inexpensive in both time and money it is to do all the work one has to do and yet keep well and happy. The Declaration of Independence assumes for us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Note the distinction. Happiness must be pursued to be caught.

Now if there be any one essential that aids in this pursuit it is good health. Our forefathers provided a fair field by endeavoring to give everyone a chance to work, for the house of happiness has on its door mat the word "WORK!" It has been proved time and again that a sudden change from hard work to extensive leisure in the life of a busy man has not only robbed him of happiness but even of the zest of living.

How Do You Start the Day?

TO RETURN to that debit and credit balance on the book of health. The items are for the most part small ones—seemingly insignificant. But totaled they may make a debit balance of astounding proportions.

Take, for instance, the case of a man who has been neglecting his health. He arises in the morning a little hurried and oppressed by the sense of what seems, in his upset condition, to be a mountain of work awaiting him at his office. He thinks that by skipping his morning daily dozen he can save a little time. He rushes into his clothes and sits down to his breakfast. He opens his egg. It is a little too soft, and he falls at once into a temper. Instead of spending two or three minutes in having another egg cooked, he goes on with his breakfast irritably. It would have delayed him four or five minutes, and during this time he might have comfortably looked over the headings of his morning paper. It would have delayed him ten minutes to have taken his daily dozen, inhaled some fresh air, stretched his muscles and started the day right. Perhaps if he had done this, even the egg would have seemed quite right. But as it is, for the sake of fifteen minutes, at the most, he has started the day all wrong.

The human stomach is a sensitive thing. It does not perform its function properly when a man is irritated or angry. It suspends operations, as it were. So this man starts off with two handicaps. First, he is cross and irritable; second, his breakfast does not agree with him. Later, the train going down to his office is crowded, someone bumps into him unintentionally and in a flash he is angry. He realizes enough of his condition not to get into a row, but is still exasperated when he reaches the office. And a man who is irritated and whose breakfast is not agreeing with him is certainly not in a frame of mind to tackle big jobs.

Naturally things begin to pile up on him. Every mole hill becomes a mountain; nothing goes right; the most trivial thing upsets him—and the day is ruined. He comes home tired and cross and makes everybody else miserable about it. This situation is probably familiar in many households when the stay-at-homes are by no means sorry to see the head of the family go to his office in the morning.

Multiply this single day into a succession of days and it is no wonder that the debit side of this man's health ledger mounts alarmingly. If he is a high official, the chances are that employees work for him grudgingly, and a large proportion of them are certainly not interested in his success, except as it keeps them their jobs. If the man in question is farther down in the scale, his irritability and increasing lack of condition may go so far as not only to prevent any promotion but eventually to result in his discharge. In any case he has committed a costly error.

Suppose we take the case of a professional man upon whose judgment and diplomacy depends the success of a lawsuit or the life and health of patients. No man can bring others to his point of view by being cross with them. No man's judgment of the condition of others is sound if his own condition is such as to be a constant worry to him.

Or maybe our man is an educator. If he is a head of a group of teachers he will certainly never get the best out of them if, instead of bringing with him contentment, hope, and optimism, he exerts a depressing influence. Every pupil rejects the efforts of instruction or discipline of the irritable, cross schoolmaster. In all these cases the difficulties of accomplishing the job are magnified in exact proportion to the physical condition of the man or woman endeavoring to perform that job.

Turn now to the question of the pleasures a man may enjoy in connection with his work. Perhaps there is no better illustration than the result of even slight lack of condition and balance in its effect upon a golfer. A man has a golf engagement at two o'clock to meet his friends at the club. He has a telephone call which delays him a little. He hurries all the way out, letting the fact that he is a little late magnify itself in his mind. When he reaches the club house he finds he hasn't the key to his locker. He rings for the locker-room boy and a pass key. There is no answer. He rings again. By this time he is in a rage and just then the locker-room boy appears and he vents his irritability on him. He hurries through his dressing and reaches the first tee tremulous in hand and nerve. He tops his drive and from then on the afternoon is ruined.

And so it goes. In work or play, the cost of not being fit piles up steadily and takes all the joy out of life.

Many a man who recognizes that the development of the important facts of life depends upon his own physical fitness, puts action off until it is too late; or, what is almost as bad, in his discouragement, he believes that it is too late and so fails to make the attempt.

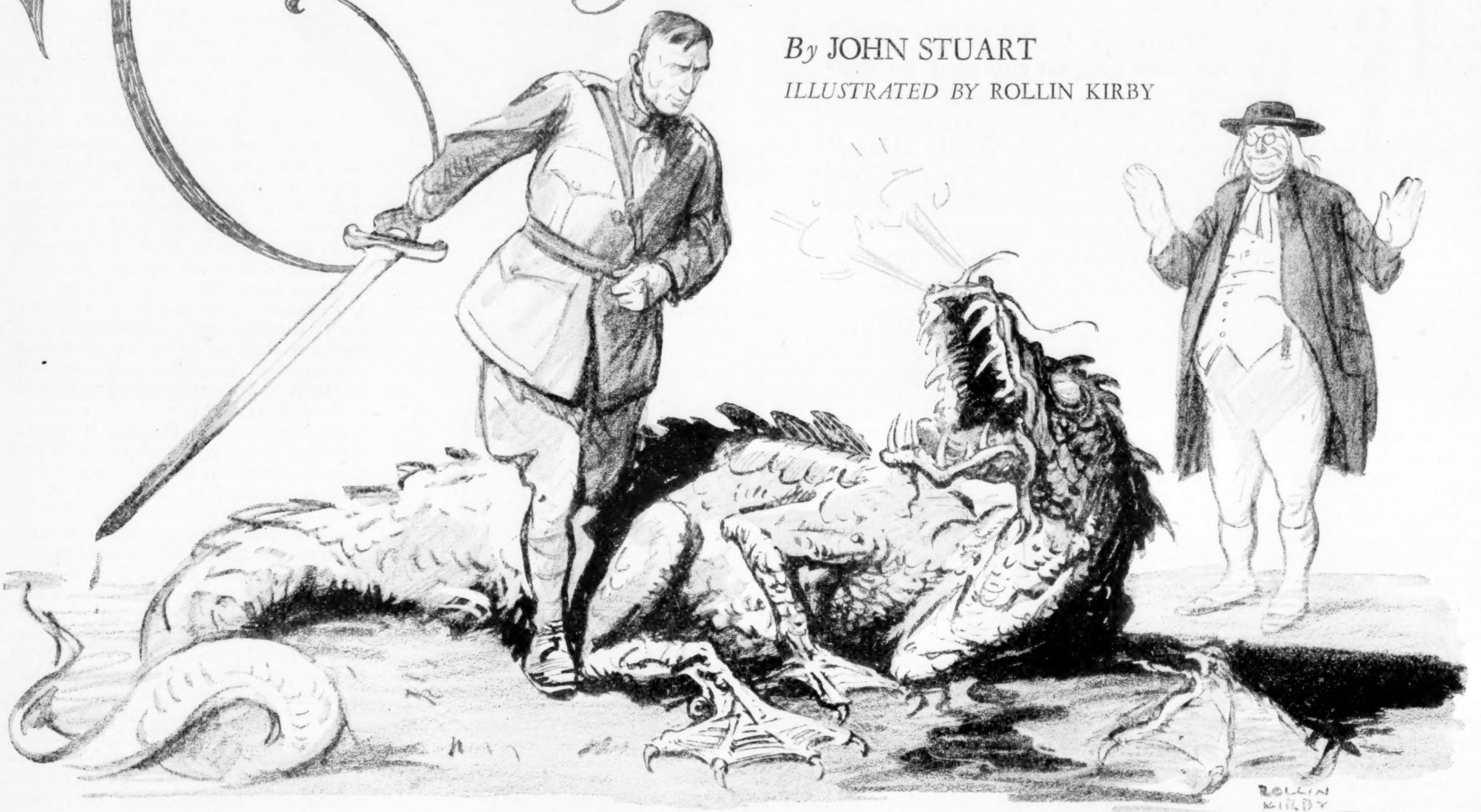
But it is never too late to face this issue squarely. Do not accept discouragement and allow yourself to drift helplessly into a final invalidism which will render you a burden to yourself and to your family. It requires a certain amount of courage and will power; but it is certainly worth it.

(In his next article Mr. Camp will discuss "What Does It Cost to be Fit?")

A LEATHERNECK WALLOPS the Small Gods

By JOHN STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY



"THEN put away the strange gods—" We all should be familiar with this injunction of Samuel, Judge of Israel. Devout Americans as most of us are, we nevertheless are often engaged in creating, gilding, and incensing little gods of our own.

And underneath the gilt some of these little gods go very false and rotten, though the gilt holds its shape and the incense continues to ascend. They are difficult idols to throw down.

Take the case of Smedley Butler and Philadelphia. Smedley Butler is a brigadier general of the United States Marine Corps. When he came to Philadelphia a year ago he found a great city sending up incense before two minor deities.

One was a wide-open town. The other was what its faithful called The Organization. They were as much a part of the subconscious life of Philadelphia as any fetish before which pagans ever danced and sacrificed. Smedley Butler shattered the idol of the wide-open town. He is in a fair way to reform The Organization. He has changed the little gods of this community.

Philadelphia had not been for many years a citadel of Quaker puritanism. It was a comprehensive metropolis of old races in a new and free environment. Business was brisk. The old red brick, marble-trimmed houses of Quaker Philadelphia were marked by the soot of Philadelphia's humming industries. And the humming of those industries was never lessened by the fact that the visiting buyer could have a night out.

The other titular deity, The Organization, had seldom been chastened in adversity. Unlike Tammany Hall in New York, it suffered from none of the adhesiveness of a catchy name. As Penrose succeeded Quay and Vare succeeded Penrose there was a sort of easy assumption that the town and The Organization were changing with the times, were keeping abreast of that march of municipal morality that wiped out tenderloins from coast to coast just before and in the course of the war.

Sometimes a reformer rose up and declared that The Organization and the police were working hand in hand with vice. "Dear me! Sacrilege!" murmured the respectable and controlling great ones of Chestnut Hill and the Main Line suburbs, and put the man down as mad.

But after the war Philadelphia, to the farthest suburb, got a shock. The war had taught a lot of young men the glories of freedom from moral restraint and the ease with which a pistol can be carried and used. The young men emerged from the free-and-easy places of Philadelphia's wide-open town and proceeded to raid the very respectable payrolls of the gentlemen who lived in Chestnut Hill.

Rum Smuggling Was Easy

AND Philadelphia couldn't stop it. So Philadelphia elected Freeland Kendrick mayor and heartily joined him when he went to Washington to borrow General Butler to clean up the town.

Perhaps Philadelphia never intended that Smedley Butler should throw down its two idols. It looked on Smedley as the same sort of open-minded citizen as itself. It knew General Butler's own father was a respectable politician, an acolyte at the shrines of their own deified Organization. It knew that Smedley Butler had a genius for military command, that he was a fighting cuss. It counted on Smedley Butler of the Marines to do away only with the heresy of payroll banditry.

Now Mayor Kendrick, whom Philadelphia chose to lead the fight for decency, is an amiable sort of gentleman. He is for Sweetness and Light. He loves to shake hands and he loves to join orders. His personal morality is impeccable and he would like to see all the rest of the world as clean as himself. But he has been playing Philadelphia politics for years.

The Philadelphia politics he has been playing radiated around the two fetishes of the wide-open town and The Organization in the following fashion:

Police precincts were coterminous with wards and the police officers, often the police magistrates, in each precinct were the political brothers, if not the political children, of the ward leaders; Philadelphia is near enough to the coast to make the smuggling of rum easy; it it has enough foreign population to make the drinking of beer and wine seem like a domestic virtue, whatever the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act may say about crime; there were politicians in the town whose whole science of politics consisted in keeping these wards unirritated by any restraint; and voting the Republican ticket in regular and reliable blocks each and every fall; there were other politicians who strove for the favor of these blocks in order to vote them in the, to them, far more important Republican primaries every spring.

Politicians as a whole in Philadelphia may not have been the allies of the brothel keeper, the bootlegger, and the gunman; but behind those who were appealing for friendly consideration through the regular channels of the ward and the precinct for some amiable human weakness or another, there were always those ready to consider brothel-keeping, bootlegging, or robbery under arms an amiable human weakness worthy of consideration when it was displayed by one capable of polling or influencing many votes.

45's, Rifles, and Wrath

INTO this atmosphere came Smedley Butler. He took one look around and proceeded to business. But he had hardly been in town a week before he proceeded to commit two sacrileges. He raided and closed resorts that The Organization would gladly have certified to him as "perfectly respectable," and he proceeded to reduce police officers who had hitherto been sacrosanct as the particular votaries of this or that priest of The Organization.

Philadelphia just couldn't believe it was true. The story spread that Butler and his "circus stuff" had been brought to town as a smoke screen for some big deals in the huge contracts connected with new subways, new boulevards, parks, and public institutions.

The story probably spread to Butler. And when it did his lantern jaw set and the row he had raised before seemed to be in reality what the skeptics had called it, "mere circus stuff." He began to go out of his way to insult politicians.

In his first grips with the gunmen he had found a typical police weakness. Patrolmen were not on their beats when they were supposed to be, and they came into court with inadequate evidence against ruffians everyone knew were guilty. He fired a few patrolmen and he reduced a few fat sergeants. He went up and down the force, equipping his men with forty-fives, worn outside the tunic with a string of cartridges, and he demanded that the arms be used when necessary. He put in new signal systems, new fleets of motor cars with shotguns, machine guns, rifles, and bullet-proof glass.

He took no excuses from any policeman for a failure to produce results. He struck right and left with summary trials, fines, reductions, and removals. And once or twice, just once or twice, political leaders got into his office to intercede for friends on the police force whom Butler's wrath had smitten. Here's a typical interview of the sort:

"I'm the leader of the umpth ward and I want to tell you about Paddy Ryan, General," the leader would say comfortably.

"Get out," would say the Director laconically.

"Paddy's really—"

"Get the h—l out!" rising.

"But Paddy—"

"Get out before you're thrown out!"

The Grumblings Begin

AT THE end of three months Butler had the police force thoroughly in hand. They neither loved nor respected him, but they feared him. He could get his orders carried out. And the gunmen began rapidly to disappear. Just about that time I saw both the General and Mayor Kendrick in their offices.

The General was spitting fire as vigorously and as happily as a bob-cat. The Mayor was saying: "My administration is perfectly coördinated. General Butler is helping to finance the great schemes of improvement we are going to carry through. He will turn back into the city funds ten million dollars of property. Look!"

And the Mayor spread out before me a map of Philadelphia with forty-odd police precincts corresponding with the forty-odd political wards. He showed how General Butler, with the Mayor's approval, was to cut the number of precincts in two, put a station house in the strategic center of each and make available for sale the sites of the other twenty abandoned stations.

Yet it was over just that scheme that the split between the General and the Mayor seemed to come three months later. The General knew all along that the breaking up of the old wards and the shifting of personnel would go far toward smashing the alliance between the police and politics. He knew if he could break *that* he could break the alliance between the police and vice.

"I was brought here," the General told me, "to do a job. They're paying me more money than a Brigadier General of Marines ever dreamed of. So I'm going to do it. That's all. They hired me to get politics out of this police force and clean up this town. Don't tell me it's a hard job! Maybe it's an impossible job. But I'm going to do it—unless they fire me."

Way back in April the General saw trouble, and, having learned diplomacy in Haiti and in the Second Division, A. E. F., he went out to meet it. A little tact might have made his task easier. But a little tact, too, might have blunted the edge of the bludgeon of incorruptible, unreachable force with which he put it through.

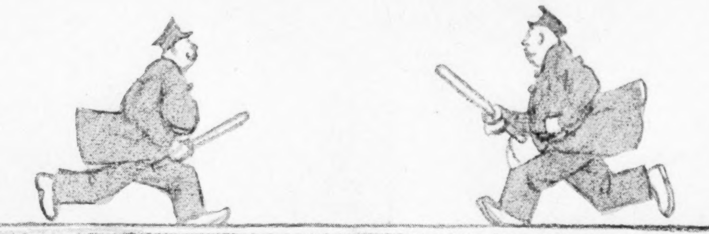
Butler is not an impressive sight. His jaw is big and strong, but he doesn't stick it out like a fake fighter. He holds it in for protection, like a real one. He has a big nose, through which he talks. His eyes are a pale blue; but in them can smolder the fire of cold passion. He has a narrow skull, rough, coarse, light hair, a slouch, and hard muscular hands with muscular short fingers.

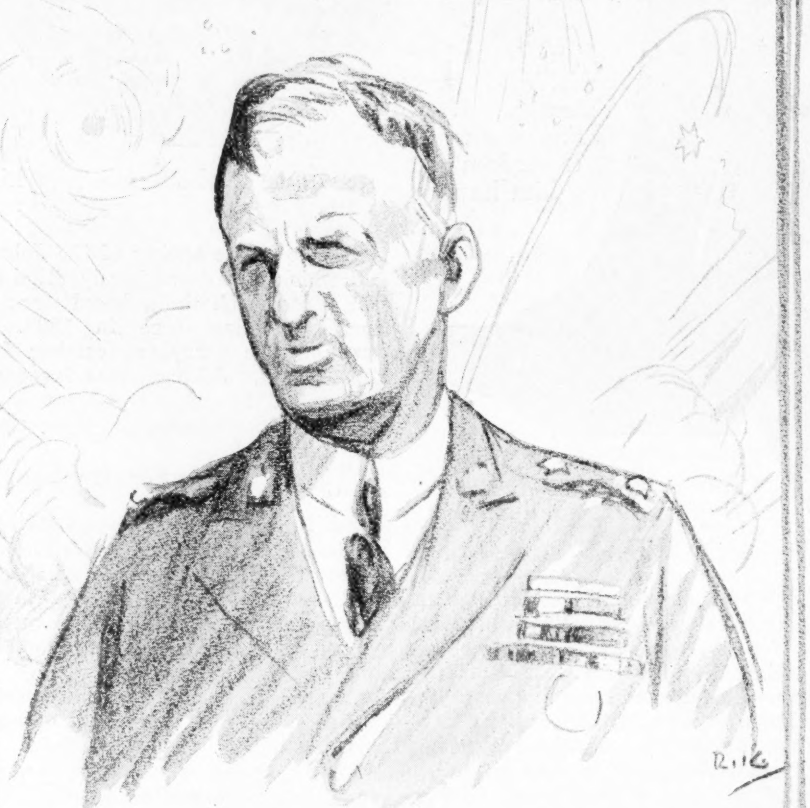
As he began to get the gunman he began to get the bootlegger. And as he was no respecter of persons political in dealing with the one he was no respecter of persons social in dealing with the other. He raided the year's most fashionable dance at a most exclusive hotel and harvested silver flasks from the best dress coats in Philadelphia. He raided a luncheon at another and scared a dozen eminently respectable citizens near to apoplexy. He completely destroyed the pleasant after-theatre parties on the roof of a third and in three or four really smart cabarets near by. He wiped out the public consumption of hard liquor in the town. It was never sold in any of the places mentioned; headwaiters looked away when flasks came out.

About this time he told me that Mayor Kendrick and his wife were about the only persons he and Mrs. Butler dared to meet socially.

"I know, as well as anyone, what's going on," he said, "and I can't afford to have any nice lady offer me a cocktail over her own dinner table."

He was determined to show himself a vandal toward the small, smug gods, when he met them.





BRIGADIER GENERAL S. D. BUTLER

PHILADELPHIA needed a good scrubbing. Saloons openly violated the Volstead Law. Thugs, gunmen, dope sellers and bootleggers were going merrily about their life work, and wanted to stay and grow up with the town.

Mayor Kendrick had other views. He went to Washington, borrowed the fire-spitting General Butler of the marines and made him Director of Public Safety. The General is a fighting man with an instinctive antipathy to red tape. A hot time was promised.

That was a year ago. What has happened since? Collier's sent John Stuart to find out. General Butler had as hard a task as a marine ever tackled, but "I was brought here to do a job," he says, "and I'm going to do it!" President Coolidge says, "Philadelphia may have him for one more year, but that's the limit."

There was one traffic that he was able to make little impression on at first. That was the traffic in high-power beer. It was being sold in a score of places, respectable business men's luncheon bars, within the very shadow of the City Hall. Police, city magistrates, members of council, and all the lights of the town patronized these places. For a time it seemed impossible to get sufficient evidence against them, though Butler never stopped trying. He shifted policemen here and there. He deliberately placed on the same beat men he knew hated one another. He put on opposite tours at the same desks sergeants and lieutenants with old grudges against one another. And he began to get results. The hatreds began to tell, to tell Butler.

It was at this time that the first grumblings began to be heard in The Organization ranks. It was grumbling that came straight from the places where politicians and their friends used to gather and drink beer. The other grumbling that came from the less respectable resorts of the ladies of easy virtue and their gunmen friends never amounted to anything anyway.

But, deprived of the lubricant of malt for themselves, and deprived of the lubricant for their organizations of influence at the police station, there was little else for these men to do but to grumble. Charley Hall, president of the city council, and Bill Vare, congressman and titular head of The Organization, ran away from it. They took their vacations in Europe. And while they were gone Butler lopped off the heads of two men in the police department, one of whom had been a friend for years of one leader and one of whom was known throughout the town as the henchman of the other.

"I am an organization man," Mayor Kendrick had said when the danger of breaking The Organization by such tactics was first called to his attention and he was asked whether he was seeking to build an organization of his own. "The Organization is behind me and I am behind General Butler. And look at the strength I'm gaining!"

Here he pointed to a sheaf of laudatory letters from church and reform folk. It was indeed strange for these to write laudatory letters to the City Hall in Philadelphia.

The Fat Cops Disappear

BUT the Mayor had it slightly wrong. It was General Butler, not the Mayor, who was gaining the favor of those who had hitherto touched Philadelphia politics only with gloves. At the same time that these facts began to press upon the Mayor from one side the grumblings from The Organization began to press upon him from the other.

Likewise, at the same time lack of sleep was beginning to make General Butler more irritable than usual. Between bursts of energy accompanied by bursts of language General Butler was pressing his hand to the top of his head as if hurt. He was learning that between two and four hours' sleep a night is not enough.

Between the two ran tale bearers and by the middle of the summer they were not speaking. Each is a bit of a prima donna. This is probably closer to the reason for the break between the Mayor and the General than any of the others that have been given. Neither of them will talk of it.

The split gave rise to the rumor that the Mayor was about to fire the General, or that, at least, he would not ask President Coolidge for an extension of his leave. And with each rumor of the General's imminent departure there was an outburst of bootleggery in the town or of

(*Continued on page 42*)

I Met Them on

By
REMSEN
CRAWFORD

"I'm coming back!" said Harry Valentine, A. E. F. mascot, when Uncle Sam sent him home

Rumania sent us this Gypsy mother and child

Rosalia Burdriak, who tried to slip in disguised as an old woman

Just one of thousands like him

IF YOU take your birthright as an American too casually—and most of us do—go mingle with the immigrant children on Ellis Island.

To us America is home; and we enjoy its blessings and privileges with matter-of-fact familiarity. To them America is a beautiful legend, an exquisite mixture of fact and childish fancy. Their love of America, their hunger for America, yes, and their need of America is so intense and so apparent that it would bring a lump to the throat of the most confirmed vote-slacker.

Why do they love the United States so? Don't ask that of the tattooed girl from Armenia, or of the pale-faced children from the relief camps of Russia, or of little Jacob, who saw both parents slain in the pogroms of the Ukraine.

But I have many times put the question to the children who came from Italy, or Germany, or Great Britain, or Scandinavian countries, and the answer from a bright-faced Italian girl goes a long way towards explaining why the youth of the whole world regard the trip to America as the climax of life's joys. She said that, ever since she could remember, her mother had held over her head as a reward for obedience the promise that some day she would take her to America.

One day the writer of this article was discussing immigration with Representative Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, who is the author of the Johnson Bill which cuts down immigration to a two per centum limit, based upon nationals residing here in 1890. We were on the ferryboat coming from Ellis Island. Johnson was frequently interrupted by playful children of immigrants, just admitted to the country.

The Fake Mother Hubbard

ONE little Italian boy kept tagging at the statesman's coattails. The congressman picked him up and asked what he wanted. The boy merely pointed at the Statue of Liberty near by and waved his little brown hand in childish glee.

"Well, well," said the immigration boss of Congress, "if every immigrant were as much concerned about our national symbol of freedom as you, young fellow, maybe we wouldn't need any Johnson bill."

I have sometimes wondered what might be the outgrowth of this impossible experiment: take all the children who come to Ellis Island, put them into a Lilliputian colony and see what kind of a Little America they would make as they grew up. Keep them from all contact with their parents, who sometimes bring with them their factional feuds and political hatreds from Europe and perpetuate them here. During the years of my service as a newspaper writer on Ellis Island I have met thousands of children; and I have become fairly well acquainted with hundreds whom I have often associated with this fanciful scheme.

There was the little Irish newsboy who came here as a stowaway hoping that he might some day become another John McCormack. He did sing his way into the hearts of the nurses and doctors of the hospital where he was sick for so long a time; and it broke his heart when he was deported—because he was a stowaway.

There was Concetta Dalliciappa from Italy who spent a whole year on the island being treated for trachoma. She was admitted finally, but she had learned English and almost forgotten Italian in the hospital and could hardly converse with her own mother when she was released.

And Oscar Bigall from Germany, who made five trips to America as a stowaway, trying to find his mother. He was deported five times and the last time with the warning from Washington authorities that he would be jailed if he returned again. Since then the federal courts have ruled that such punishment is beyond the statutes, having been only a war-time measure applying to spies who sought entry here without passports. If Oscar hears of this ruling he may come rolling back.

Who could ever forget Rosalia Burdriak, the girl who came to Ellis Island masquerading as "Old Mother Hubbard"? In the belief that she would be safe as an old woman traveling alone on her long journey from Galicia to Chicago, she succeeded admirably with her picturesque disguise. At first glance, she appeared to be an old dwarfed woman of sixty rather than a sprightly child of sixteen. The matrons and guards passed the bundle of faded calico and handkerchief headgear as being the raiment of some destitute aged woman. But when she neared her turn at the inspector's tall desk anxiety took control. Would she pass?

Her trembling little hand surrendered the passport. The inspector noted the date of her birth. Not quite sixteen. The matron gently lifted the shawl from her head and revealed a wealth of dark brown girlish tresses parted in the middle. Rosalia explained to the Polish interpreter:

"I am not an old woman. You see, we lived in Przemysl, the town the Russians made a target of; the place where they were later turned back. We were in the thickest of the war. I am going to my brothers and my sister in Chicago. My mother thought I would be safe if I traveled as an old woman. I have been on my journey two months, but I feel safe now that I have landed in America. And I feel silly too with these old-woman clothes on."

Rosalia is now in Chicago going to school and can write letters in English.

As a rule, the children of immigrants are honest. One day an Italian family with five or six children appeared before a board of special inquiry for a hearing upon their claim to exemption from the quota law by reason of having previously resided here. Aliens returning to an unrelinquished residence in the United States are admitted regardless of the quotas. The parents had produced certificates of departure from this country which were later found to be fakes. They told of having lived in Brooklyn where, they said, the oldest children had been going to school. The children were put upon the witness stand and asked what public school in Brooklyn they had attended. The oldest girl broke into tears and stammered: "We have never been here before, sir. We have never been to school in Brooklyn. But, oh, Madonna, we will go to school in Brooklyn, please, mister, if you will only let us come into America." All were deported, though a discriminating sense of justice might have rewarded the children of those misguided parents with a better fate.

It was very different with the dozens of young boys who followed their idols—our doughboys. They came as stowaways. Europe was too tame for

ELLIS ISLAND

They came a long way to become Americans. They're Slovaks

Hine—from Galloway

them without the soldiers of Pershing's army, whose pampered mascots they had been.

One of these was Harry Valentine. He had served as mascot for both infantry and cavalry of the American army in France. He had told the soldiers that his father and mother were both dead, and they had taken pity on him and said "Come along." Since he was eight years old he had fed upon battle smoke, had made his nursery in the tented field.

But when Harry came straggling overseas to America after the war to find some of his doughboy friends here he was sent as a stowaway to Ellis Island, was promptly excluded and ordered deported. Saved by a Red Cross nurse who had known him in the field hospitals, he was given a chance in the home of her mother. But the abandon of soldiering had ruined the boy. He wouldn't go to school. He ran away from home several times and was picked up by the police in Newark as a little vagrant. They sent him to a reformatory and later back to Ellis Island for deportation.

The last I ever saw of Harry was just before he was sent out of the country. He was sick in the Ellis Island hospital, crestfallen but determined, and he said: "I am no different from the average boy. I have been misunderstood. But I am coming back to America as a man and make good."

"Noosie" Gulumian, as much an Armenian as her father and mother, happened to be born in Turkey. The Dillingham Act fixing the quotas said that births shall determine nationality. Upon this technicality "Noosie" was parted from her parents when they were admitted to the country.

The case went to the federal courts. The judge ruled that the immigration authorities were within the law in excluding "Noosie." Appeal was made to Washington in vain and she was sent back.

Beatrice Thomson still thinks that she danced her way in

A young Armenian was excluded by the quota law. So he demanded the right to enter the country as an "artist," exempt from quotas. There was no proof that he was a bona fide artist, but he proved it by building up a colossal bust of a woman in a snowdrift beside the hall of detention. A hundred boys and girls watched eagerly as "The Lady in the Snow" took on lifelike features, and when the young fellow squared off her arms there were many hurrahs in a dozen different languages. And the boy won entry.

Ernest Death, a little Welsh boy from the same town in Wales where Secretary of Labor James J. Davis was born, was the most ambitious immigrant child I have ever met on Ellis Island. He made it known while rolling his little brother's baby carriage into the United States that he had come here to grow up and become a member of the cabinet just like Mr. Davis. All he wanted was that Mr. Davis should give him a formula how to get there. The cabinet member learned of the Welsh boy's wish and wrote him as follows:

"My Dear Ernest: It has been brought to my attention that you, with your little brothers, Stanley and Dennis, recently arrived in the United States as immigrant boys from Wales. It is just forty years ago that I, with my mother and brothers, came here from the same country to my father who had, years previous, come here to prepare a home for Mother and her boys. You are now just the age that I was on that memorable day when I first landed on American soil.

"I want to say to you that there is no country in the world where you have greater opportunities than in the United States. All that is necessary for a boy here is that he be honest and a fearless worker and student. He must work, work, work. That will mean success. Study now so that when you get to be a young man you will know what trade or profession you would really like to follow, and then get into it and stick to it, develop it and make up your mind that you will be the very best man that ever worked at that particular task."

Ernest's father was a miner and lived in Terre Haute, Ind. Ernest is now going to school with little Americans.

Memories of these children I have met on Ellis Island come thick and fast. Heartless indeed, must be that man or woman who could turn from all these scenes and say: "Trash: they don't concern me." There is irresistible fascination in the memories that link me with these little folk from foreign lands.

Ernest Death, who got some advice from Secretary Davis

BOBBED HAIR

A NOVEL
BY TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. MITCHELL

Chapter V

By Ed Streeter

THE car had stopped just outside the door of the engine-room. A sickish, sweet smell of hot oil came billowing forth into the close passageway, driving before it the sharp, salt smell of seaweed and the faint odor of mimosa.

Sister Connemara stared straight ahead at the back of a huge truck which effectually corked out any breeze which might be traveling across the Sound.

"Haven't we"—insisted Lacy—"met somewhere before?"

"My orders," replied the demure creature beside him, "forbid the discussion of frivolous and trivial topics with men."

There was a warning toot from somewhere above. Engines clanked laboriously. After one or two preparatory shivers the boat moved slowly forward, leaving the ferry slip lights to waste their rays over a half acre of dancing foam.

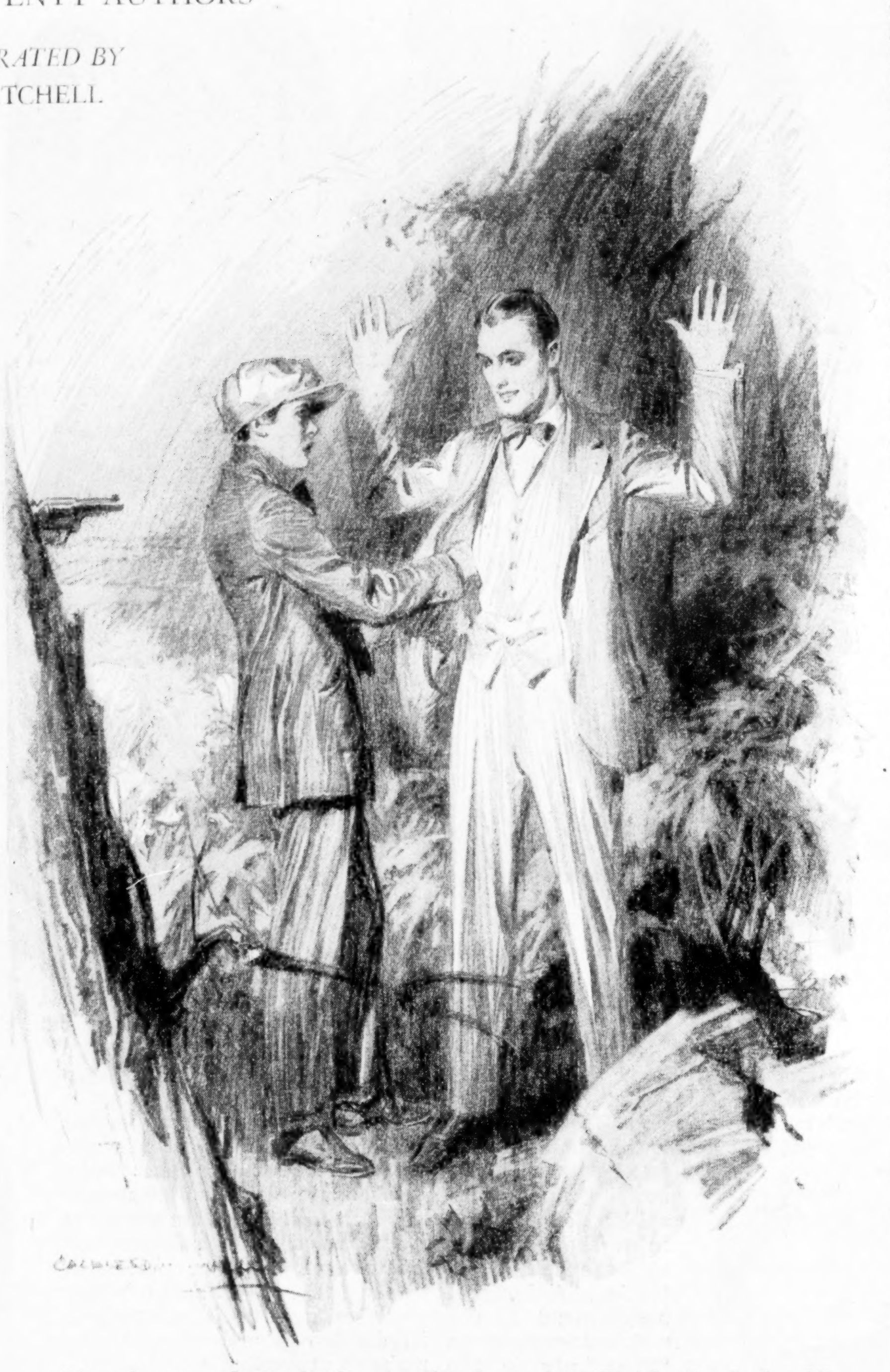
Connemara released her grip on the blanket. "At *least* we are out of Connecticut."

"Out of Connecticut into New York," replied her companion gloomily. "What's the difference? We can't spend our lives running out of one state into another without any idea what it's all about. It doesn't make any sense."

"It won't be necessary to make a profession out of it. This is not a permanent flight by any means. And," she added, touching his arm ever so slightly, "you've no idea how grateful I am to you for the loan of your wings."

A bare-chested oiler rose, Mephistophelean, from the red maw below the engine-room gratings. He stood gulping the air, one hand braced against the jamb of the door while with the other he mopped his face with a bunch of greasy waste.

Connemara observed him thoughtfully. "I should think men like that would make good athletes. They get so soaked in oil they must work easier than most people."



"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, dressed in Brother's clothes?" David said. "Shut your face," replied Sweetie, searching him

LACY did not deign a reply. His mind was feverishly attempting to project itself into the future. The further it projected the more complex the situation seemed to become, until finally the whole affair broke off of its own weight and dropped into the abyss of chaos. The oiler stared at the pair for a moment and then disappeared. Nuns in foreign cars, driven by well-dressed men, were nothing in the life of one beneath whose oily chest were lodged the secrets of two states.

A man squeezed through the passage between the wall of the engine-room and the truck in front of them. This in itself was not extraordinary, but he was by no means an ordinary man. Indeed, had you seen him selling tickets in front of a side show you must have immediately purchased admission on the theory that any exhibition of human misprints that could waste such material for the collection of dimes must indeed contain rare pi beneath its canvas.

A battered check cap with a veritable awning of a peak clung miraculously to the side of his head at an angle that made it difficult to say if it served as an ear muff or a head covering. Certain it was that it constituted the only head covering available, for the hemisphere of his cranium which had been left exposed to the night was as free from hair as a country hotel mattress. Under the light it had the sheen of an oyster shell. The simile ends there, however, for his skin, far from being mother of pearl in color, was pigmented with a California sunset so brilliantly crimson in hue that in the twilight of the passageway it appeared to glow like molten metal. He wore a suit checked in the proportions of a leaded glass window. The skirt of his coat ran a race with the lapels which it won just short of his knees. Where the lapels gave up they were brought together by a black cord neatly secured at either end by two enormous pearl buttons. A spear of a bayonet might have been used as a last for his shoes, to which half a dozen pearl buttons still clung desperately as mute reminders of better days. From the corner of his mouth hung a cigar, the charred end of which had opened like the petals of a rare night flower.

This bizarre vision stepped clear of the rear end of the truck, carefully brushed the knees of his baggy trousers, and then, without straightening up, proceeded to examine the license plate of the Isotta. Apparently satisfied by his inspection, he drew from his inside pocket a torn piece of paper which he read by the aid of the light over the engine-room door.

Lacy and Sister Connemara watched his movements with interest. The night had already offered such proof of the abundance of its sensations that they had both arrived at a state of acceptance such as Alice must have reached when she rose from the Mad Hatter's tea party. Nor was their trust to be abused.

The check suit squeezed along the side of the Isotta. Without so much as a glance at the occupants of the front seat, it opened the rear door and calmly unbuttoned the floor carpet of the tonneau. A swift, searching hand was inserted under the loose corner—a long hand with thin, tapering fingers, quite out of keeping with its home torso, a hand that might sever a watch from its chain or a baby from its mother without the owners of either of these articles being in the least aware of their loss.

When it reappeared it gripped between an unlaundered thumb and forefinger a second torn bit of paper. This the owner of the hand compared with the piece which he had taken from his pocket. Then carefully and deliberately he placed the two torn ends together. The jagged ends fitted like neighboring bits of a picture puzzle.

THE knuckles of Constance Mary's hand showed white from the tenseness of her grip on the side of the car. The soft material of her mask reflected her short, sharp breathing. The color had left Lacy's face. He stared at the fantastic stranger with the horrified glare of one who has just witnessed the execution of a ghastly and foul deed.

The performer, on the other hand, registered relief on every crimson feature. "I'm Pooch," he admitted with a bright smile, and then added, "Thank God," either in gratitude for his identity or for some unknown and extraneous reason. Without further introduction he climbed through the open door of the tonneau and sank heavily into the back seat.

Lacy glanced at Sister Connemara. Her gaze was fixed on him so intently that his own dropped before it and he focused his attention on this second addition to his evening's entertainment.

"So you're Pooch?" he said finally, not so much because he doubted as from an uneasy feeling that the conversation must be maintained.

"In the flesh," boasted Mr. Pooch. "Cast your peepers over the passports."

He handed the two slips of paper to Lacy. Under the hooded dashboard light the man and the girl examined them curiously. They were two parts of a sheet torn from a pad of cheap, ruled writing paper. On either half was printed a number which corresponded with the license number of Lacy's car. On the reverse side of each half was written "5111st" and underneath this was drawn a crude anchor around which a snake had apparently retired for the night.

"Here's th' rest on it," said Mr. Pooch, and bending over the front seat he injected a hairy forearm into the tiny circle of light. On the inner side of the limb was neatly engraved a small blue anchor passionately embraced by a sea serpent.

"Guess y' can't object to that," said Mr. Pooch complacently.

Lacy looked from the two bits of paper to the white shrouded head beside his, back to the rear seat where a luminous glow indicated the unhandsome features of Mr. Pooch, along the shiny bonnet of the car to the tail light of the truck in front, and back to the papers. Through his mind for the second time that evening there passed memories of other red-letter days, and nights, of his life—doing the Human Fly across the front of a Venetian palace while the siren object of his Lloydian amours mocked him with Virginia tobacco rings from window to window; thrilling days in the souvenir belt of New Guinea, carving over-congenial gorillas in the privacy of his tent; a scientific experiment to prove the theory that one American is as good as six Frenchmen, conducted in an open-air laboratory off the wharves of Brest.

Until to-night he had considered these as adventures. Now he realized that they were not adventures, but incidents—unicellular episodes after which one was assured of a warm bath and clean clothes.

Here, however, was a situation which began nowhere and ended in approximately the same position. Indeed, instead of ending, it seemed to accumulate bulk and impetus as a rolling stone dislodged from a Swiss mountainside will multiply in its course, thundering through great forest and erasing villages until, having changed the topography of a county, it ceases as unexpectedly as it began. Yes, this was his first adventure.

Another difference between this and any previous experience was that heretofore he had always played the principal rôle. To-night his function appeared to be merely that of stage manager. As long as he furnished transportation to the troupe he was allowed to tag along, but no one thought of consulting his desires in the development of the plot. As a matter of fact, he did not know yet how many persons there were in the cast. The thought pleased him. He would carry on and, if the cast grew too large, he would abandon the Isotta and hire a sightseeing bus somewhere.

A VOICE in his ear returned him to the Greenwich ferry. "Didje come right up from the works?"

"As fast as I could get here."

"Y' had us guessin'. We thought you might be up sooner. Swede's gang is out there watchin' of y'."

"I'm sorry if I've been the least trouble to Mr. Swede or any of his gang. Couldn't I phone them or drop them a postcard or something?"

"N'mind them. They can get soused up there just as comf'able as they could home. Glad we got y'; that's all. There'd 'a' been hell at th' works if we'd missed y'."

Connemara started. Since Pooch's appearance she had been groping blindly, frantically for some logical explanation to illogical events. Never for one moment, however, had she doubted the frank, good-looking man beside her with whom she had spent a lifetime in less than two hours. She would as soon have suspected Aunt Celimena of being a professional second-story worker. The finding of the papers in the car and the artistic identification of Mr. Pooch had been the work of some unseen force over which neither she nor her traveling companion had control.

Now for the first time a little devil of doubt hopped over the hood of the car and sat grinning at her through the windshield. Could it be that the "we-ness" of things was not so firmly established as she had supposed? A dawning consciousness that it might be rash to hop into the cars of strange men in the middle of the night sent its chill down her back.

There was a movement in the back seat, and Mr. Pooch's phosphorescent countenance glowed between them like a Chinese lantern.

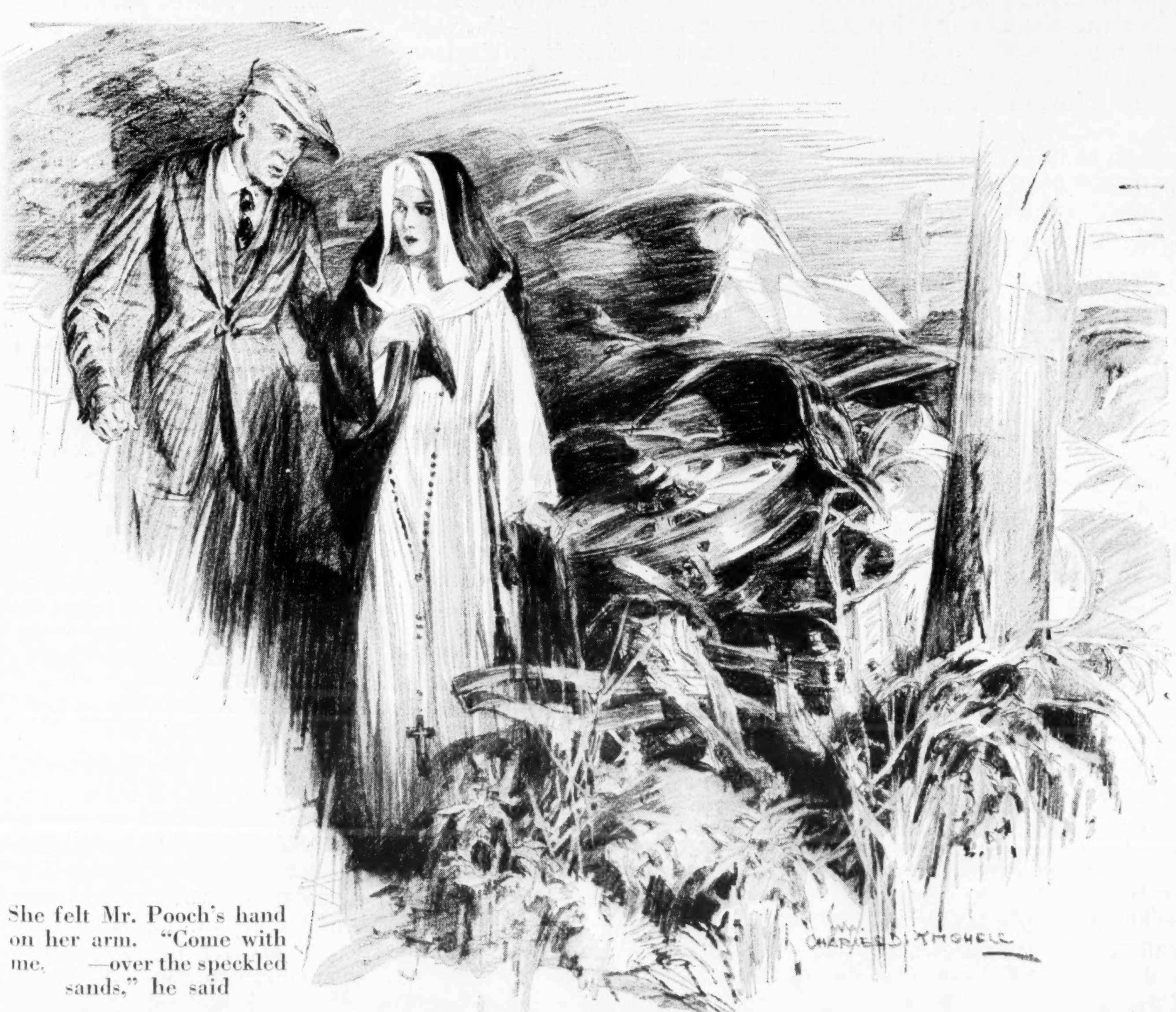
"S-a-a-y, sister, I get y' now. That's good, that is! I ben tryin' t' get y' since I hopped in. I got y' now, though. I was only expectin' one, an' it trun me off a mile when I seen two on y', as th' fella says when he got th' D. T.'s. S-a-a-y, you're good, you are. I seen everythin' pulled, I guess, but I ain't never seen th' nun gag worked before. Say, this business ain't no profession no more. It's an art. But looka, Sister. Why th' mask? I hardly knowed you at foist. What's all th' Ku Klux over y'r best friend? There ain't no nuns in Toikey."

Then spoke Sister Connemara words soft and assured which exploded in Lacy's ears like a giant cracker, "I put it on, Pooch, 'cause I thought I saw somebody I knew."

Great Heavens, was this girl connected in some way with that caricature of a hairless Mexican on the back seat? Or was he possibly going crazy? Had he hit a telegraph pole after leaving Stamford, and was he now lying broken in some ditch while his brain danced a crazy reel with death? That sounded like a movie title. Had someone slipped him a drink of bad Scotch?

Pooch glanced through the back window of the car. "S-o-o." He snapped his fingers in thoughtful imitation of castanets. "Guess we might's well give this ol' seagoin' hack the once-over before we reach. Good now's never." He climbed out and disappeared around the back of the car.

A blanket of silence fell over the front seat. The lights of Bayville were picked out of the blackness ahead. In another ten minutes they would be committed to the hands of an unknown destiny, who might turn out to be a policeman. Lacy's heart was heavy with suspicion and disillusionment, but his old passion for adventure, handed down through the generations from some gentleman buccaneer in the queen's service, was flaming high. Without knowing where the dawn might find him, he cared less. Only one thing was clear and definite in the midst of all this uncertainty. He would look upon the face of this woman who dressed like a nun, spoke like an angel, scented herself like an April flower, and associated with the flotsam of dime museums.



She felt Mr. Pooch's hand on her arm. "Come with me. —over the speckled sands," he said

CONNEMARA on her side of the front seat was having her own troubles. Unwelcome, but ever-growing, distrust formed the motif, and a rapidly increasing panic played hide and seek around and through it. One good scream would break the spell and bring her back to the world of ordinary people who spoke and acted in expected ways. She opened her mouth and took a deep breath in preparation for a drum-rocking yell. Then she saw the headlines in the morning papers: "Popular débutante denounces joy riders. Season's bud disguised as nun declares companions thugs on Greenwich ferry."

No, no! That was too grotesque. She closed her mouth and let out her breath.

The motor of the truck ahead backfired several times, filling the passage with a cloud of evil-smelling smoke. Chains clanked in the bow.

"There's a Pierce on the other side," observed Mr. Pooch, climbing in. "We'll be off foist, though. Rather have 'em behind us. If they follow along, I guess this baby c'n dust 'em." Wherewith he struck a match with his thumb, set fire to the exploded cigar, and proceeded to offer his contribution to the general atmosphere of carbon monoxide.

The cars were moving off. "Stick close behind that bambino," Pooch waved his incense burner at the truck ahead. "Our boat's waiting at the end of the dock. You're t' folly him along behind."

They were creeping off the boat, the powerful motor whirring with eagerness for the open road. Out of the darkness at the end of the short dock their headlights picked up the nose of a green Packard touring car. Pooch sprang from the back seat, ran ahead of the lumbering truck, and spoke to the driver of the green car. It pushed forward into the line, and Pooch stepped upon the running board of Lacy's car as it passed.

"Get 'round th' damn' ol' ark in front an' behind them guys I spoke to. They'll take us over th' quickest way. Step on her. Keep right on their tail." He stood up and surveyed the cars behind, then, satisfied with the inspection, settled into the corner of the rear seat and set about relighting his faithful companion.

There were only a few cars ahead of them, and Lacy worked up quickly behind the green Packard. The moon was full. It was one of those rare nights which make June so popular for weddings and outdoor drinking. Ahead the road unwound in a gray, luminous band. Higher and higher rose the hum of the motors as the two cars shook off the ferry traffic and raced through the tented nomads of Bayville.

Pooch leaned forward. "Here is th' jack," he said. "I didn't want t' give it to you on th' ferry. Never c'n tell who's nosin' round. I wan' t' get shook of it, though. I'll give it to you, sis. You c'n stockin' it fer th' boss here. He's workin' now. Count it. There's fifty grand there. Thank God, that's gone!"

A thick roll (*Continued on page 29*)

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JANUARY 17, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MUZZLE THE JINGOES

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and Secretary Hughes have been wisely exerting themselves to allay the irritations which might make trouble between Japan and the United States.

An American war with Japan would be monstrous folly. Nothing but suffering, waste and death could come from such an insane struggle. No real advantage could accrue to the United States or to Japan from an appeal to arms.

Yet stupid men, in Congress and out, by reckless words and heedless action are creating the popular fear and distrust out of which war is bred.

There are undeniable clashes of interest between America and Japan, but there is nothing which would not yield to frank, good-tempered discussion.

President Harding settled the dangerous question of naval rivalry by calling the Washington Conference. The agreements then negotiated were immensely valuable in assuring the future. All war clouds over the Pacific seemed to have been dispersed.

Congress, however, quickly undid much of the good of the Washington Conference by the needless insult of the Immigration Act. Not content with excluding Japanese, a policy accepted by Tokio since President Roosevelt's administration, the politicians at Washington insisted on wounding the natural pride of the Japanese by the wording of the law.

Next came the naval maneuvers off Hawaii. Secretary Wilbur's approval of that scheme added fuel to the flames of Japanese uneasiness. Responsible statesmen of Nippon joined with Secretary Hughes in giving out statements designed to quiet the popular feeling in both countries.

The difficulties of the administration have been vastly enhanced by such follies. Calvin Coolidge must now do again what Theodore Roosevelt and Warren Harding did before him. It would be an appalling lapse from civilization to permit this country to drift into a war with Japan. Fortunately the good sense of the American people led by President Coolidge is assurance against such a catastrophe.

They Caught Them Young

IN THE time of Cæsar the average Roman lived only eighteen years. Most of the great heroes and villains of the French Revolution had made their mark and gone to the guillotine before they were thirty-five. In medieval times the average age of the best known public figures was sixty-two years. To-day the average age of our notables is seventy-one years.

Apparently this is not, as some say, the era of the young man. We are led for the most part by elder statesmen, elder corporation presidents, elder professors. There is comfort in that too, for those of us who are not infant prodigies can cherish the hope that there is plenty of time ahead in which to make good.

The span of life, increasing century by century, gives splendid proof that science is worth while, that the race has taken thought for the morrow, that fatalism is a barren philosophy and that man can indeed lift himself by his mental bootstraps.

The chemist pottering with test tubes, the biologist losing himself in the jungle, the engineer digging, the surgeon poising the knife, the physicist weighing dust and moisture, these are the life bringers, building toward immortality.

Research goes on in the noble faith that there is more to know and much to do. And thereby babies that would have died are made to live, and minds and bodies that would have worn out at forty are hale and strong, doing their work and getting their fun in a world worth having.

A Yankee Carpenter Said It All

HE'S never been known to hurry. That's what his friends assert of H. B. Thayer, who, they say, has "lived himself" into the headship of the Bell System, one of the most important positions in the business world.

Years ago in his boyhood Harry Thayer asked a Yankee master carpenter how he always managed to finish his jobs and leave so little waste lumber. The answer came, "Son, I measure twice and cut once."

That's thought in management. If a man has such skill, things will hurry for him.

Labor Without Gompers

WHEN Samuel Gompers died the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court headed a list of dignitaries who acted as pall bearers.

Gompers had no power except that given by the force of his personality. He built up the American Federation of Labor at a time when the vague theories of the Knights of Labor were agitating American workmen. He was concrete, practical and conservative, and yet he had vision.

His every project was fortified chiefly by the consent of the leaders associated with him. His rule lasted more than forty years because his judgment was calm and his speech convincing.

If he had done nothing other than to align organized labor in support of the American Government during the World War, his place in history would have been secure. He did much more, and the men into whose hands have fallen the reins have a great tradition by which to measure their achievements.

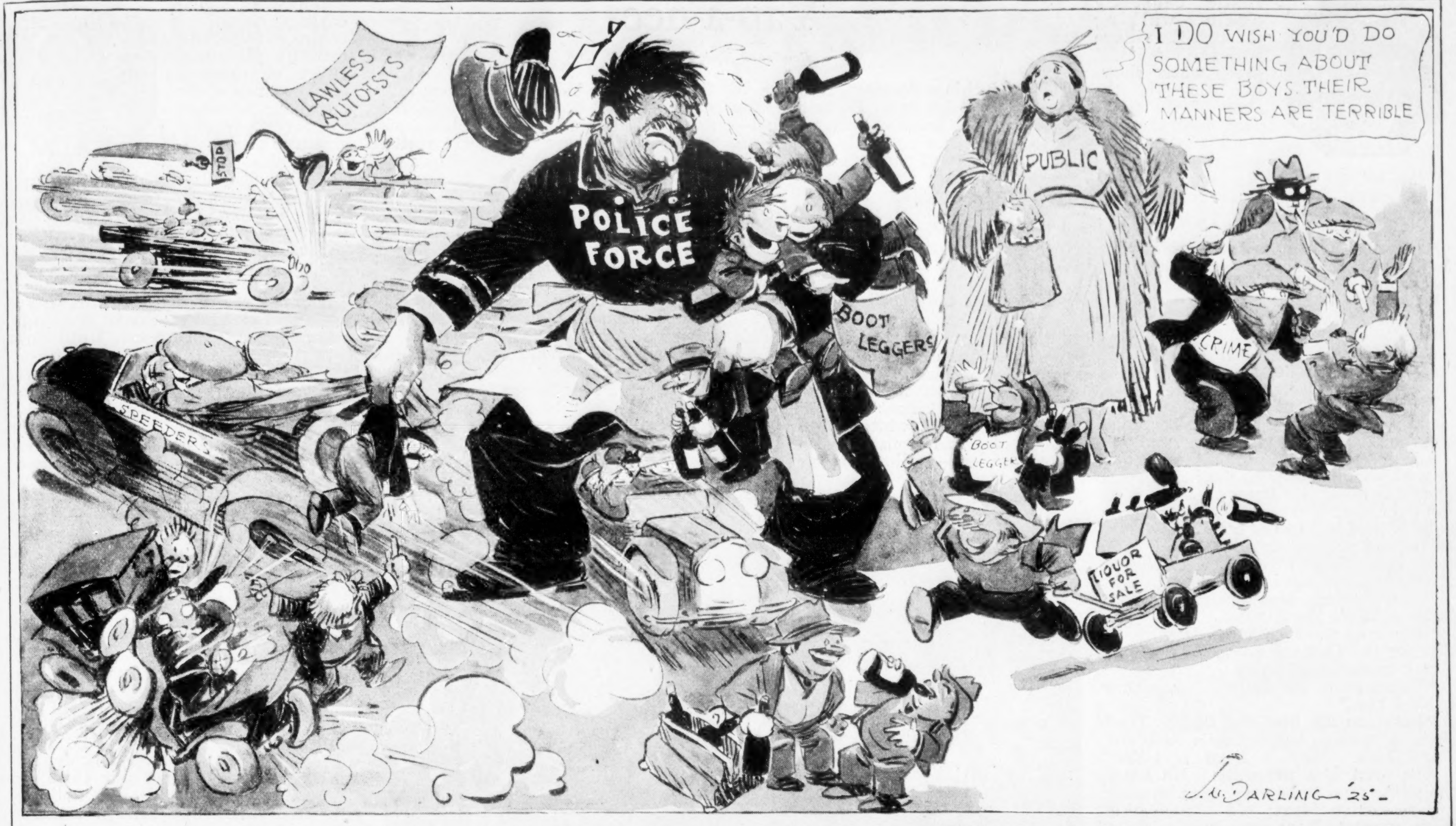
Can We Pass This Test?

THE motor car is the twentieth century's greatest landmark of progress. "It has added," says Herbert Hoover, "recreation, efficiency and vision to the American people." But there is another measure of progress—the value put on human life. Mr. Hoover reminds us that in a single year 22,600 Americans were killed and 685,000 injured in highway accidents, eighty per cent of which were caused by motor vehicles. All of us are responsible—drivers, pedestrians, public officials. We can stop this slaughter if we will. What are we going to do about it? Are we willing to put safety ahead of speed? Are we willing to apply the Golden Rule to traffic? It is a test of our civilization.

This So-Called Temperate Zone

WINTER shuffles slowly by. Drifting snow, holding up traffic, mixing with the grime of the street, turning into slush, freezing again to slide the feet of the unwary out from under them. Winds that nip ears and nose and make their way through the thickest and reddest underwear. Bleak, discouraged trees, and grayness in the skies. Dusk shutting down in mid-afternoon. A pale, chilly sun, as though the mournful predictions of the astronomers had come true and a final night were about to shut down on the world. Drafts slipping in through the north windows. Colds. Influenza. Cricks in the neck. Rheumatism. Pneumonia. Dreary mornings when the alarm goes off before dawn. Blizzards direct from the North Pole. Poor people frozen in their beds. Farmers lost and frozen to death going from house to barn. Wires down. Mails held up. Tricky thaws that only make matters worse. Ice-bound rivers waiting to burst their banks and sweep away bridges and towns. Long ago someone named this the temperate zone. What a sense of humor he must have had!

Yet it's out of weather like this, according to the professors, that most of the blessings of civilization have come. We are what we are, and have what we have, because bad weather compelled our ancestors to be clever and foresighted. Their less intelligent brethren either died or moved away to spots on the earth's surface where they could live without working or using their heads. Consequently nearly all of humanity's wealth and power is now concentrated north of the 35th parallel and the inhabitants of the temperate zone pretty nearly run the whole show. And that's something to reflect upon while you're trying to get that clinker out of the furnace.



She's paying him to do it, of course; but, after all, whose children are they?

This is What the Farmer Wants

By Bernard M. Baruch

THE world has now definitely turned its face to peace and to work, and the question which gave American farmers so much anxiety a year ago, "How am I to make a fair living?" has now lost some of its acuteness.

For five years American farmers have been struggling for equality of opportunity.

They have asked for conditions which would make the labor employed on farms as profitable as the labor of other men engaged in other industries.

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Bernard M. Baruch

Agriculture, as I understand the minds of its leaders, seeks not to pull any other industry down. Farmers wish merely to lift their own industry to the level of the others. The rise in the price of agricultural products has brought us nearer the state of affairs in which a day's labor spent on the farm will be as productive as an equal amount of time spent in the factory, shop, or mines. When the spread is too great between the rewards possible for effort employed similarly in agriculture and elsewhere, there will be trouble again.

Nature came this year to the relief of the American farmer. We cannot, however, continue safely to rely upon Nature to settle questions which we neglect. It is hardly to be expected that foreign crops will fail every year, while the American grower is blessed.

Personally, I think we are at the beginning of an industrial revival. The extent of this awakening is going to be measured by the opportunity given the people of the world to work. I am very hopeful that the operation of the Dawes Plan will make it possible for the German people to get back to work. If we give the Germans an opportunity to employ their full energies, the whole world will be richer. The great talents and industry displayed before the war should, if reawakened, contribute immeasurably to increasing the sum total of the world's riches.

Once Germany is back at work I am sure that somehow and in some way the creative processes of civilization will penetrate into Russia. How this is coming about I do not profess to know. I am certain, however, that Russians will some time in the not distant future find the way back to productive labor and that when this happens the world will be richer and better for it.

All this will benefit us by increasing the market for our goods. It will make it possible for the world to buy more American raw materials, manufactured goods and agricultural products and so will naturally improve the prices at which our farmers are able to dispose of their products.

The essential steps to be taken in this country, so far as the farmers are concerned, are now generally admitted to be the development of marketing, the creation of banking facilities appropriate to the needs of agriculture, and the intelligent handling of our surplus in years of plenty. Much progress has already been made in these lines and more is to be expected.

The coöperatives will have their ups and downs and they will be subject to the ebb and flow of business. There will be failure as well as success. Management is the great essential in any form of industry, whether in the corporation which is adapted to the needs of business, or the coöperative which is better suited to agriculture. To succeed, the farmers' coöperatives will have either to develop their own skilled merchandising leaders or else they must employ men who have obtained their training and experience under another system. Perhaps they will do both. In any event, management is the prerequisite to success.

With the return of the Germans to work and with the establishment of coöperative marketing and agricultural credit agencies, the problem of agriculture becomes the question of how the nation is to feed itself over a long period of years.

We cannot always rely on bumper crops. There may be years of shortage, many years of shortage, if agriculture is not put on a permanently profitable basis. Suppose that the comparative unprofitableness of agricultural work continued to lure men from the farms until serious shortages occurred. The nation might be confronted with famine years and not have the granaries of a Joseph to rely upon.

Farmers have been demanding equality of opportunity. They are entitled to it. I am hopeful that the Agricultural Commission appointed by President Coolidge will devise a program of relief adequate to the occasion. The American people, not less than the farmer, are certainly concerned to safeguard their future.

Yap-a-nee

Continued from page 16

rustic causeway again, walking through the village with the wonderful green water showing through the slats of the pathway, and the tall black roofs, skull-crowned, lifting above, he was pulled up by a loud, sudden wailing, that came from one of the houses.

"What's the matter, Atu?" he asked the chief, who was following him with a fine martial stride, keeping off with no gentle hand the chattering crowd that came after.

"One girl we been shutten up free moon."

"What's that to howl over?" He knew about the shutting up of girls; a marriageable belle, sometimes, was closely confined in a dark house for months at a time, to bleach her complexion, and, incidentally, to keep her from promiscuous flirtations, until the day of handing over to the bridegroom should arrive. He knew that the girls did not object to this at all; in fact, they rather liked it. In the cool, dusk house there was nothing to do but lie on the floor, eat, chatter with the other women, sleep, and eat again.

"Man belong him he go catchem birdy-paladise for Sinaman!"

"Her man went to get birds of paradise for the Chinaman—seems you've a Chink trader somewhere. Well?"

"Man-a-bush he killem, altogether kai-kai him."

"Bushmen ate him, did they? Then she's a widow before she's a bride. Hard luck. May I have a look?"

Atu eyed him narrowly. He knew the white man to be very aged, according to native ideas; old enough this many years to have seen his son's son—which is decrepitude, almost, among the dark people of New Guinea.

"Marster, you no go along that house; no fashion belong Tabati," was his verdict. Howe laughed; he was not really very curious.

BUT the girl was burned up with curiosity. She had heard; she had peeped a little, through a secret slit in the roof; she felt she must see more or die. A strange white man in Tabati! Such a thing had not happened within her memory. There was a Dutch missionary, who sometimes came to preach; once in a way, a trader wandered in. Nothing like this splendid man, in the dazzling white suit, with the noble bearing, and the admirable fatness!

The man who had bought her was dead. She was extremely glad, though she had spent most of the day, at intervals, wailing according to custom. She was no man's property, for the time. She had a right to look. She would!

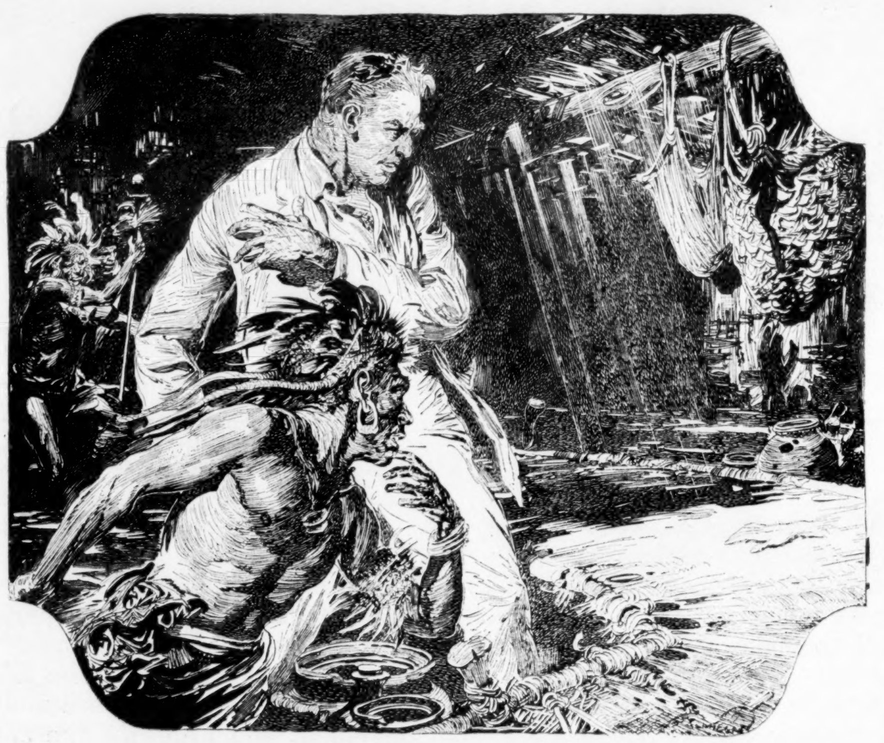
So it came about that Saonek, boldest and fairest of the girls of Tabati, and of many villages round, sent the proprieties crashing, and out of her guarded isolation dared to put forth her head.

Howe saw her; saw the horrified matrons drag her back again. She was, bar none, the best-looking native girl he had ever seen. Fine oval face, good features, hair a featherbush of curls; eyes like balls of water—golden water, swimming, floating eyes; no white woman had the like. Skin, after the bleaching, color of old ivory; figure, cunningly outlined with red paint, a sculptor's dream. Little, fine fingers that clutched hard on to the doorway when the matrons pulled her back. She wanted to look at him. She liked to look at him. . . .

Conway Howe stood in a dream. He remembered, with odd inconsequence, Mrs. Conway Howe of so many years agone; the tepid marriage that had turned out well enough; the dullnesses, the stupid satisfactions. He remembered the girl—not quite a girl; very well connected—whose people "expected" something of him. She was a good girl. She had rather nice eyes. She went in for social service. . . . Oh, blow!

Atu, watching him, read his thoughts as Howe might have read a letter that dealt with things foreseen, familiar, in one sweep of the eye. He relaxed the expression of horror—purely tribal—that he had been carefully preserving, for the benefit of the other girls, still young and free, who clustered, murmuring and laughing, about the rear of the procession. He was not at all surprised when Howe, with a finger accustomed to command, motioned him away from the crowd. "Who is the father of this girl?" asked Howe. "When can I see him?"

FAR out from the mainland of Dutch New Guinea lies Soroekwari, a long island shaped like a bow. If there is a trifle of civilization in Humboldt's Bay, at the settlement of Hollandia—a resident, almost white; a couple of missionaries and a fistful of Chinese feather-traders—it dies out long before crossing the stretch of blue, deep water that lies between the mainland and Soroekwari. Nobody comes there; the six-weekly boat that links Hollandia to the Molucca Islands calls never; trading vessels, if such rare birds happen to pass, go on to the great, mountainous islands of Yappen and Sorong, where you can buy gum dammar and paradise skins. In Soroekwari there is nothing but copra, and that, in about the year twenty-one, was looked after by the owner, a white man settled on the island.



In the middle of Saonek's sleeping mat lay a little, pretty hand with a ring on it

North of Soroekwari there is nothing at all, for two thousand five hundred miles, right to Japan, save the tiny flying specks of the Pelews. Thunderous long seas shatter on its outward beaches; but within, where the curve of the bow protects the land, and the reef gives shelter, there is a lagoon such as you could not find again in a month's sail. Green as green flames in a driftwood fire; jeweled with islets no bigger than your tennis lawn, each with its own high crown of palms, and its own pearl ring of beach; snow-sanded, filled with fish that glitter blue and pink and yellow, and with turtle, lifting snake-like heads, dark-eyed, from the ripples of their easy swimming—such is the lagoon of Soroekwari.

Sound there is on Soroekwari, but noise, never; the ripples of the short lagoon waves, and the wind and the birds and the crackling of palm-leaves blown to sea are heard; unheard, after a while; pass into the mind, and with them carry peace.

In the middle of the biggest island, Conway Howe had built a house; a fine native house, brown as a bird's nest, made of bush timber, and thatched with sago palm. There was pearl shell in the lagoon; not much, but Howe had raised enough to make a gleaming frieze round the top of the rooms, and to spangle the brown roof with pearl. He had planted hedges of flaming hibiscus, and clumps of the creamy-starred frangipani, and many other flowers, nameless and beautiful. It was a palace of a place, according to New Guinea standards; and it owned a feature that distinguished it from all other white men's houses on the coast—a lagi-lagi house.

Built out in the lagoon, on high piles, decorated with dangling shells that tinkled in the breeze, and waving banners of many colored fiber, fenced about on its platform, as a lagi-lagi house, sacred to the male, must be, the place gave the note to Soroekwari. It was New Guinea savagery, under the hand of the white. Howe was the chief of the lagi-lagi; Howe presided at the huge feasts of turtle and of pig, sat, silent, iron-faced, while the initiations of the young men into manhood went on, accompanied by ordeals traditional to the race; learned and led the dances that passed away night after night of merry full-moon time; armed his little tribe with weapons that made it king tribe of the coast; and won the terrified admiration of every soul on the island, and the reverence due to the greatest of sorcerers, by means of a five-pound box of conjuring tricks from Gamage's.

SAONEK, queen of Soroekwari and most beautiful of native girls, lived in heaven. Her wonderful white man never set her to work in the yam gardens far away on the mainland, where other girls had to go; never sent her carrying water from the spring at the end of the big island, or cutting fuel in the forest. She wore no foreign clothes, only her own pretty and decent little skirt of colored bark cloth, and her own scented necklaces of flowers, and jewelry of white shells. No shoes deformed her tiny, warm brown feet; and on her hands—Saonek, like many native girls, had pretty hands—there was but one ornament; a ring that Howe had given her.

Saonek, not bored with idleness, as a white woman might have been, spent her days smoking a little, eating a little—she was not greedy—singing odd little songs to the winds and the swaying palm-leaves, fabricating countless chains of berries and of flowers. Often she cooked native dainties for her man; searched the forests to find strange fruits to please him. After the night-long dances, when he stumbled to her room, wearied out, she loved to take his fine white body limb by limb and softly massage it, in the island fashion, till every trace of fatigue was soothed away. Howe was her god; she worshiped him.

And the world of Soroekwari was at peace and pleased all except Kwattu.

Kwattu was the sorcerer. Until Howe bought the island, he had been its acknowledged chief; the fattest of the pigs and the girls had been for him; the highest place in the lagi-lagi.

Kwattu, in by-gone days, had won reverence, excited fear, by his sorceries. Who but he could produce mysterious stones out of a man's own body, cause strange voices to speak to him from the roof, take a man's hair or spittle, and with it form a charm that should cause the death of the owner, without a hand being laid upon him?

But now came this white chief, who made not only the roof talk, but little devils with gaping mouths, that he sat upon his knee; who brought chickens out of your hair, and silver coins from your toes; who poured half-a-dozen drinks from one magic bottle, and made things appear and disappear at the touch of a wand. If one worked charms against him, it was no use, he being white; if one worked charms against one's own enemies, and saw them begin to wilt and crumble into nothingness—for there was always someone who told them what to expect—the white sorcerer merely laughed and made them drink fiery waters, and smell violent liquids that bit the nose, rousing the worst bewitched man to interest in life again.

What could a sorcerer do? Kwattu tried his best. He put a snake in the bed of the chief; but the chief found it, and a day after he, Kwattu, was taken sick by superior sorcery, and had like to heave his soul and body up—all through an innocent mess of banana porridge (which was too sweet and hot for Kwattu to perceive the tartar emetic). He made an image of the white man, of clay and abominable things, and set it in a stream to waste away; but the young men saw it and told him and—oh, the taste was bad when Kwattu was made to swallow it, every scrap! Kwattu brooded on these things, and his liver was very hot within him.

MEANTIME everyone else on Soroekwari was happy, and the girl Saonek was happiest of all, so that by and by, moved by a fear as old as humanity itself, she came to Howe, and asked his permission to kill a few white fowls and throw their blood towards the rising sun.

"It will be safer, Master," she said, her pretty small hands beseeching him, with cunning strokes and touches. "Let me."

But Howe would not. "They came from Amboyna, and cost a lot," he said. "Killing laying Leghorns isn't my way of keeping off bad luck. We're all right, girl. It's in the white man's world that damn things happen. We're out of that." Saonek did not understand, but she went away sorrowful.

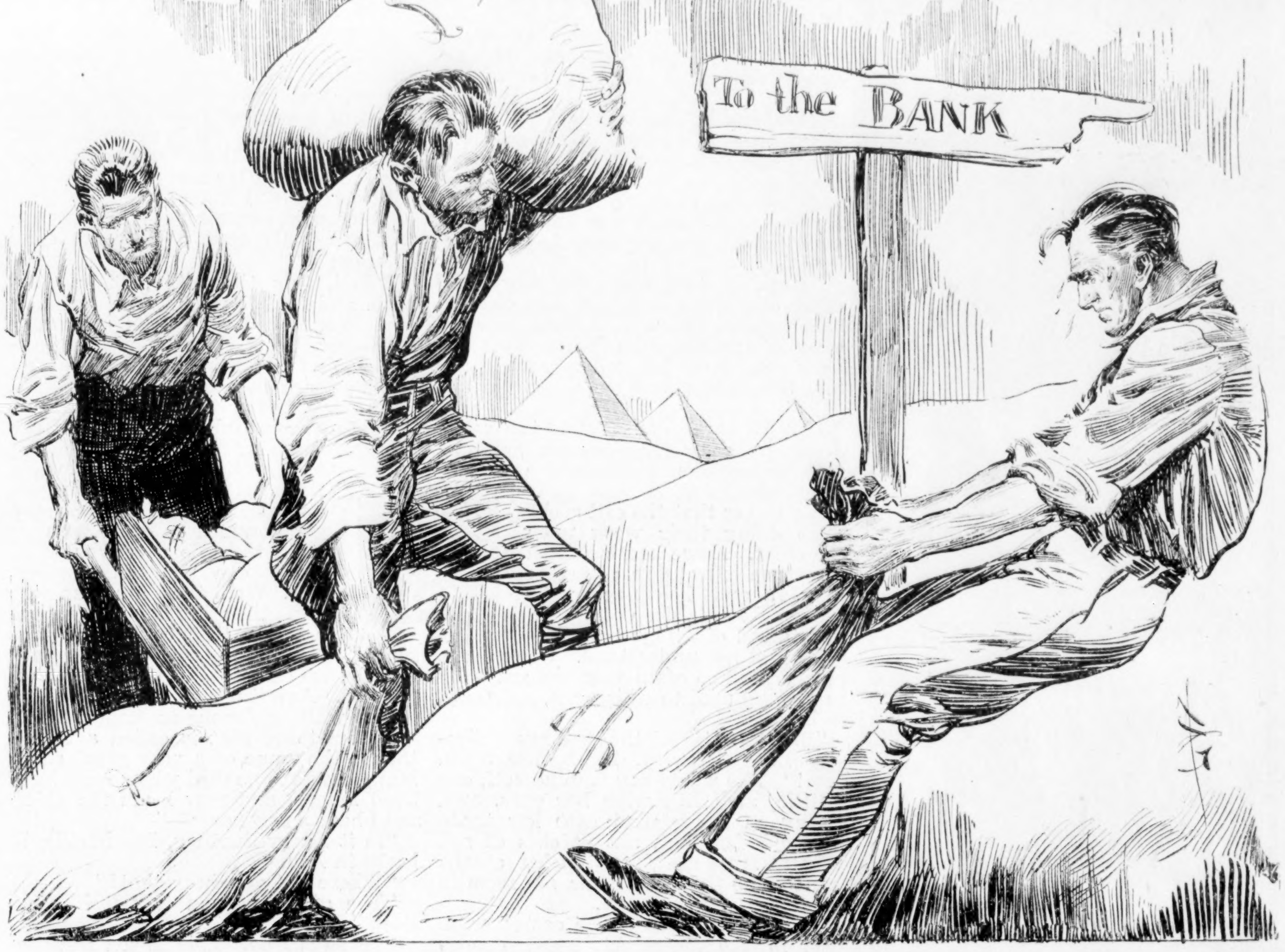
Next afternoon a cutter was seen beating out to Soroekwari. Howe knew it; it belonged to one of the Chinese feather-traders of Hollandia. The six-weekly boat had lately come and gone. "I suppose they're bringing me the gramophone I ordered," he thought. "Time it was here." It had been five months on order from Batavia.

The cutter came leaning and skating into the lagoon, and lowered sail with a rattle. Ah Chew was in her; he had a packet of letters and he wanted ten guilders for bringing them out. Howe gave him five, took the papers, and told the Chinaman he could go.

(*Continued on page 28*)

DOING SMALL NATIONS GOOD

Uncle Henry says the liabilities of a backward people are its own, but assets are the White Man's Burden



"Sturdy, untirin' Anglo-Saxons staggerin' down to the bank without a word of complaint"

"SAY," asked Mr. Stubbs in a puzzled tone, "does Great Britain own Egypt?"

"No," said Uncle Henry slowly, "it's more of a Moral Responsibility than anythin' else. About like the United States with Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo, an' other small nations that live in such darkness they can't see a hand before their face or tell what it's doin' to 'em. We jes' take an interest in 'em, that's all, though usually at a rate that makes it worth while.

"When it comes to payin' taxes, gas, water an' coal bills, runnin' the lawn mower an' puttin' out the cat, the Egyptians are as free as any people that ever lived, but England looks after their money so's they won't spend it foolishly. The liabilities of a backward, uncivilized race are always its own, 'Lonzo, but assets are the White Man's Burden. Carryin' 'em is a duty laid upon him by his strength.

"There's somethin' about weak peoples that goes straight to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon. Their helplessness makes an instant appeal to him, an' he can hardly wait to smother 'em in kindness or anythin' else that's handy.

"Go to any backward country an' you'll see sturdy, untirin' Anglo-Saxons staggerin' down to the bank with as much of the White Man's Burden as they can carry in one load, without ever a word of complaint, at least from them. Or else tryin' to lift the wretched inhabitants to a higher plane, holdin' 'em fast by the throat so's the grip won't slip."

"If people don't want to take baths or wear clothes," said Mr. Stubbs, "that's their business, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "but it's bad business. Unless they are washed, how can they come clean? An' if they don't wear civilized clothes, how can we tell where the pockets are? An' if we didn't teach 'em to write, how could they sign promissory notes? An' if we didn't bring 'em up into the light, how could we ever draw a bead on any of 'em. The trouble with you, 'Lonzo, is that you don't stop to think things out.

"I've always had a feelin' that England has a much keener sense of her Duty to Civilization than America. Maybe it's jes' because she's been at it so much longer, but sometimes I'm afraid we're too nervous an' highstrung a people to be much of a success at doin' small nations good. We're usually in a sweat for fear the police will come, an' keep runnin' to the front door in a regular panic for fear the neighbors have been waked up by the screams. Now old England isn't subject to any such stupid fears.

"'Hey, there!' yells the cop, beatin' the pavement with his night stick. 'Whatcha doin' in there?'

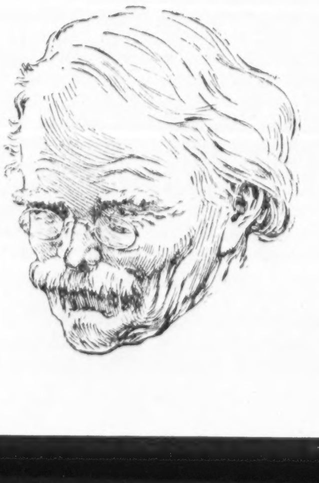
"'God's work,' piously answers John Bull, pokin' his head out of the second-story window. 'I was goin' to open it with prayer; but, thank Heaven, I'm fortunate enough to have a screw driver with me.'

"'Well, it sounds to me like a sick man,' continues the cop. 'What's he got?'

"'Nothin',' says John Bull. 'Not now.'

"When England sends troops to make the heathen realize that it's far more blessed to give than receive, it's always on an Errand of Civilization, an' the Archbishop of Canterbury comes down to the dock to bestow a last blessin'. Give 'em a few tambourines an' you couldn't tell it from the Salvation Army. 'Go, gallant lads,' says the King, 'to wherever it is the Prime Minister is sendin' you, an' remember that Old Albion never yet saw people in misery that she didn't put 'em out of it.'

"It's different with us Americans. When we dispatch the marines to Haiti or San Domingo, it's generally under cover of night, an' the last thing the Secretary of War tells 'em is not to shoot above a whisper, an' be sure to hit 'em where it won't show. Thank the Lord, we're cautious enough to pick out brown or black-skinned people that don't bruise easy.



"Comin' back to Egypt: Turkey owned her, at least to the extent of makin' the Egyptians wear fezzes. Now a fez is all right as a voluntary act, though somewhat hard on the cities where conventions are bein' held, but bein' *made* to wear 'em is different. Along in 1840 the Egyptians rebelled, an' had the Turks whipped to death when the Powers interfered an' made 'em resume the yoke. That was when the Howlin' Dervishes first began to howl.

"Things rocked along this way—the Egyptians gettin' most of the rockin'—until 1869, when England's Moral Responsibility began to run a temperature. 'Shall we stand by an' see a Christian people,' she said, 'or what might be, oppressed by the unspeakable Turk? Never!' Of course, 1869 was the year Egypt opened the Suez Canal, an' a good many mean things were said, but you know how people talk. Anyway, a few years later found the English in Egypt an' hard at work civilizin' an' savin' such of the inhabitants as could be overtaken.

"An' there they've been ever since, pickin' up the White Man's Burden whenever the cunnin' of the natives permitted 'em to find it. An' have the Egyptians been grateful? Not so's you could notice it. They've rebelled so often that the historians have lost count."

"Rose up an' killed the English?" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs.

"Worse than that, 'Lonzo. They hid the ledgers an' wouldn't tell their cash balance. An' all this in the face of splendid benefits. Why, jes' as I was leavin' the country after my last visit, a rich American came sneakin' down to the ship with a mummy he'd dug up in the desert, guided to the tomb by Arabs he'd bribed. Thousands of years old it was. In loadin', however, it broke open, an' a lot of London newspapers tumbled out. Until the English took hold of native industries, people thought scarabs were somethin' you mustn't pick, but now every Egyptian village has its scarab factory.

"You may remember that there was a good deal of loose talk durin' the war about self-determination, the rights of small peoples an' that sort of thing. The Philippines, Porto Rico, San Domingo, an' Haiti had sense enough to see the joke, but Egypt took it seriously an' insisted that she was able to stand alone if England would only get off her back. When appeals failed, riotin' broke out in Cairo an' thousands of teacups were broken.

"As a consequence, a treaty was negotiated in 1922 that made the Egyptians free an' independent except for a few leg chains, handcuffs, an' a written pledge not to take magazines from strangers on trains. So the Egyptians busted loose again, an' a crazy student shot the Sirdar. Thank the Lord, we don't permit universities in the Philippines.

"I reckon the English did lay down some pretty stiff terms, but it's the only way to deal with a race you're savin'. Give 'em a taste of justice an' they try to grab the whole dish. Let 'em have back a kitchen stove an' next day they're clamorin' for the return of their house an' lot. No, 'Lonzo, England's right. Stern measures are necessary if Anglo-Saxons expect weak races to feed the hand that bites 'em."

"Speakin' of hands," said Mr. Stubbs, "it doesn't look as if England gave Egypt much of a helpin' hand."

"I didn't say who got helped, did I?" demanded Uncle Henry.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S

latest and most entertaining story

The Toreador

What is a red rag like to a bull? Cliffe had never wondered, and he certainly had no idea of trying to find out when he invited Lucy to the bull fight. But there's no stopping a young man when the girl he is in love with makes him grind his teeth and mutter, "I must teach her a lesson!"

Collier's

January 24th

Yap-a-nee

Continued from page 26

Late that night the girl Saonek, looking for her lord, found him alone on the wind-beaten outer side of the island, staring across the black-and-silver lonely sea that looked towards Japan.

He turned from looking at the sea, when she crept up and touched him. "I'm glad you came," he said. "We'll be getting home."

"Are there bad things, bad spells, in the parcel the Chinaman brought you?" she asked, trotting beside him through the bush.

"Bad spells," he told her, "but they won't do us any harm. We'll go out in the canoes to-morrow; a long way. We'll go to the island, where the long-tail paradise-birds are, and get some for the next dance; the Tabati people are coming, and we must have it top-hole."

"Have it top 'oli," she murmured after him. Then dropping into the Tabati tongue, "Master, I shall be very glad to see my old relation Atu; my liver has been hot with sadness for him this long time."

IT WAS three days before the dance came off; by then Saonek had had time to want her cousin worse than ever, for it was quite plain to her that the evil spells were doing their work upon the chief. Howe had lost flesh in those few days; grown fidgety, and heavy-eyed; he muttered in his sleep of nights, and talked of things that Saonek could not understand. One phrase he repeated so often that she got it by heart, and used to whisper it, fearfully, to herself.

"Barry-burtiley," the spell ran. "Conway Barry-burtiley. Lawburtiley. Oh, dam!" She would say it to herself, cry a little, and then wipe her eyes, and, sitting on the ground with her trade mirror before her, put patches of red annatto from the forest on her cheeks and chin so that she should not seem to have been weeping. . . .

The night of the dance came; came also, in the moonlight, many canoes from Tabati, full of the young men. The girls were not allowed to attend dances out at Soroekwari. As they paddled, the fourfold canoeing rattle of Tabati sounding proudly out across the water—there were no paddlers like the young men—they sang loudly, with echoes like a great bell that rings a long time after it is struck, the song of "Yap-a-nee!"

Then Saonek knew that her lord was really bewitched, for, instead of listening to the song with pleasure, he ran into their house, and put his hands right over his ears.

But by and by he came out, welcomed the canoe party, and, as usual, presided over all the arrangements being made for the huge feast that was to usher in the dance. While pigs were being killed and coconuts scraped to cream, Saonek found time to get the old Chief Atu away, and to tell him her troubles and fears. Atu nodded.

"Leave it to me," he said. "A man will speak to a man."

And with that she had to be content.

TWO nights and a day the dance lasted. When the second day broke gray on the lagoon, all the pigs were eaten, all the coconuts drunk, the turtle shells were scraped and empty, and the dancers worn out. They lay in heaps on the huge dusk floor of the lagi-lagi house, like some strange harvest hastily garnered and piled away.

Atu, who was not young enough to join in the fiercest of the dancing orgy, was seated on the lagi-lagi veranda, looking much as usual, and quietly stripping bark fiber for nets, as a thrifty housewife may knit to employ spare time.

There Conway Howe found him, and without words sat down, taking a handful of the bark and stripping it silently. Atu watched the big man in the shirt and trousers, busy over native work. He knew that Howe was scarcely conscious of what he was doing. Speech was there—it was coming. . . .

"Atu," said Howe, looking behind him into the gloom of the lagi-lagi house, "are all those young men asleep?"

Atu did not look up from his bark. "They are," he said. "They could not be anything else, after last night."

"Then I will talk to you."

Within the lagi-lagi house a face, not that of any of the young men, lifted itself for a moment, shot a swift glance, and sank down again in the midst of a heap of arms and shoulders.

Howe went on. "It is about Saonek."

"Yes, I knew that," said Atu, holding the bark in his teeth.

"How did you know?"

"She said something—and anyhow trouble is only about two things: pigs or women."

"Well, this time, Atu, it is about both, and that is why I must speak to you. You have been a little with white men—you know that for pigs we use money, and that money is just the same to us as pigs to you."

"I have heard that," allowed Atu, through a mouthful of bark, "but I can hardly believe it, for pigs are the root of everything. You can get wives with them, and gardens, and much food, and you can get power over other men, to make them do what you will."

"So can we, with money, Atu. Well, the Chinaman who came the other day brought me a letter that came very fast from England to Java, and Amboyna—a cable, we call it—and then very slow up here. And it told me that there was money waiting for me in England, and also something that is called a title—that is the name of a very great chief. Many chiefs have died who should have lived longer, and now I am the chief, and I have a new name—"

"Is it Barry-Burtiley, Lawburtiley?" broke in Atu.

"Where did you hear that?"

"The girl says you talk it in your sleep."

"Perhaps I do. It is Baron Burntisland—Lord Burntisland—"

"Then she says you say, 'Oh, damn!'"

"If I did, I say it no longer. I have made up my mind. This title and this money would take me away from Soroekwari forever. Now I do not want to go very much, for I love the life and the people, but I might feel I must, because when you have a name such as that it is not well to let it die with you."

"Saonek is young—she will have children—"

"That is not it. I could not take her."

"I suppose you will do as other white men have done—go away and leave her and take a white wife." Atu looked at him under lowered brows.

"I cannot do that. Don't you remember the missionary?"

"Ah—I do." Atu spoke as a man recalling a trifle that had escaped his memory. A trifle it had seemed to him, and not very important to Howe, that the Lutheran missionary had come to the village in his canoe, on the day Saonek was leaving for Soroekwari, and had besought the white man to let him marry them legally. He had even brought a ring. . . .

Howe was always polite when it did not cost him anything to be so, and sometimes even when it did. He had allowed the missionary to marry them. What did a trifle like that matter?

Now, the trifle—the fragile link forged in Tabati village—was fashioning his life for him. He did not want—particularly—to return to England, even with the Burntisland title in waiting. It was not such a big title, not a rich one—but it was very—very old. To let such a peerage die, if he took it up, was unthinkable; people wouldn't let you. . . . He had visions of the people.

The only alternative was to stay. Well, he was willing. It was not such a big draw to him, Conway Howe, king of Soroekwari, wedded to the prettiest girl along the coast. Let the title go. He wouldn't answer the cable.

"So," he went on, speaking to the waiting Atu, "that is all, I am going to stay here. I will not leave Saonek."

"She could marry again," said Atu.

"Yes, but I couldn't, and that's what matters. Let it go, Atu. When are we going on to the mainland to hunt wild boar, as you said?"

"To-morrow, if you like. I will tell you the ways there are, and you will choose which you will have. First, there is the taking in a pit—"

BACK in the lagi-lagi house, Kwattu, the sorcerer, raised his head once more, looked about him, and rose. Gliding soundlessly over the floor, he reached the rear entrance of the house, and dropped into his canoe that floated outside. Kwattu was too old to do much dancing; while the young men slept he had lain awake. Now he was glad, very glad, that he had done so, for he saw his way to be king of Soroekwari again.

Saonek did not go boar-hunting with the men. It was not tribal custom; besides, she had a touch of fever, and preferred to lie on the mats in her cool, dusky house, with a few of the chief's white magic medicine tablets beside her, drinking limes and waiting for the hot fit to pass away.

Howe and Atu went, and the young men with them. They went a long way into the forests, where it is still very dangerous, and the cannibal tribes wander through the eternal dusk, armed with club and treacherous spear. But no people of the forest race were to be met with; no smoke rose through the tree tops, nor were there any of the hunting dogs of the cannibal tribe to be seen. This puzzled Atu somewhat, and made him think a good deal. At the end of two days, though they were having splendid sport, and killing boars of weight and fierceness unheard—thanks to the white man's rifle—Atu spoke:

"Chief, I have a snake in my stomach, and it will not let me rest. I think we had better go back to Soroekwari."

"What is the trouble?"

"None that I know of. But I would like to know where these people have all gone to. It is strange that we should have seen nothing of them."

"Do they ever go away?"

"Yes, chief, they go down the coast sometimes, and sometimes they will visit the islands on the coast; they are very silent and sly. But I think Soroekwari is not like the other islands, it is too far out."

"All the same, if you think there is any risk, we will go back," declared Howe—not very uneasy, yet not easy enough in his mind to continue the trip indefinitely.

THEY reached Soroekwari at daylight. The people came out on the beach to meet them as usual; there was joy over the many wild pigs that had been killed, shouting and dancing as the carcasses were thrown ashore.

"Where is Saonek?" demanded Howe, not seeing her among the rest. "Is she still sick?"

"Master—did you not meet her?"

"Meet her? What is this about? Where is she?" He spoke quickly, sudden fear pinching his heart. Atu's warning had made him more nervous than he knew.

"Yesterday your message came in the canoe, and Saonek went as you ordered her."

"I sent no message. Who brought the canoe?"

"A man called Fakfak, Lord. He said you had met him on the coast, and told him to go quick and fetch Saonek, for the shooting was very good, and you had a mind to stay some days more, and wanted her to be with you. So, as she was better, she ran very quickly into the house, and took her best bark cloth skirt, and all her beads and shells, and the little mirror was in her hand as she went to the canoe, and her red paint from the bush. So they got into the canoe together, and the man Fakfak paddled very fast, and it was near sunset, and after a very little while we could see them no more."

Howe had turned yellow beneath his tan; (*Contin'd on page 41*)

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 23

of bills bound with an elastic band was placed in Sister Connemara's hand as they lurched around a curve with the speedometer wavering around forty-five.

Mechanically she leaned forward to the dashboard light, removed the strap, and counted the money. Fifty brand-new, fluttering thousand-dollar notes! Rolling them up, she hesitated a moment and then with sudden determination tucked them inside the voluminous folds of her nun's habit.

Pooch again: "That damn' Pierce's comin' up. Drive up to the Packard an' I'll tell 'em t' take her out of second. That bunch ought to be hackin' for some funeral parlor."

The big Isotta leaped ahead with a warning croak—from the horn. Trees, fences, hedges, softly lit houses flashed past in crazy panorama. Rounding a corner on the wrong side of the road, they left a Ford sedan stranded in the ditch.

Gradually they drew up to the Packard.

Pooch cupped his hands and shouted, but the wind tore his words away. The Packard driver seemed to understand, however, for he increased his speed and took the lead once more.

THROUGH the deserted streets of Glen Cove tore the two racing cars. A sleepy policeman leaning against the bank at the four corners roused himself sufficiently to stagger to the curb and open his mouth several times after the retreating tail lights. On past the Engineers, through Sea Cliff and up the winding hill flanking the head of Hempstead Harbor. They were approaching Roslyn.

At the corner where the North Hempstead turnpike joins the Sea Cliff road there was a right-angled turn. Both cars threw on all their brakes and skidded into the main street. Down the hill and through the town they tore, to the delight of the few village story-tellers assembled in front of the local Greek's Around the Corner. Behind them slid a Pierce runabout, its mudguard leaving a scar on the dummy cop as it swayed past. The patrons of the local Greek cheered.

At the clock tower the Packard swung suddenly to the left into the Mineola road. Whether Lacy could not make the turn or whether he did not want to was not clear. The Isotta wavered for a fraction of a second and then went thundering up the Roslyn hill toward New York. The driver of a motor bus coming in the opposite direction stopped and, leaning from his seat, started to express his opinion of drivers who did not dim their lights. He stopped in the middle of a withering line and gazed open-mouthed at the spark-spitting black streak that swept up the long grade as if it did not exist.

As he started again the lights of the following Pierce broke full in his eyes. Throwing his wheel to the right, he buried the nose of the bus in the clay bank beside the road. Two sleepy passengers picked themselves off the floor, promising to have him discharged for reckless driving.

Faster and faster they shot on toward Manhasset. Connemara clutched the side of the car with one hand and with the other pressed hard against her veil. Two cars appeared, going in opposite directions half a mile ahead. An instant later the Isotta was between them.

The lurching tonneau touched the small sedan on its right. A sound resulted as of someone striking a dishpan with his knuckles. The sedan partly overturned and came to rest against a post.

A shot sounded from the back seat. Lacy's first thought was for his tires. He glanced back. Pooch had knocked out the back window and was kneeling on the seat, a revolver pointed through the opening.

There was another report, but this time from the front of the car. The right front tire went careening along the ditch beside them. The hood leaped into the air. Lacy jammed on the brakes, but it was too late. Like a creature in its death throes, the car staggered back and forth across the road twice. There was a ripping of steel through wood.

The Pierce passed them, stopped fifty yards down the road, then backed to the wreck. Two men with drawn revolvers got out.

Chapter VI

By Meade Minnigerode

A DISCOURAGING odor—one of those odors which disengage themselves from catastrophes; or, rather, a concatenation of viciously incompatible odors—arose into the tenuous June night air like a flight of very bad angels. Showers of stars, so it seemed momentarily to Connemara, sprinkled the vault of heaven with pyrotechnic splendor. There was a hissing and a sputtering, a clanking and crunching, and above the uproar the steady booming of enraged profanity. It proceeded from the overturned sedan, a man's voice complaining, bitterly and monotonously, like an intermittent foghorn.

"What the blazes did you go and do that for?" he kept inquiring, invisibly persistent.

"I think there's been an accident!" Connemara was moved to explain, but the man was not satisfied—nor, when she came to view the situation more critically, was Connemara.

And what an accident! A sedan overturned in one ditch, imprisoning a very angry gentleman who would probably have a devil of a time explaining matters afterward to his wife. The Isotta plastered like a mashed turnip against a telegraph pole in the other ditch, after having bounced Mr. Pooch out into the road on one side and Connemara's young man on the other, leaving Connemara herself sitting somewhat incongruously on the spokes of the right front wheel, spinning slowly around like a spent roulette ball just before it flips into the wrong compartment. And just in front the Pierce, from whose depths had come those two personages impending in the shadows with drawn revolvers, who appeared to be waiting for the whites of somebody's eyes!

MEADE MINNIGERODE
Novelist

And what a situation! Midnight or thereabouts. Somewhere between Manhasset Bay and Hempstead Harbor: Connemara Moore in deceptive fancy dress, planted in a broken-down—not to say up—car in the company of two strangers, obviously of nefarious calling, bent on criminal endeavor. For there could be no doubt about it—Mr. Pooch, of course, with his fifty thousand dollars which Connemara could hear crackling in one of the more intimate recesses of her costume—but also Mr. Whatever-his-name-was. A nice young man too. A little slow on the uptake, perhaps, although he had picked her up fast enough, Connemara was forced to admit. Yes, a nice young man—a little less than Salt and more than Bing, which was probably just about the right combination—but a crook, a crook, Connemara reminded herself. A fifty-thousand-dollar crook.

"I wish he hadn't been a crook, I really do," Connemara remarked sadly to herself. She certainly had no intention of associating herself with any bright young stranger who appeared to be headed for Atlanta or some other federal resort, unless he were dead back there in the road, which seemed not unlikely.

Where was everybody, anyway?

Connemara's wheel came to a stop—it could only have been a few seconds since the crash—and Connemara found herself staring at the two individuals from the Pierce, who had now advanced much closer.

A flashlight blinked in her face, blinding her, and at the same moment there was the crack of a revolver over her shoulder. Connemara felt a hand on her arm, found herself jerked backward onto the road, heard the inimitable accents of Mr. Pooch in her ear, "You come with me, kid—over the speckled sands!"

"But Mr.—Mr.—your friend!" Connemara protested, and wondered why.

"To hell with him!" Mr. Pooch announced, dragging her after him into the shadows. "He'll have to look out for himself with them hijackers. Guess perhaps he's croaked, anyway!"

YES, perhaps so. Anyway, there was nothing to be done now but follow Mr. Pooch, much as a tender follows its engine. As for the nice young man—let him go, the fifty-thousand-dollar crook.

Which was exactly what David Lacy was saying to himself from his place of precarious concealment in the ditch in which he was picking odds and ends out of his hair. She was a nice girl—more than that, mysterious, charming, alluring: David Lacy allowed himself the word intriguing.

But she was a crook—no question about it, a friend of that poisonous Pooch, who had recognized her and given her the money. Too much money. It was all too bad—too damn bad—but let her go, the fifty-thousand-dollar crook.

"Good riddance," David Lacy decided under his breath. "You—you Whited Sepulcher."

In spite of which he found himself wriggling along the ditch, in the direction taken by Mr. Pooch and that smooth-tongued young deception. . . .

For perhaps the first time in her vivid young life, things were happening almost too fast for Connemara. She was able, usually, to pluck at least the tail feathers, as it were, from any passing event, but on this occasion the needle of Connemara's mental recording apparatus was seismic in its evolutions upon the chart of her perceptions. She was being dragged along madly through the dark by the snorting Mr. Pooch. Behind her on the road a commotion of voices and revolver shots bespoke an increasing tumult, in the midst of which the gentleman in the overturned sedan could still be heard, plaintively abusive.

"What you firing at *me* for?" he kept inquiring. "What do you think I am, a shooting gallery?"

Aside from that, Connemara found herself just a breath or two behind the pageant of human events rocketing past her—in fact, she found herself entirely out of breath, in her enforced attempt to keep pace with the fugitive Pooch, whose grasp upon her arm had not for a moment, needless to say, relaxed. Mr. Pooch was steaming across open fields, hurling himself through hedges, floundering over ditches, decanting himself on the further side of only too frequently recurring fences, and wherever Mr. Pooch went, Connemara was obliged to follow, a reluctant, gasping, willy-nilly tail to his comet, much encumbered by her nun's attire.

At last there was a sandy slope, the sudden level of a deserted beach, a glimmer of water at sight of which Mr. Pooch went into reverse. Connemara sat down at once.

ED STREETER
Humorist

"Wh-wh-wh?" she remarked, and Mr. Pooch laughed.

"All in, ain't you, kid?" he grinned at her. "Pretty light on my feet for a heavy guy, I am. No time to lose back there; had to make our get-away."

"You n-needn't have b-bothered about me," Connemara assured him, and Mr. Pooch roared with mirth.

"Zat so?" he chuckled. "Say, kid, you're a hot one. Think I'd leave you behind with all that dough for them hijackers to get their hooks on? Now everything's going to be fine—you just stick with me and you'll wear diamonds!"

With this dazzling prospect in view, Connemara rose to her protesting feet, for the good and simple reason that Mr. Pooch had begun to move forward again—his hand, if anything, firmer upon her arm—prospecting along the beach. A few hundred yards away they came to a dinghy, a black dinghy with a white bottom, fast in the sand. Mr. Pooch shoved the boat clear with one hand and turned to Connemara.

"In you get," he commanded, "and sit in the stern—that's the square end—where I can see you, my goil!"

Connemara sat in the stern, and Mr. Pooch climbed in after her and possessed himself of the oars.

"Now we'll look for this baby's mother," he remarked and began to row, sloppily but not without results, for soon a darker shadow proclaimed a boat at anchor in the deeper water—a small power yacht, black with a white bottom showing when she rose on her line.

"Ain't no one aboard," Mr. Pooch observed, and let the dinghy bump.

BUT Mr. Pooch was wrong. There *was* someone aboard, who manifested himself from the tenebrous cockpit in the form of a genial voice heavily freighted with Scotch—both linguistically and liquidly speaking.

"Hooray!" said the voice, somewhat unexpectedly.

"Hooray yourself," Mr. Pooch replied. "What time is it?"

" 'Snine bells," the voice assured him. "Nine bells, daylicht-savin' time. Come richt aboard and have s'more coffee?"

"We'll do that little thing," Mr. Pooch chuckled, and helped Connemara up the side, much as a policeman helps a prisoner into the van.

The voice in the cockpit revealed itself as a little man in a white-visored cap, grinning delightedly from ear to ear. He was, it was evident, fried, blotto, ossified—in short, drunk, as only a Scotchman can be. When he switched on the cabin light he developed freckles, blue eyes, an aggressive chin under humorous, mobile lips, and hair as red as Connemara's.

" 'Sricht," he beamed at her. "Dressed in white—'sproper rig for yachtin'. Have s'more coffee?"

(*Continued on page 30*)

Booze
Bullets
Flowers

A few weeks ago Dion O'Bannion was shot in his Chicago florist shop.

O'Bannion was a gunman, a hijacker, a booze operator. He shot himself a fortune on the streets of Chicago.

But he was a prominent citizen, in a way.

Forty thousand persons attended his funeral.

It took twenty-four automobiles and two trucks to carry the floral offerings to the cemetery.

Flowers were sent by many of Chicago's most respectable citizens.

O'Bannion's grave has more visitors in a week than the near-by tomb of a bishop attracts in a year.

Why? William Slavens McNutt went to Chicago to inquire. His article appears next week.

A Modern Pirate Walks the Plank

in

Collier's

January 24th

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 29

"I—I—" Connemara was at what is known technically as a loss. More coffee! She had not had *any* coffee for hours—or was it weeks?

"Oh, aye—have s'more coffee," White Cap urged her—" 'nsist on it."

"How about gas?" Mr. Pooch inquired, almost casually. "Got any gas?"

"Gas?" the little man laughed. "A' the gas in the worrld—gas, water, onions, marmalade—got everything. 'Sgo cruising? Tak ye anywhere ye say."

"We might go for a spin," Mr. Pooch seemed to deliberate. "Go ahead, Sandy; start her up."

"Dinna ca' me Sandy," White Cap objected. " 'Sdang'rous. Ca' me Angus McTish—a' friends here, see?"

"All right, McTish, old scout, hop to it!" Mr. Pooch waved him forward. Coffee seemed to be forgotten.

Mr. Pooch stood in the cabin, smiling to himself, and Connemara sat down in a corner of the cockpit. But Connemara was tired, desperately tired, and so she sat, staring vacantly at some sort of document, under the cabin lamp, setting forth that one David Lacy was owner of the power boat Bloody Nuisance of New York. Soon there was a sound of machinery at its deadly work—a clanking up forward seemed to be an anchor coming up. At any rate, in a few seconds, the boat was moving—swiftly, silently, invisibly, mysteriously through the night.

For perhaps the first time in her life, Connemara began to feel a little bit frightened. Desperate measures flashed through her mind. Should she jump overboard and take her chances swimming back to land? Connemara looked at the black water and shivered negatively. Should she climb surreptitiously into the little black boat trailing astern and cast herself adrift, with a pair of, to her, meaningless implements called oars as sole companions? Once again Connemara looked at the black water in tremulous negation. In her present dismay, not to say quandary, Connemara's soul craved company, however nefarious its character.

SHE left her place in the cockpit, therefore, and climbed onto the bridge, where Mr. Pooch was chewing a cigar at Angus McTish's elbow. Up ahead a light—Execution Rock, so Mr. Pooch announced—pierced the darkness. Astern, but very faintly, came the throb of a distant motor boat, concerning which Mr. Pooch made no announcement, since he had not yet noticed it—just as he had not become aware of the fact—unknown also to Connemara, though possibly not to Mr. McTish, who happened to be standing with his foot on a button in the deck—that the Bloody Nuisance's electric anchor light was still lit—lit, and flashing intermittently in a manner far too methodical to be accidental.

"Long—short—short—long. . . ." Even Connemara, who was not versed in such matters, might well have guessed it to be a message, had she been able to see it.

And then a sudden and most alarming racket made itself manifest in the bowels of the ship.

"Whassamatter?" asked Mr. Pooch.

" 'Snothing, 'snothing," McTish assured him. "Fix't no time."

He slung himself down into the engine-room, and for a few moments they could hear him below, clanketing under their feet. Then he reappeared, with a spanner in one hand and a broad grin on his freckled countenance.

" 'Snumber four cylinder," he informed them. " 'Sdead as a door nail. 'Sdeader. Oh, aye—far deader."

"Well, don't stand there gassing about it," Mr. Pooch rebuked him. "Can't you fix it?"

"Sure." McTish beamed. "Fix anything."

He lifted the engine hatch in the deck and fetched the exposed cylinder tops a terrific crack with the spanner.

"Hey!" Mr. Pooch exclaimed. "What the hell you doing?"

"Soakem!" McTish insisted. "Something wrang wi' th' engine? Always hit it a crack wi' a spanner first—'sonly way to fixem!"

McTish was obviously still extremely intoxicated—and yet the certainty swept over Connemara at that moment that Mr. McTish was actually as sober as a new-born clam and that he had been so from the first. Connemara could not have told why, but she was suddenly sure of this, just as she was positive that something desperate was about to happen.

It did, at once. Mr. McTish raised his hand for another crack at the cylinder top, and Mr. Pooch lunged forward.

"Cut that out, you bum!" he roared. "Tryin' to bust the spark plugs—"

While the words were still in the air the bridge became a tumult of arms, legs, faces, splinters, and profanity. The Bloody Nuisance, left to herself, behaved like one and rolled broadside on to the nearest sea. Connemara, holding on to a rod of some kind, saw that the two men were gripped in each other's arms. Mr. Pooch was on top of Mr. McTish, wrestling for the spanner and beating him with his other fist, while Mr. McTish seemed to be biting Mr. Pooch when and wherever occasion offered. But it was inevitable that Mr. Pooch should triumph, since he had all the advantages of weight and position on his side. And it was not long—although it seemed an eternity to Connemara—before Mr. Pooch had slung Mr. McTish into the forecastle and slammed and padlocked the hatch on top of him.

"The bum!" Mr. Pooch panted. "Tryin' to wreck the engine. . . . My Gawd!"

Mr. Pooch had just caught that staccato exhaust of a power boat somewhere astern, a sound that drew steadily nearer as he listened, and which evidently signified dire contingencies to his mind, for he jumped all the way down the companionway into the cabin.

"Why—wh—?" Connemara ventured.

"Revenners!" Mr. Pooch flung at her over his shoulder. "Make it snappy, kid!"

"Snappy?"

"Sure—time to fly this floating coop!"

Mr. Pooch was already in the cockpit, hauling in the painter. He turned for an instant to look at Connemara, standing in the light from the cabin into which she followed him—and all at once his expression changed to one of sinister intensity.

"What the hell kind of game is this?" he demanded finally.

"What do you mean?" asked Connemara. "It's no game to me, I assure you."

"Don't get gay with me," Mr. Pooch snapped. "Didn't get a good look at you before in that rig—you ain't Sweetie."

"No, I certainly am *not*." Connemara admitted. "I—I think there's been some mix-up—"

"Mix-up! And you putting it over on me!" Mr. Pooch exclaimed furiously. Then suddenly he was towering above her. "Come across with that dough!" he commanded.

His right hand was raised—with his left he reached for Connemara's throat.

"McTish! McTish!" She just had time to shriek as Mr. Pooch's fingers closed around her windpipe. . . .

Chapter VII

By Dorothy Parker

MR. DAVID LACY, of New York, Paris, London, Venice, Petrograd, Monte Carlo, Palm Beach, and sometimes w and y, was not in the full enjoyment of that pool-like placidity of mind which usually characterized him. Indeed, he was aware of a distinct and curiously unpleasant sensation of mental unrest. There were ladies, in various sections of the world, who would have been ingenuously delighted by the news of this condition. In vain had they tried, individually, to bring him to it.

In the first place—and in most of the other places—there were his thoughts on Sister Connemara.

"Sister!" he said bitterly to himself as he stumbled along the ditch in what he gathered to be her wake. "Swell Sister she is."

The comment pleased him, so low was his mental state. He repeated it, though inaudibly, several times. He even went into the matter on a larger scale, and thought, grimly, that she was never going to have any chance at the old but ever-popular rôle of being a sister to him. But he ran right on, along the ditch.

It now seemed to Mr. Lacy that, from the first moment of their meeting, he had grasped that Connemara was no real nun. He felt that he deserved a good, heaping measure for his discernment.

"Thought she fooled me, did she?" he asked himself. He felt it would be not at all unpleasing to explain to the lady, in somewhat full detail, how strikingly little had been his belief in her vocation.

NOW, of course, to have a young and low-voiced lady, disturbingly fragrant of mimosa, turn out not to be a nun at all is one thing. It opens up a wide field, gives birth to a series of pleasant plans for the future, and induces a healthy glow of anticipation. But, shortly after this discovery, to become a firm believer in the theory that the same young lady is one of the principal figures in a band of desperadoes, is distinctly something else again. Perhaps she was the Master Mind of the gang; possibly she had worked up to her present fifty-thousand-dollar job by way of a long apprenticeship in holding up cigar stores; maybe her photograph had been displayed in the papers as one of the mighty sisterhood of bobbed-hair bandits. It was a good thing, Mr. Lacy explained to himself, that he had found her out in time. There's no use trying to do anything for those people; they simply drop back into their old ways again. The best thing to do is leave them alone; sooner or later they are bound to get theirs.

Yet he ran on along the ditch.

And then there was his car, tossed aside like a withered violet in the dust of the road behind him. It would require an experienced worker in mosaic ever to put it together again. The thought further depressed Mr. Lacy. It was not that he did not know where his next Isotta was coming from. It was not the money so much as the principle of the thing. Aside from a justifiable pride in the manner in which the car had come to be his, David had a deep fondness for it. He grieved for the sudden breaking-off of a beautiful relationship.

Still David ran on, into the darkness that had swallowed Connemara and Pooch so greedily. He loved the outdoors and couldn't get on without his exercise, yet the thing was beginning to pall. The sky had clouded thickly; the trees, whispering darkly together like old wives in a sick room, tossed their boughs and showed the under sides of their leaves. Winds sprang up, it seemed to David, from all directions, and not far off thunder growled savagely. In his ears sounded the complaining of troubled waters. That must be the Sound, somewhere ahead? Well—perhaps the steeplechase would end there.

From behind him hoarse shoutings punctuated his journey. Backward glances showed him a flashlight, careening like a drunken firefly, as its bearer stumbled along the ditch. The mysterious strangers from the Pierce were evidently going right on through with the thing. Their words were indistinguishable, but their tones indicated that they were calling upon David to stop. Yet, though well brought up, he paid not the slightest attention to the remarks that they addressed to him.

There was a report from behind him, and something whirled shrilly entirely too close to his ear for any real comfort.

"The party," murmured David, "is getting rough."

And so was the ditch. David, quickening his speed, came suddenly into close personal contact with the stump of a tree that had apparently died in agony. Simultaneously injuring his shin and his self-respect, he went headlong among its twisted roots, rolled from them, over and over in the slippery dead leaves of the ditch. With but a few brief words of hasty criticism of the dead tree, David picked himself up, found a footing, and started again on his travels. Again there was a report, decidedly closer this time. Again the screeching whistle troubled his ear.

"Hey, stop, will ya?" bellowed the voice back of him. It added a few words having to do with its owner's wishes for David's future.

"Well," David told himself, "we might as well get this over with." And he stopped and turned to face his pursuers, wearing an expression of courteous surprise.

THEY came up to him, the first one, who carried the flashlight, swearing glibly but without inspiration. The light revealed him as a heavy, dark man with more than his legitimate quota of unshaven jaw. He wore badly assembled garments and affected a lavishly plaided cap. Of the second figure David could distinguish nothing more personal than that it was considerably shorter than the first.

David watched the light glint along the shining surface of the first man's revolver. The evening's events had taken on the quality of a prolonged dream. He had that curious lack of amazement with which one meets all the outrageous new occurrences of a nightmare.

"Doubtless," he mused, "this stout lad will turn out to be O'Malley of the Royal Mounted."

"Hey, what's the idea, sprinting like that?" demanded the big man. "Didn't you hear me tell you to stop?"

"I could hear the tune, but I couldn't quite catch the words," said David. He smiled politely.

"Yeah? Well, I'll words you, if you try getting new around here," replied the big man, who was evidently possessed of no mean wit. "Come on now—stick 'em up."

"Anything to make you happy," agreed David. "That's all I live for, really." He raised his hands above his head obligingly.

"That's better," the big man said, the revolver, in his admirably steady hand, pointed at David's chest. He made a backward gesture of his head toward his companion. "All right, Sweetie—go on through him."

The Voting Trophy

ACCORDING to the unofficial returns, Kansas led Nebraska, California and Oregon for Collier's Citizenship Trophy—to be awarded the state showing the largest proportional increase in its 1924 Presidential vote over 1920. Then the official count came from Governor Jonathan Davis of Kansas, and his state had 200,000 votes less than the first reports claimed. But Kansas is in the running. Now we must wait until the official count is in from every commonwealth in the Union—then the award will be made promptly. The ways of the statistician are hard, and slow.

"Sweetie!" said David. "Isn't it nice you boys get on so well together! That's what I like to see."

The shorter figure came into the circle of light. David's first thought was that never had he seen worse-fitting clothes.

From somewhere within the depths of a flapping sleeve a thin, small hand shot out. David looked at it attentively, then closely scanned its owner's countenance. Between the cap and the upturned coat collar was the powdered, rouged face of a rather pretty girl—scarcely the daughter of a hundred earls, but still a rather pretty girl.

"Is there no line of business," David asked himself, "that is safe from the inroads of women these days?"

He shook his head at her, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Oh, Sweetie," he said, in grieved tones, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, dressing up in Brother's clothes? Will you never outgrow your tomboy ways?"

"Ah, shut your face," replied the laconic Sweetie. With deft and experienced fingers she searched him thoroughly, while he regarded the process with deep interest.

"Not on him, Doc," she reported to her companion, finally.

"I could have told you that, Sweetie, if you had only asked me in a nice way," said David. "Look at all the trouble you and your boy friend had to go to, just because of your impetuous ways."

"The girl must 'a' got it," the big man said. He approached David menacingly, "Where the hell did she go to?"

"That," said David, "is just what I was looking into when you interrupted me."

"One more of those cracks, and you're going to get a bust in the nose, see?" prophesied the big man.

"That's that wicked temper again," said David sadly. "You must try to remember that your heart is God's little garden."

With a bellow the big man lunged at him. But the girl, with a bored air, pulled him back.

"Oh, can that," she said wearily. "They must have gone off in a boat, Doc, like you said. Swede had the right dope on that bird Pooch after all. Me, I always did think he was crooked."

"Yeah? Well, we can fix that up, all right, all right," said the big man. "Come on, Sweetie—we'll get 'em. We got a pretty good notion which way they'll be headin'. What'll I do with him—" he indicated the attentive David—"crack him on the head and leave him lay here?"

SWEETIE considered a moment. "Oh, drag him along," she said. "He can help with the engine."

The big man approached David. "Go on, you," he ordered. "Try anything fancy, and it'll be your last official act, see? And keep 'em up."

The girl, with the flashlight, led the way along the ditch. Then came the obliging David, his hands airily above his head, the end of Doc's revolver nuzzling his back. At his heels was Doc, breathing heavily and wholeheartedly cursing various roots and stones and twigs.

"Couldn't we have a song?" suggested David. "It's always easier to march with music. What do you know, Sweetie?"

"Think you're funny, don't you?" growled the big man.

"No," said David, with perfect truth.

"Well, then shut up."

"What would he have said if I'd said yes?" David wondered. But he remained silent. He gathered that they were on their way to find Connemara, and he felt it best to stay quietly along with them. Doubtless they could find her far more easily than he. They appeared to know her ways. Probably they all traveled in the same set.

The ditch dwindled away, gave place to a stretch of sharp stiff grass, then to an expanse of gray, cold, unpleasantly flabby sand. Beyond it the black water tossed peevishly. Lightning cut viciously across the wild sky, and with a roar and a rush the storm broke. There was no preliminary patter of infrequent drops; sheets of water dropped abruptly from above. The little procession toiling along the soggy sands was drenched immediately.

Suddenly the girl uttered an exclamation of relief. The last lightning flash revealed a tiny, ancient pier, to which was tied a little open motorboat—apparently one of the first ever made. "This is us, Doc," commented Sweetie. "I knew it was right along here."

"Well, it's about time," was Doc's remark. It appeared to David to mean singularly little. He feared that the big man was one who spoke merely for the pleasure of the exercise.

THE procession veered sharply, and made toward the boat. The girl got in it, and took the cover from the rusty engine.

"Get in, you," the big man ordered David. His voice breaking to a whine, he turned imploringly to the girl.

"Aw, say, Sweetie, why don't I just busy him now and leave him here?" he asked.

"Oh, let him alone," replied the girl. "He'll do his stuff if the engine dies on us. We can flop him overboard if he tries any stunts."

"Bless your little soft heart, Sweetie," murmured David. He got into the boat and sat beside her. Doc untied the rope and followed them.

The little boat tossed and lurched on the growling water as the big man wrestled with its motor. David noticed, by a flare of lightning, that the craft's name was painted, in well-worn letters, across its stern. There displayed were the words "Idle Hour."

"What an understatement," thought David.

The big man paused, raised his head to the raging heavens, and told God all about the stubbornness of the little engine. In the middle of his remarks the girl yawned. Having concluded, he addressed himself again to his work, gave a mighty wrench, and the motor started, with a succession of plaintive chugs. He took the wheel, and tossed his revolver to Sweetie.

"Keep it on him," he said.

"I'll do that," promised Sweetie. She turned the revolver on David.

The little boat rolled crazily through the waves. The big man seemed to be taking a well-known course, for he steered purposefully, guiding himself by the rays of the flashlight. They toiled on in silence, soaked and tempest-tossed.

Abruptly the engine gave a petulant sigh and ceased functioning. Doc used language, then resorted to manual labor. In vain he pulled and oiled and wrenched.

"Hey, you," the big man growled at David. "What do you know about engines?"

"All," said David modestly. He bent beside Doc, and together they strove to make the aged engine listen to reason.

Across the water came the throbbing of a powerful motor and the swish of waves severed neatly by a sharp bow. Sweetie caught Doc's sleeve. "Just a minute, there, feller," she said.

The big man raised his head and listened. Cautiously he used his flashlight, as the sounds drew nearer. Crossing their path was a big black motor boat, long and flowing of line. David sat up sharply, his hands gripping the edge of the seat.

From the larger boat came a woman's voice, high and shrill with terror.

"McTish!" it roared desperately, "McTish!"

David leaped to his feet in the wildly rocking boat. "McTish!" he roared across the angry water.

As he called, the girl had sprung up on the seat behind him. Her arm came swiftly down; there was a curious dull sound, as the revolver butt met his head.

Slowly and not ungracefully Mr. David Lacy crumpled up in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

(To be continued next week)

Chapter VIII has been written by H. C. Witwer, Chapter IX by Sophie Kerr, and Chapter X by Robert Gordon Anderson.

Southern Pacific Co

A Train With a Bath, Please!

NOW that even hamlets in America have hotels with rooms with baths the railroads have begun vying with one another in having trains with baths.

Crack New York-Chicago trains had a bath for men in the club car years ago. The bath-in-the-club-car idea had been spreading slowly until this past autumn, when two transcontinental roads announced baths for women also, adjoining the women's private lounge. That started something.

One road, the Chicago & Alton, competing against three other roads between Chicago and St. Louis, hit upon a novel idea.

The run during the daylight hours is too short to interest people in shower baths or compartments en suite, so a lounging tea-room was designed with Japanese maids in attendance.

The Baltimore & Ohio, on two of its New York-Washington trains, had decided previously upon a venture with a somewhat similar appeal. It uses Colonial period dining cars, with all the trappings to match.

Among the bathroom trains in the United States are: the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific; the Oriental Limited of the Burlington, Northern Pacific; the Golden State Limited of the Rock Island, El Paso & Southwestern, Southern Pacific; the San Francisco-Overland Limited of the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific; the Los Angeles Limited and the Portland Limited of the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific; the Olympian of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; the North Coast Limited of the Burlington, Northern Pacific; the California Limited of the Santa Fe; the Capital Limited of the Baltimore & Ohio; the Panama Limited and the Floridian of the Illinois Central; the Twentieth Century Limited of the New York Central; the Broadway Limited, the Washington-Broadway Limited, the New Yorker and the St. Louisan of the Pennsylvania.

Probably while these words are being written more trains with baths have been added, so "consult the nearest ticket agent"—as the railroad folders say. LESLIE P. EICHEL.

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

Continued from page 11

away the greater part of the trip getting Red into shape for his bouts in the coming championships. The good-natured Red took to his work reluctantly. "All I ask," he announced frequently, "is that someone gets me mad when I hop in that ring, an' yo'll see someone leavin' head first."

ONE night, about four in advance of the scheduled national bouts, the strange cattle shipment pulled into the Brighton yards billed to the same address to which Soapy had mailed Red's entry. Long after the train halted it looked as if not even Soapy's arguing could get them out before morning; but Soapy finally persuaded a yardman to call up the manager of the tournament and notify him that he had a car of live stock that demanded immediate release. The brisk and keen-eyed manager listened to Soapy's story with the ash of his cigar nearly singeing the tilted fedora, and at Soapy's concluding plea that they be let out the manager took a good-sized bite out of the cigar and exclaimed in close-clipped words, "You'll get out—but not yet," and he hurried away.

"Boy," exclaimed the fiery Shaver, "I see where Boston's goin' to treat itself to a cattle stampede."

"I wonder how much they can give yo' in this town for impersonating cattle," whined Weeping, "and have they got good jails? I jest know that smooth boy has gone for the police an' in no time they'll be backin' the covered wagon up to this car. I always said that some time—"

"Shet up!" snapped Soapy. "I got a hunch we profits by this delay. I imagines I saw an idea in that smooth boy's eyes."

"Then he must be a lodge brother of yours," grunted Weeping.

Soapy was right about the tournament manager. His two feet and a big idea had carried him as rapidly as possible to the nearest telephone. He had been too long a promoter not to sense the big publicity plum that had dropped into his lap, and he made the wires sing with adjectives as he talked to sporting editors. Soon there were automobiles hastening toward the yards, carrying reporters, cameras, and flashlight powder.

The Bar None Ten were finally let out of their parlor car and lined up before cameras as pretty as any Rogues' Gallery candidates. They were taken with their hides and without, with their guns and without, with their consent and without. Of course Red had some special pictures. Then the boys with the notebooks got busy and Red had more questions hurled at him than a co-respondent in a divorce case. Right there was a tip for any ambitious amateur who hoped to win the national heavyweight title over Red's prostrate form—the way to stop Red was to ask him questions. Shaver saw this and came to bat for him.

"Is he good?" piped Shaver. "Boy, he has the title right now. He knocked out Miller what licked—ouch! Who kicked me?"

"I did," said Soapy. "Shet up!" And then a transformation came over Soapy as he slouched his tall form to the forefront, wearing his best smile.

"My little friend is a bit overenthusiastic, but it's downright mean to misinform you people what has been so kind as to send this delegation to welcome us to yore fair city, so I'll put yo' right. Red's the best we got in our parts, but we ain't claimin' that he's the best in the country. Red, he ain't never been in a ring yet; but we thinks a heap of him. Yo' see, they struck oil on some land we own," concocted Soapy, "an' we cleaned up heavy, so we decided on the impulse of the moment to enter Red in the Nationals an' we hired a freight car an' come on. Maybe Red ain't as good as we think, but we got a few hundred thousand we cleaned up in oil that's ready to say he's the cat's whiskers."

Then as the reporters scribbled this all down Soapy turned to the gasping Shaver and exclaimed in an aside: "What yo' tryin' to do—make us bet our measly eight hundred against two? We want odds."

"Soapy," drawled the mollified Shaver, "burn yore initials in my tongue next time yo' get an iron."

Now one of the sporting editors maneuvered the ten away from the rest of the paper men. "Boys," he began in a sugary tone somewhat reminiscent of Soapy's, "now you will be in town for a few days. I invite you down to see just how a big paper is run, and I can arrange to have some autos take you about the city."

"Wal, I don't know," Soapy mumbled. "Yo' see, I was jest makin' conversation with one of them other boys an' he was intimating how his paper would treat us royally 'count of the advertisin'. We was to have regular hosses and the best of hotels and shows—"

"All right," exclaimed the sporting editor, who was quick on sizing up the man he dealt with. "Put yourself in my hands and name your wishes while you're staying here. I wonder, now, if I could get the mayor to let you camp on the common."

> *"THE last war made a wholesale undertaker out of me," says Lieut. Commander Clifford A. Tinker, veteran of two wars and authority on aviation. "If there's anything I don't want it's another war." He thinks there is one sure way to avoid trouble in days to come. Next week he tells about it in "We Can Fly to Peace."*

"What's the name of yore best hotel?" demanded Soapy. "We sleep in beds. I'm jest pining to get rid of these hides."

But Weeping let out a yell of protest. "We may need 'em to go back in."

"Wal, of all the mournful critters!" began Soapy. "Say, Weepin', yo' take up permanent in this town an' hire out as an undertaker's ad. We're not goin' back in no cow car; we rides in a palace car, all gold an' silver an' colored waiters."

"Some day—" began Weeping, but stopped before Soapy's glare and said instead, "Wal, anyway, I'm goin' to check them hides."

FOR four days the gang found themselves on the front pages and most of those following. They saw themselves in pen and ink on the cartoon strips, and they marveled at words they couldn't even pronounce, but which they were credited with using in giving their original views on staid old Boston.

They were given horses and allowed to get away with jamming traffic on Tremont and Washington streets. They visited Dorchester Heights and Concord and Harvard, and they even climbed Bunker Hill with a newspaper man, who informed them that he had always meant to do that some day. They were the willing advertising stunt for theatres and business concerns, and always the shrewd Soapy saw to it that his betting account was nourished by these same advertising stunts. Anyone who could get something for nothing from Soapy could get a loan on German marks. And, last but not least, they visited City Hall and joined the line waiting to be given the key to the city.

AND then on Monday afternoon they drove out in a body to the Arena, where the national title bouts were to be held. They made a strange cavalcade that mild spring afternoon as they trotted down Huntington Avenue dressed in their Bar None outfits embellished at the paper's expense by a costumer so as to conform to the latest styles for cowboys as depicted by the movies.

Red and his nine seconds were led by an appointed guide along the lower corridor of the vast structure to a locker.

"Gosh, what nursery is this?" grunted Rocky as they passed benches occupied by fighters slipping into their ring togs.

Rocky was a good observer at that; even the boys in the upper classes were little more than big kids, although scattered among them were several college men, but as the majority of the entries were in the 115, 125, and 135-pound classes, composed mostly of lads in their teens, it did appear like a kids' party.

The lower classes would be the first to enter the ring, and consequently they were the first to get undressed. Most of them sat waiting nervously, chatting with their attendants. They were justified in being nervous. Here they were, youngsters from all over this country and Canada, many of them away from home for the first time in their lives. Theirs was the privilege of fighting for a national title, a privilege won by fighting through a series of elimination bouts at New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Toronto, and a host of other cities.

Soapy, always interested in his fellow humans, gazed on them observingly and read the dreams behind the eager eyes of these youngsters.

"Too bad," he remarked to Shaver ruefully, "someone's going to be powerfully disappointed to-night, 'cause each of them kids is reckonin' on bein' a second Leonard or Dempsey, an' they can't all be that."

But there was no doubt that each contestant was going to prove his rights to such dreams as he inspected a new pair of ring shoes or a monogrammed pair of trunks—or perhaps it was a crude pair fashioned by the tired fingers of some bewildered tenement district mother. One thing they all had in common: intensity of purpose. It would take no urging of the fans to get action. Save where a disagreement of judges called for an extra round, they would be allowed but fifteen minutes in which to snatch a verdict, and they meant to work nine hundred seconds of that time.

"Ef they does all they aims to do," commented the bright-eyed Shaver, "there's goin' to be some ructions to-night."

Red Baldwin was shown his locker, and then the gang headed for the ringside seats that had been reserved for them; but near the exit to the Arena floor Soapy spied a kid unrolling a blanket in the triangular space made by the floor and the seats of the oval above.

"Tired already?" he asked of the kid, who turned quickly and showed a face unmistakably of Jewish extraction, lit up with a bright smile.

"I'm booked for the thoid bout and den dey pull me again about three g. m., and me just in from ridin' the brakes. Two day's fr'm N'Yawk—c'n ya imagine the soivice?"

"Didn't they pay yore fare?" questioned Soapy.

"Naw! Dey gypped me out of the decision in the tryouts, but I c'n lick that stiff wid one hand, so I hopped a freight. I wouldn't mind, only I ain't had nuttin' t' eat an' I gotta sleep between my foist and second bouts so's t' ferget about it."

"Suppose you don't win the first bout?"

"Oh, I'll win," said the kid with confidence that was certainty. "I'll cop the title too, an' a year from now dey'll be puttin' me on in the Garden wid Villa an' Genaro."

"What's yore name, kid?" asked Soapy. "I'm layin' heavy on yo'!" The kid told him, and Soapy checked it on the program. "An' here's a deuce; eat heavy at the counter round the corner."

THEN Soapy caught up with the waiting gang, held at the entrance by the attendant for a dramatic moment in which to lead the gang out. The first pair of 115-pounders were in the ring, and then as the announcer stepped to the ropes centering the attention of the thousands of chattering fans upon the ring, the attendant led the cowboys out on the floor recently stripped of the hockey season ice but now packed with seats. Tiered seats rose from the floor in the encircling oval, the faces of the closely packed fans blurred by the haze of tobacco smoke. In the center was the raised ring with four powerful lights showering illumination upon it; and toward this the ten cowboys headed. For an instant there was silence, followed immediately by a howl of recognition of the men who had been played up in the papers for days.

But one group of sharp-nosed, well-dressed individuals, sitting near the seats reserved for the Bar None gang, did not howl at the entrance of the cowboys. They rubbed their diamonded fingers over their chins and smirked. Hadn't the papers stated that these come-ons from the Woolly West were anxious to bet a few thousand on a boy who had never been inside the ropes? And didn't the heavyweight class include Harry Yates, last year's winner and the boy who had refused the importunities of managers to turn professional? So it was that the Bar None gang had scarcely seated themselves before kind neighbors started a conversation. But Soapy had given instructions beforehand to let him do all the talking concerning betting.

A few seconds after the stentorian announcer had made the roof vibrate the Bar None gang fastened their eyes upon their first view of a regulation fight. The two 115-pounders who opened the festivities might have been short on science, but they batted for a thousand in willingness. The second bout was stopped in as many rounds when one boy was hopelessly outclassed. Then Soapy's little friend climbed through the ropes and waved at the rangy cowboy from his stool.

"Go to it, boy—they can't lick yore spirit," cheered Soapy, and then he turned to his new-found friends. "Yo' been doin' a lot of talkin', let's see the color of yore money. I'm layin' a century even on the kid with the Valentino hair."

It looked as if Soapy would win his money at the outset as the little Jew tore into his tough blond opponent like a hurricane; but the blond, a grizzly southpaw, was awkwardly elusive and in the second round dropped to the canvas the little freight hopper from New York. It was the kid's own sacrifices more than the blow that made him lie on the floor helpless.

Soapy jumped to the ropes. "C'mon, kid, how yo' goin' on to-morrow night if yo' don't get up?"

The kid stirred and weathered the round and in the third fought like a tiger for the decision he captured. Soapy caught him as he jumped from the ring, and thrust a bill into his glove. "Here's a piece of paper what reads five, good at any lunch counter. To-morrow night I pays yore fare home."

As the moments clicked off toward midnight the bouts worked up through the various classes, giving the gang everything they could have seen in a lifetime of following the fight game.

THE real action came in the bouts among the heavier classes. For about seven bouts in a row not one went the distance, and most of them ended in the first round as the big, well-muscled youths, relying solely on punching ability, dashed into each other with hopes of landing a lethal punch before stopping one with his chin.

About one o'clock some of the smaller lads came on a second time for further elimination and then came the call for the heavyweights. Red retired to get into his ring togs, and Soapy got down to business with his betting clique. During the four days in town Soapy had run his mutual fund up to a little over a thousand dollars. Half of this he had already placed on Red against the field at one to four, and now the horror-stricken Weeping heard him place at one to two all the remaining funds that were between the gang and the ranch—far, far away.

Red had drawn for his bout a college boy with considerable reputation, and Soapy finally succeeded in getting his odds. The betting clique undoubtedly figured that even if Red won this bout they'd get it all back when Red faced Yates.

Red climbed into the ring, the recipient of great cheering, but this appalled rather than encouraged him. Not so Soapy, who went into the ring as his second.

"Snap out of it," barked Soapy as he bent over the well-muscled form of his friend. "This ain't the first time yo' faced a crowd. Yo' tackled man killers, so what do yo' care for this college boy what never tackled worse than a problem in math? There's the bell, let's go!"

Soapy vaulted the ropes while Red went slowly out to face his dancing opponent. They shook hands, and the college boy tapped Red's nose and danced away. An instant later he repeated and again danced away. He did this time after time with Red getting madder all the while and without having landed a blow on his weaving foe, and with the pitiless fans turning thumbs down on him and hooting and cat-calling. The smiling college boy liked his tapping so well that he made it a regular blow, spaced by regular intervals, and probably Red was timing these intervals, for once the college boy stepped in only to meet the kick of a mule and go sailing against the ropes, where he crumpled in a heap, through for the night. Red had won his only bout for that night.

Soapy was for setting fire to the town right away, but Weeping insisted they see what Red's opposition for to-morrow night looked like in the remaining bouts of the evening. Thus it was they saw Harry Yates, and they needed to be no experts to see there was as much difference between Yates and the other entries as between—anything you like. Yates was the real article.

"Now see what yo're up against!" wailed Weeping.

"Up against better odds," retorted the imperturbable Soapy. "That boy's pretty good, but all Red's got to do is hit him."

"That's all," agreed Weeping with biting sarcasm, "but here's the second round, and that's more'n that other bird can do, an' he's faster than Red—Oh!" The groan was because Yates was quick to take advantage of an opening and crossed a hook that won him the bout on a kayo.

Soapy felt resentment because it seemed as if Yates had done that just to strengthen Weeping's argument. "Dawgone, Weepin', yo're the most disloyalest—"

"I ain't disloyal," cut in Weeping, quick to sense an advantage in Soapy's tone. "I'm jest cautious. I can't see yo' puttin' every cent we own on a foah-to-one shot an' we a year's walk from home—even for Red. All I ask is yo' buy ten good tickets an' yo' could bet the rest."

"Yo' better have Ad do some more figurin' for yo', Weepin'," grunted Soapy. "Ten tickets amounts to two grand, or a few hundred more'n what we own. If I lay this at foah to one, I'll win six grand plus the two what comes from havin' bet on Red against the field."

"Ef Red wins," reminded Weeping, taking a big chew off a plug, and more composed than ever before in an argument with Soapy, for he sensed victory this time.

"If he wins," repeated the exasperated Soapy, for already it was apparent that he was losing support. "Ain't Red got the punch? You're forgetting that, Weepin'."

"But I ain't forgettin' he's got a temper," reminded Weeping. "He jest showed that in the bout he won, and that Yates is a wise boy. He'll get Red's goat, an' afore Red knows the three rounds will be up an' our money will be out. This ain't no finish fight."

"Yo're talkin' foolish," exclaimed Soapy, for out of the corner of his eye he saw that Weeping's arguments were going home.

Weeping saw it too. "Why, yo' ain't leavin' out even the three hundred so's we can go home the way we come."

"I think yo'd better hand over three centuries so's to be safe, Soapy," suggested Rocky.

"All right," exclaimed the indignant Soapy. "Yo' fallin' for that some-day argument of Weepin's— Wal, here's yore three hundred, which at one to four means twelve hundred yo're kissin' good-by."

SOAPY was in ill humor all that next day—or rather that day, for it was but an hour or two before sun-up. He was still feeling blue over the twelve hundred that might have been when the gang took their ring-side seats again that night. To-night would be the semi-finals and finals. Soapy did get a little kick when his East Side friend copped the flyweight title; and he even smiled when Red got a knockout in his semi-final, but the clever Yates won so handily in his semi-final that Weeping nearly shed tears.

Early in the morning all the titles had been decided save that of the heavyweight, and now Red and the smiling, confident Yates entered the ring for the last bout of the tournament.

Soapy climbed in with Red. "Red, yo' got to work yore hands faster'n a gambler works his poker hands, *an' don't lose yore goat!"*

"I won't," growled Red as he worked the padding away from the knuckles and glared across to where the cocky Yates, in a new pair of white silk tights, was chatting with his handlers and looking back tantalizingly at Red. Yates meant to get Red's goat all right.

The bell clanged for the final bout, and all the fans pulled forward in their seats. Red rushed out, touched gloves, and made a wild swing and hit the air. Three more roundhouses landed in the same place, and the fans howled with glee. Yates began stepping around the bewildered Red, sending in a rain of light blows that had Red hotter than the Texas sun. Soapy, watching from the platform edge, saw that Red had remembered instructions—for about two seconds. Red's goat had wings and a Liberty motor attached to it.

Yates saw to it that Red kept boiling. He dropped his arms to his side and let Red bring the house down with laughter with a series of wild swings, the last of which brought Red down on the canvas. The bell rang, and it was all Soapy and the referee could do to get Red back to his stool. The minute was nearly spent. Soapy talked fast and loud, but all Red said was, "Let me at him!"

Red hadn't scored a blow in the first round, and in the second he did almost as well. He punched enough holes in the air to suffocate half the audience and assimilated enough blows to make him think it was raining leather. Near the end of the second round Yates crossed a right hook that put Red on the floor; he got up only to be bounced back again, and he was sitting on the floor when the bell rang. Soapy leaped on Red, pushed him onto the stool, and startled him back into semi-normal by exhibiting an anger almost as bad as his.

MOST of the fans were already milling toward the exits, voicing their displeasure at missing the last car for such a bout as this, but some remained, with undying hope for a knockout, which makes the fight fan the strange creature that he is.

"Lissun!" roared Soapy. "You ain't got a chance lest you kayo him—"

"I'll kill him!"

"An' I'll kill yo' if yo' don't. There's sixty-five hundred dependin' on yore punch, an' the only way yo' can sneak it over is to play possum. Let him drop yo' an' then crash him."

"I'll kill him!" flamed Red as he dashed out on the bell and ignored the handshake.

Once more the human windmill got into action and Soapy tore his hair in disgust. Losing his balance once, Red got tangled in the ropes and Soapy darted around until he was underneath him.

Above the howling of the fans Soapy yelled, "Do yo' want sixty-five hundred or a casket?"

A flicker of intelligence came into Red's bloodshot eyes and he wiggled free and started to stalk Yates, hand at his side. His guard was dropped and Yates, greedy to maintain his string of knockouts, stepped in and crashed a wicked right off Red's chin.

Red went down so completely that the stunned Soapy decided it was real; but Red rose, although decidedly groggy, and if he was faking he was a wonderful actor. He swayed towards Yates blindly, his right hand brushing the canvas floor. The excited thousands were yelling for Yates to put him away.

With superb carelessness Yates weaved in for the finishing blow—and he got it! A cherry glove shot up from the canvas and Yates spun around in the air and dropped to the floor while the spectators, now suddenly silent, looked on in stunned amazement!

Now, kayoed fighters are not always particular as to their posture on the canvas while taking the count, but Yates' position was an inspiration for the cartoonists in the press gallery. He had fallen on his knees and face so that the line of his spinal column inclined up to the broad expanse of white trunks directly in front of the infuriated Red.

Remember, please, that Red had a fulminate-of-mercury temper, and that he was now angered as never before in his life, and that he had obtained but one real sock at his aggravating foe—and here was an inviting patch of tantalizing white silk.

Before anyone in the house had recovered from the shock of the unexpected knockout, Red stepped forward and planted a swift number eleven squarely against the white silk with all his weight behind the shoe!

Soapy turned from the ropes, his face white with a sickly smile, his voice weak as he moaned to Weeping:

"Weepin', where did yo' check our box-car overcoats? Yore 'some day' has come at last."

Her Husband

was a traveling salesman and he had followed his wife and the other man to a fashionable café.

There was great row.

The next day they found themselves in court before Judge Kochendorfer.

To the judge it was an old story, and he did what he could to make it turn out happily, for that is his business.

Thousands of domestic tangles are brought to him to be straightened out.

More often than not he succeeds, for observation and common sense have made him wise.

Married folks should pay more attention to the rules, he says. Certainly his experience has shown him what the rules are, so we asked him to write

Ten Commandments

for

Young Wives

to appear in

Collier's

January 24th

Hokum in the Heart

Continued from page 9

I dragged at my cigar for a while, and then I flipped the butt out into the dust of Main Street. I looked at Euzebe drowsing in front of the tin garage across the street. Then I made it unanimous.

I woke up trying to fight away what I thought was a swarm of flies crawling over my map. And the first thing I hear is a laugh I'd know if I heard it in central Africa. There in front of me is Mary, with a long stalk of grass in her hand. She's been drawing it over my cheeks and chin.

"Jack Armstrong!" she laughs. "Oh, but the boss would know you'd been stepping out all night in the Bayou Cypress Tango Belt, if he saw you sleeping the afternoon away like this!"

"Hel-lo, Mary!" I says, rubbing my eyes. "Say, you look like a million-dollar certified check in this burg. No place to cash it or spend it."

"Knocking the old home town!" she bubbles. "Old Jack!"

Say, it was like music, just to hear her talk.

"Imagine *you* in Bayou Cypress!" she goes on. "Get your bag and come right out to the house."

I grab my grip and pay Mother Boudreaux and we climb into the machine with Mary at the wheel. We roll up Main Street in the hot sunshine.

She was a picture! Same bronze hair and hazel eyes and baby skin as ever. Big floppy straw hat with ribbon on it, a cool blue linen dress that made her look like a schoolgirl, and tiny white buckskin shoes with flat heels. Only difference was her hands. Just as white and pinky and slim as ever, but there was a big emerald in platinum doing guard duty over a platinum hoop set with diamonds—her engagement and wedding rings. She never used to wear any rings at all.

INSIDE of two minutes we're rolling between trees, and then at the far end of Main Street we swing around into a drive under more trees, and there's the Big House. One of those rambling, old-fashioned, comfortable houses with wide screened porches they call *galeries* down in Louisiana, all around it, and screened sleeping porches up aloft and blue and tan awnings and about three acres of yard.

"How about a tall drink with ice in it?" asks Mary, as a darky house boy comes out and touches his cap and takes my bag. We go into a shady room with cool wicker furniture and books and a big brick fireplace with a lot of blue flowers in it, and Mary mixes me a highball worth two dollars of anybody's money at Broadway and Forty-second.

"Perfectly legal," she smiles. "My husband bought about five thousand dollars' worth of the Sazerac stock in New Orleans just before prohibition, and had it shipped out here. No, thanks. I won't join you. I never started. Now, take your time finishing *that*, and then I'm going to show you my flower garden and my chickens and my dogs and a whole lot of things you never saw before."

Say, I ain't likely to forget that day if I live to be a million—aire or years, either one or both.

Not a question out of Mary, understand. Just glad to see me, and there she sits and talks of old times. Never the faintest hint, either, of her run of hard luck. "Worth six cents less than a nickel," the boss had said, and I knew he didn't talk unless he knew.

"Well," I thinks to myself, "all the better for you, old kid. She'll listen to reason to save *this* place."

I let the last of that highball trickle down where it does the most good, Then we get up and go out and look at her garden. Roses and mignonette and larkspur and pansies and hollyhocks and salvia and lilies of the valley and geraniums—just all the things that make an old-fashioned garden what it ought to be. And dogs! Big Gordons and Llewellyns and Airedales—fourteen of 'em.

"Now," says Mary, when I've used up all the language I know, telling what I think of it, "we'll see the chickens."

We climb into the car and roll up the country road a few miles, and there, all white posts and clean wire and concrete runs, is her chicken farm. Say. David Wark Griffith would 'a' broke his neck to get his camera man there while she was feeding about a thousand white Plymouth Rocks.

"Now," she says, "we'll run back to town and I'll show you a real cypress sawmill. I don't think you ever met Jack, my husband. He's been down in the swamp slashings to-day, but he was running back in his cruiser. He'll probably be at the mill now."

WE ROLL up the little side road from the bayou to the main highway and just as Mary is turning into the gravel road she throws on all the brakes can give us. We stop right now. I nearly push my head through the windshield, and then I look around. Down the road toward us is coming a flivver that must 'a' been one of Henry's first hundred thousand. And she's coming wild. Some sort of a skinny old bird was fighting the wheel, but Lizzie has the bit in her teeth and she won't behave.

"His radius rod's broken," gasps Mary.

"His neck'll be in a minute," I says.

It looks like we're both right. The tin can shimmies across the road and nose-dives into the ditch.

I hit the road first, and what I pull out from under the tinware looks like something Fido found in the ash can. Blood on his face from a cut in his forehead is running down into a stringy white mustache and one of those Southern-colonel goatees. One arm bends back where it's got no business bending. He's dressed in a faded blue linen suit that looks like it's been washed twice a week for ten years. Small feet in little square-toed shoes that ain't been blacked since they left the store. I do some first-aid stuff with ditch water, and he comes back, talking something I can't understand.

"Creole French," says Mary to me, and she spiels at him in his own stuff.

"Let's get him down to the house, Jack," she says, turning to me.

I fix him up best I can in the back seat while Mary takes the wheel and we beat it for the Big House. He faints the first hundred yards.

"Friend of yours?" I ask Mary.

"Never met him before in my life," she says. "But he lives down in this section. His name is Hugues de la Houssaye of Cypremort, he tells me."

"He listens like a duke in Leslie Carter's cast in Dubarry," I says, "but he looks like the last survivor of Coxey's Army."

"Some of the best blood of France settled here in the old days," she said. "I've found folks with names like the casualty list of the French Revolution living in shacks along a bayou."

"No hospital you can take him to?"

"We've got a sawmill hospital," she says, "but the doctor lives two houses from us and we'll get quicker action there."

Into the big yard she swings that car, honks for the house darkies, and we carry the old wreck into a guest chamber, while Mary telephones and the doctor comes a-running.

The doctor sets the old boy's arm and washes and bandages him, and the old-timer wakes up. Wants to get right outa there and on his way. But Mary says nothing doing until he's rested up a bit, and the doctor backs her up and says there may be internal complications. Old-timer lays back on his pillow and gives up.

"We're no more use here just now," says Mary to me. "Let's run on down to the sawmill. I want to tell Jack about this. He ought to be back by now."

So back we roll down Main Street and into a side street that has two whole houses on it, and then we're at the mill. There's a bunch of men standing around outside like you see anywhere when a fight's going to start.

"What's the trouble, Aristide?" Mary asks a Cajun fellow in blue jumper and overalls, standing a little ways away from the gang, though he's watching close.

"Dawg-gone skunk done been a-drivin' spikes int' th' lawgs, Miz Mary," he says. "Mist' Jack, he done jus' got in f'om th' slashin's in time t' find th' big bandsaws on both rigs plumb tore t' hell. Looks lak he done foun' th' low-flung houn' w'at did it. Talkin' t' him now."

We walk over to the crowd. There was a "Howdy, Miz Mary" from some of 'em. Most of 'em was watching what's going on in front, though.

"There's Jack, my husband, talking to that big man out there," says Mary sort of soft like. Just like a woman might have said: "That Koh-i-Noor diamond over there! That's mine!"

THAT Ralston boy, his back was toward us. He wasn't talking specially loud, but we could get it, all right. *Broadway* never would 'a' recognized him now. Not in that make-up.

He was in muddy overalls and dirty, heavy shoes like the rest of 'em. He wasn't wearing any hat. He was tanned like a Flemish oak library set.

"That was a cute trick," he was saying. "Copper-headed sledge-hammer so nobody'd hear you drive those spikes at night. I ought to have known more about you before I put you on the log pond and gave you that night watchman job you asked for when Pete Leblanc was sick. But I was sucker enough to swallow your hard-luck story, and raise your pay because I thought it was decent of you to help Pete out. But you earned your pay from your real bosses in the United, you dirty polecat."

The other guy looks at him, hard as they make 'em.

"You'll have a hell of a fine time proving copper sledge-hammer or United or anything else," he says.

"I'll make a hell of a fine try at it," says Ralston. "But what gets my goat is the way I stood up for you. I even told Bill Reynolds down in the slashings to-day that he was crazy when he tipped me to keep an eye on you. Bill's boy spotted you over in Florida, last bumming trip he made. Happy little under-cover rat, are you? Guy that's been throwing the monkey wrench into the machinery, are you? Never thought little Achille would keep an eye cocked on you and spot you down at the log pond last night, did you? Now get me straight. You come up to the office with me and come clean with a nice little sworn statement and take the night train into New Orleans or I'll take the cost of a couple of wrecked saw rigs out of your dirty hide."

Neither Mary nor me could catch what the husky says to that. I could guess, though. One look at him and you knew pretty well what his repartee was limited to. It takes about the same fighting word to start something on Broadway it does in St. Agathe Parish.

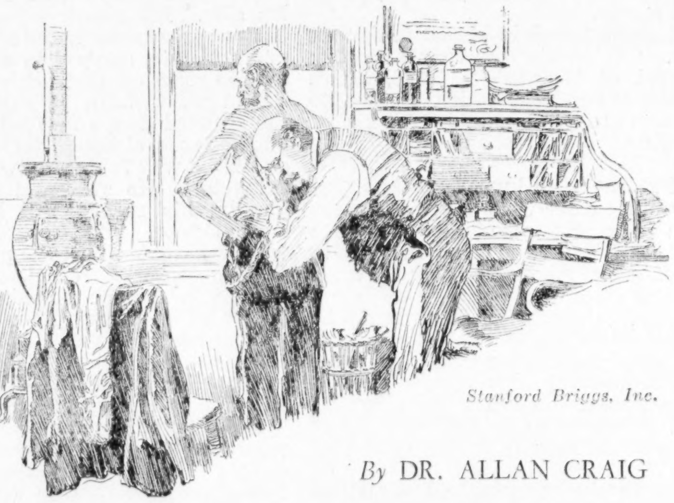
But we heard young Ralston's answer. His hand streaks out, and, boy, you could hear that slap fifty feet away. It's a pity William S. Hart couldn't have been there. He'd got him some pointers in the next five minutes. The husky has about thirty pounds on young Ralston, but all he's got on him is from the neck down, and I'm leaving out the heart at that.

And Mary while this is going on? She doesn't let out a peep. Most women would 'a' fainted or squealed or tried to get somebody to stop the scrap, or something. She just stands there silent and watches. You can see it hurts her. But you can see she knows it ain't her party.

It looks like the husky don't want to stop short of murder. He never heard about the Marquis of Queensbery, I guess. If he did, he didn't care. In the first clinch he cares about as much what his elbows and knees and teeth and head connect with as the Germans care whom they hit when they're bombarding Paris with Big Bertha.

(*Continued on page 36*)

"Look Me Over, Doc"



Stanford Briggs, Inc.

By DR. ALLAN CRAIG

FOR the past fifteen years, ever since he sold his farm, Peter Stone has spent much of his time sitting in an old-fashioned runged chair in front of his little grocery store. He loves to whittle boats for the children and tell wonderful stories of long voyages which he took in an old sailing ship in his early youth.

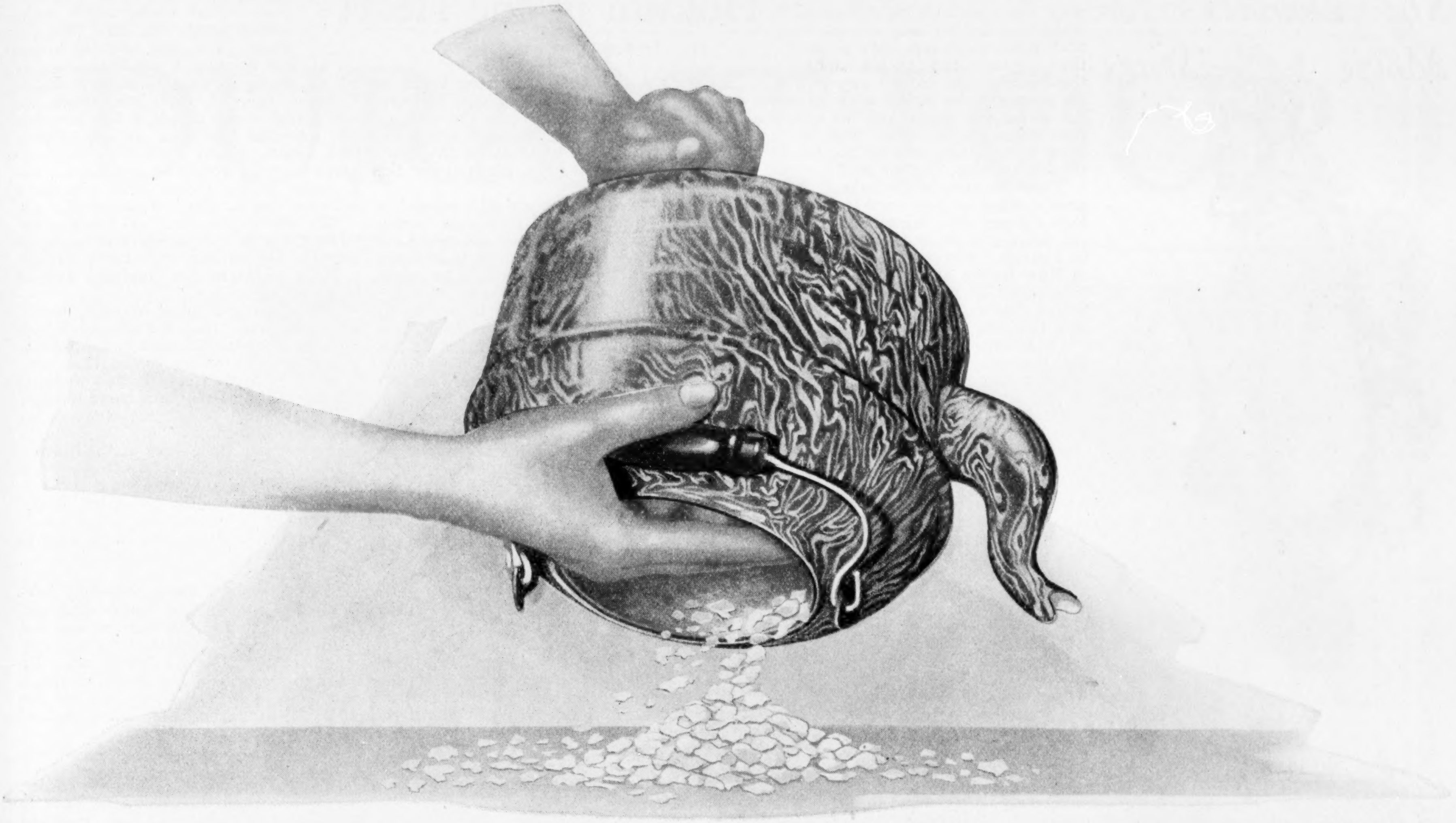
He scarcely ever wears a hat. His face and hands are browned with the sun and wrinkled. The boys call him Old Russet, and a good name it is. Peter is now in his seventy-ninth year and he does remind one of a Russet apple, plump and brown and wrinkled without but full of sweetness and good nature. Time and hard knocks have not soured his delightful disposition.

Old Dr. Bill, who is just one year older than Peter, has been his crony for years. Every tenth of April Peter makes his special visit to the office of his medical friend. They smoke a pipe together and then, sitting by the old box stove in the back office, Peter strips off his outer clothing and his flannel underwear, stretches himself and says, "Now, Doc, look me over."

From the top of his bald head to the very soles of his feet, Dr. Bill examines Old Russet. No careless examination through the clothing for that wise old doctor or his shrewd patient. Thoroughness is their watchword.

Four years ago a small spot appeared on Russet's lower lip. It was completely removed and a report from the state laboratory stated that it was the beginning of a cancer. So thorough and so early, however, was the removal that not only is there little, if any, scar, but there has been no suggestion of recurrence of the growth.

Old Russet is a firm believer in his periodic examinations and says he is sure that many times his life has been saved by his medical friend.



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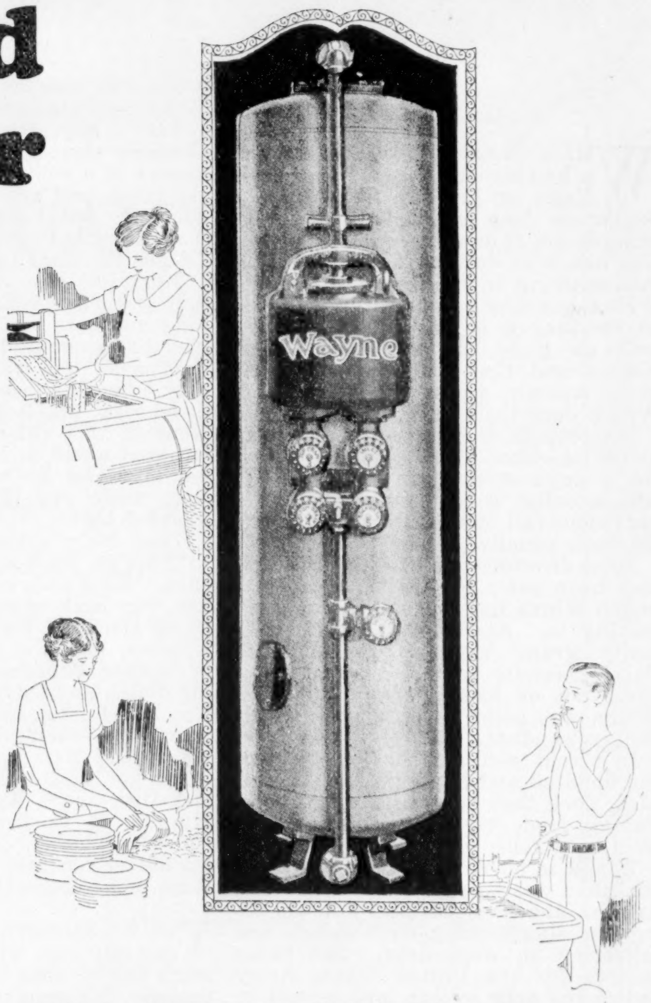

Scale in your tea kettle is absolute proof that the water is hard.

This same hard water stops up the pipes in your water heater; it wastes coal; it wastes soap; it destroys linens; it causes chapped hands; toughens meats and vegetables; it destroys the flavor of tea and coffee—all due to lime and magnesia, which you see in the tea kettle, but not in the water.

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She Doubles for Movie Stars

WHEN Constance Talmadge makes a hairbreadth escape, when Pola Negri or Priscilla Dean takes a dangerous leap or a long fall, the chances are it is really Winna Brown. She has even doubled for some of the men starring in cowboy westerns, for Winna has few equals when it comes to handling a horse. Of course, she gets no glory for her work. Only Norma and Constance Talmadge are good enough sports to admit that Winna does their stunts for them.

Incidentally she doesn't get paid an awful lot either. Ten or fifteen dollars for a day's work that endangers her life, a dollar a foot sometimes for a hazardous fall over a cliff; her hospital expenses usually.

Some directors don't feel certain that they have put a big thrill in a picture unless Winna has broken a lot of bones making it. And Winna's idea of a really grand employer is Reginald Barker because he took an ambulance along out on location one time when Winna was going to do a particularly dangerous stunt.

In recent pictures she has dropped one hundred and twenty feet on horseback, done that ever-thrilling stunt of leaping from horseback to a moving train, and rolled down a high cliff.

Winna is no riding academy graduate. She was boss of a ranch down in Arizona and was the local butcher doing her slaughtering on Sundays and delivering on week days. She broke mounts for the United States Army and is the only woman who served in the Mexican Border Patrol.

A motion-picture company working near her ranch enlisted her services and Winna went with them to Hollywood. Directors won't give her a chance to act on her own, though she is a good trouper, for, as they say, "there are plenty of hams in Hollywood, but only one stunt queen." They can't afford to let Winna give up doubling.

But in many cases the thrilling stunts you see are done by ninety-pound, tragic-eyed Winna.

HELEN KLUMPH.

Hokum in the Heart

Continued from page 34

I said the *first* clinch. It was the only clinch. Young Ralston slugs his way out of it with some short-arm body blows that sound like they'd split the board fence around any ball park. He staggers the husky with an uppercut as he gets away, and the cave man just misses on a drive with his knee after he tries to grind his boot heel into the kid's instep. Sweet stuff!

Then Ralston gets busy. It ain't pretty, what he does to that guy's map. But I'll say it's scientific. It taught *me* what a college education is worth in a pinch. Whoever coached him back in New Haven did a proud job on that long-range stuff. The husky bores in, acting like he liked to eat it raw. Ralston side-steps two rushes like that.

Then, when he rushes the third time, the youngster steps in and meets it. Right to the heart and left to the jaw. It was like a coupla locomotives doing a head-on. It staggers the big bozo. Then Ralston's on top of him.

It was all too fast for me. It was too fast for the husky too. But I saw the last uppercut start, and I saw it land, and I knew it was curtains when I heard it sock.

"This baby needs both barrels," says Ralston, panting, as he looks at his hands. "Throw some water on him. Pete and Jacques—" he calls two heavyweights up—"take him over to the town marshal's office. Tell the marshal I'll be right over to file a charge of malicious mischief. Let our little friend here cool off in the hoosegow. He seems to want a run for his money. We'll give it to him."

Then he turns away—and he sees Mary and me. You never saw a guy's face change quicker in your life.

"Hel-lo, honey!" he says. "Say, I *am* sorry you happened in on this little argument. Just got in from the slashings a couple of hours ago. Found out our little playmates in the United Cypress Pirates have been playing offside. I'd have been home earlier, if I could. Be there inside an hour, anyway. Will I be in time for tea?"

Tea! Say, it was like watching Dempsey clout Firpo for seven canvaskissers in a row and then step through the ropes and ask for a marshmallow sundae! But I didn't sniff. Not me. Not after that exhibition I'd just seen. I'd got the slant too.

Mary lets him play his game at the mill and the slashings, even if a slugging match is part of it. He lets her play her game at the house, even if it does mean tea every afternoon. And they both play together. You ought to have seen 'em looking at each other. None of this sick-calf stuff. But the bat-eyed world could know that he was her man and she was his woman, and they made you like it. Four years married too!

Then Mary snaps out of it.

"This is old Jack Armstrong," she says. "Used to be my press agent years ago, way back when I was on tour with 'Baby Darling.' He dropped into Bayou Cypress, and I've kidnapped him out of Mother Boudreaux's, and he's having dinner and staying with us to-night. Too late for tea this afternoon. We'll spend the evening hearing about dear old wicked New York. And oh, Jack, we've got another house guest—on the sick list too. An old man named Hugues de la Houssaye from down Cypremort way. Smashed up when his flivver ran wild up near our chicken farm and somersaulted into the ditch."

YOUNG Ralston grins at me, friendly, and mitts me with a paw that ain't much harder than the head of a sledge hammer. It's some skinned just now too.

"Ought to have a fine evening with a pair of Jacks like you and me, and this queen to draw to," he says. "Glad you dropped in. Like to see any of Mary's old buddies. Make the casualty case easy, Mary. I'll join you-all at the house inside an hour. Got my hands pretty full, just now."

He turns to the gang that's still scattered around, talking fight. You know how men are.

"Hey, Achille!" he hollers. No answer. "Where's that Achille?" He shouts again. But whoever Achille is, he's A. W. O. L. Ralston turns to the gang. "Come on, let's go!" he says. And they swarm back into the mill.

Mary and me, we ride back to the big house. Hardly a word about the fight. Took it casual, she did, like part of the day's work.

"You have to act quickly around a sawmill and in the slashings, sometimes," she said. "Jack always does. That's why our men would tear down a brick wall with their teeth if he asked 'em. Little Achille Rambeau, the one who saw that man drive the spikes in the logs, Jack saved his life a few months ago. Achille was bitten in the hand by a cotton-mouth moccasin down in the swamp slashings. There wasn't any permanganate of potash or other first-aid kit in reach. Jack cut the wound open with his pocketknife, pulled the bullet out of a pistol cartridge, filled the wound with powder, and touched it off with a match. It was rough work. But it saved Achille."

Then she tells me something about the course of sprouts old Hank Ralston put the kid through. Oh, she wasn't any prouder of him than a mother is proud of a prize baby!

We get back to the house and find Mary's maid Nan all up in the air The old Cajun has come to life and insisted on getting up and going on his way, and it took the gardener and the cook to hold him in bed while Nan telephones for the doctor, and doc gives him a shot in the arm and that puts him down for the count.

Mary shows me up to my room to wash up for dinner, while she bathes and changes. Pretty soon I wander down to the library and buddy with Bob, one of those big Llewellyn bird dogs that has the run of the house. I sit there pulling his ears and thinking and smoking. Mary's good for close to a million and a half in two years, I figure, for she's in a position to demand a big split in the movie stuff they'il make after she finishes the regular run of those plays the boss has waiting.

THEN it hits me like a shot in the arm. Lord, the publicity in *why* she's doing it! Coming back to Broadway and Hollywood to help her husband fight the pirates of Wall Street. Page-One-Must on any newspaper anywhere. And the Sunday spreads! Just let me place that tip confidential like with a coupla Sunday editors I know, and good-night! Watch the smoke!

I could *see* the splashes and the art layouts. And the follow-ups on "Should a Woman Work to Help Her Husband?" when the sob-squad wheeled into action. "Can a Woman Make a Career and a Home Together?" Baby! And the art stuff! A good cameraman rushed down here to Bayou Cypress. What he could do!

Mary Blake with her flowers and her dogs and her chickens. Mary Blake leaning against the Evangeline Oak, looking out over romantic Bayou Teche, absorbing inspiration for her greatest romantic success. Mary Blake making biscuits in her kitchen in the Big House on Main Street. Sleeves rolled up and flour on her arms. Boy-oh-boy! That set-up was made to be eaten raw.

I'm still all hopped up with it when Mary comes down in something clingy and pale blue, and a few minutes later when Ralston comes down the stairs in white linen and gets busy with a silver cocktail shaker.

We go into dinner in a big, cool, airy room all paneled in polished cypress, and, say—I'd seen Mary eat in everything from a Baltimore lunch to the Ritz banquet hall, but you ought to see her there in the candlelight over her own home dinner table!

All through the meal, every little while, it hits me like a sock in the jaw that she and her husband are likely to be booted out of all this, like an evicted tenement family kicked out on the sidewalk—and it makes sweet meditations, not. Well, that's where the boss can come in, thinks I.

We wander back into the library for coffee, just like a John Drew play. And there, after we've talked about the boss and the show game and the old crowd for a while, I put it to the pair of 'em, straight, what I'd come to Bayou Cypress for. I told 'em about the wonderful series of plays the boss had on ice—just written to fit Mary: fine, clean, decent stuff like she'd always played—good fun and a tear and a choke in the throat here and there between the laughs. Home stuff.

"So there you are," I finishes up. "There's a lot of people will be a lot happier the minute you come back."

Mary looks at her husband and he looks at her.

"What do *you* think of *that*, dear?" she asks him. Say, I'd like some day to have a queen like that put a million-dollar proposition up to me that way. It must make you feel like you wouldn't call the King of England your uncle.

Then, before he can say a word, the telephone bell rings.

It's there in the corner of the library. A colored maid in a white cap and apron comes in and answers it.

"N' Awlyins callin' fo' Mist' Jack."

"Pardon me a moment, won't you?" says young Ralston, and steps over to the telephone.

YOU know how these one-sided telephone conversations sound—like half of nothing at all. Ralston yesses and quite-sos and I-understands for a couple of minutes. Then he hangs up. He walks back across the room, takes a cigarette out of a silver box on the table, lights it, and sits down sort of quiet like.

"What *is* it, dearest?" asks Mary, anxious like.

Say, I'd be willing to have a leg broken the night of a dancing date to have anybody like that ask me that question that way!

"If Mr. Armstrong will pardon me for introducing a somewhat personal topic —?" says Ralston, looking at me.

"Shoot the works," I says. "Or I'll pull my freight if it's anything confidential."

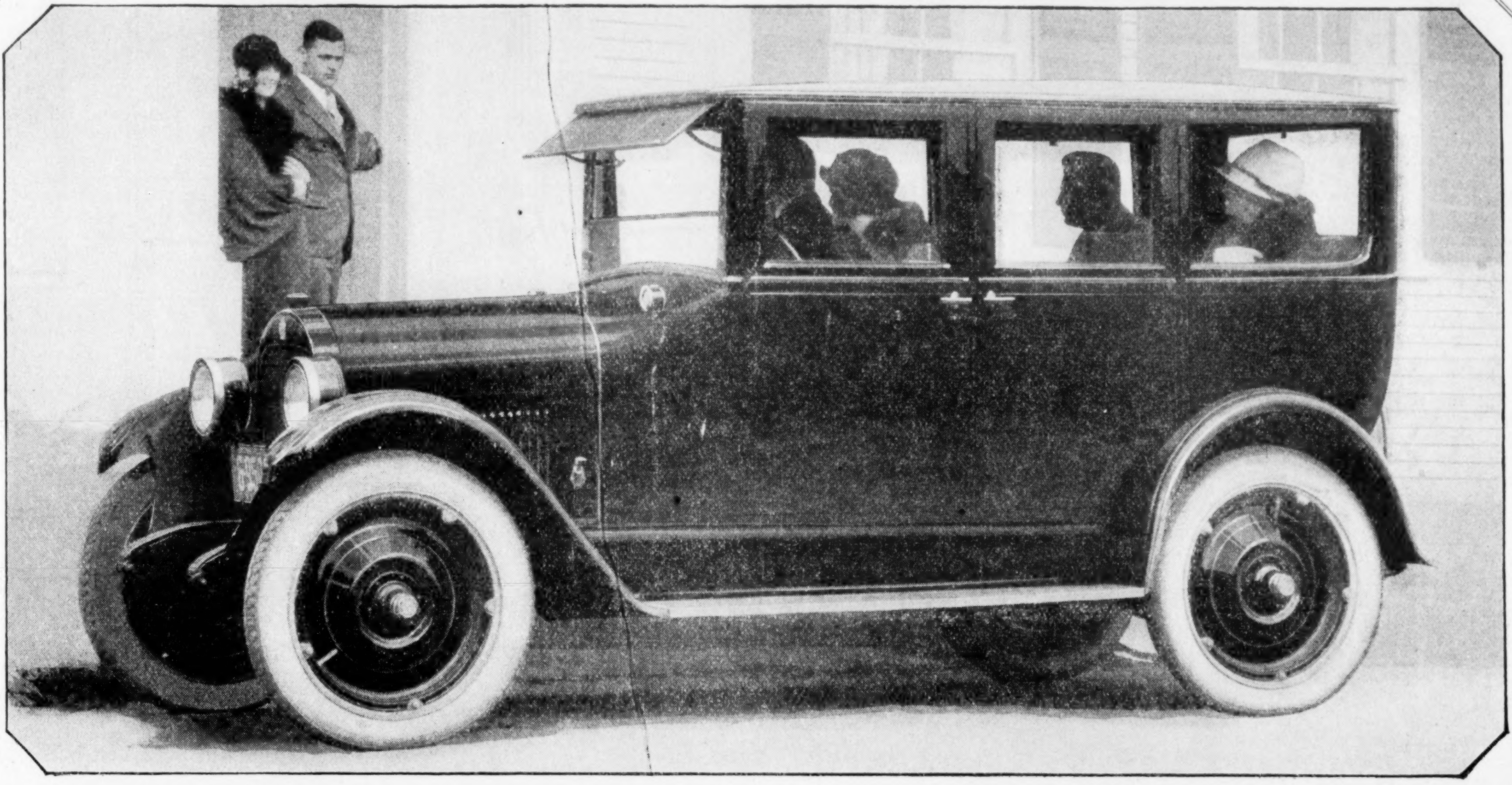
"Sit pretty," says Ralston. "It's nothing the whole cypress lumber trade won't know to-morrow. And I guess before the evening is over I'm going to want a good witness, anyway. It's just our friend the enemy. That was Douglas Maitland's chief clerk telephoning, Mary. My lawyer in New Orleans," he says, turning to me. "We're going to have callers to-night. Maitland's one of 'em. They're both coming up by automobile from New Orleans. The other one, Mary—and he's a few miles ahead of Maitland—is your little old playmate Graffenreid Pinckney. He's representing the United gang. The same ones whose sporting sabotage specialist drove the spikes in those logs that ripped a couple of good sawrigs to tatters to-day. They're roughhousing for keeps; no holds barred. Their last trick was a cute one. That's why Maitland's coming out to-night. He tried to get me earlier to-day, but he couldn't get a long-distance call through. Wire trouble. So he left his clerk to fight the wire and started in his car."

"What *have* they done?" asks Mary. And you could see she was worried.

"You know that Bouligny tract of cypress swamp?" says Ralston. "The big section down by the coast where our best stuff is coming from? We bought that tract, all clean and above board, from the estate when old man Bouligny died. The old-timer never would sell, like a lot of these old-timers down here. The United's lawyers, they've dug up a missing heir in France, and they've got an injunction from the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana barring us from taking out another log till we come into court and show cause why we should be allowed to live without their permission. That isn't the legal language, but that's what it amounts to. They're doing all this in the name of the heir, of course. He's supposed to have come to them to get them to guard his cypress interests. That's why Pinckney is detailed as his lawyer. Come to them! Say, they dug deeper for that bird than anybody dug for gold in the Klondike. He's their

(*Continued on page 38*)

DURANT FOUR



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Hokum in the Heart

Continued from page 36

tool just as much as their wrecking crew star I had to lick to-day."

"But Jack, *dearest*," Mary puts in, "they can't possibly win a suit like that, can they? They can't send men to wreck your plant and get away with it, can they? There's no justice in that. How do they dare go into court?"

"I seem to remember a play I saw with you on Broadway once, Mary," he said with a grin, but there wasn't much fun in the grin. "'Within the Law,' wasn't it? Some chap had a line about: 'They don't call 'em courts of justice. They call 'em courts of law.' He had the right dope."

He smokes a minute or so more without a word.

"Once we get tangled up in a court fight with that gang," he says, slow and quiet, like he's thinking out loud, "Lord only knows where we'll come out. Specially in this kind of case, where they'll claim irreparable damage and God knows what. They've got all the money in the world. They'll throw every kind of a monkey wrench there is into the works. They'll invent new kinds of monkey wrenches to throw, if they have to. Those babies pull hair when they play rough."

He shook his head and did some more thinking.

"I'm going to give 'em the roughest scrap I've got in my system," he says. "But if they hog-tie me with injunctions and break me fighting their lawsuits, Mary, you won't be the wife of an independent lumberman, I'm afraid. You'll be the wife of a sawyer or a lumber salesman—if they even let me get a job at the only game I know. And there's no Big House and no summers on the Continent on that kind of pay. I haven't even got Dad's resources—and they broke him."

I THINK I see my opening, and I dive for it. Here, laid right in my lap, is the confidential stuff the boss gives me, and I don't even have to mention that I knew it.

"Listen, Mr. Ralston," I butts in, "ain't you overlooking a bet? If you need money to buck the dirty deal that bunch is ganging to hand you, you've got a gold mine sitting right here beside you. The least estimate the boss makes is that Mary's worth a million to a million and a half to herself, counting her movie split, if she comes back for two years."

I'm watching 'em both, close. I see Ralston flush up a little, under his tan. Mary's eyes are shining too. Talk about the old war horse sniffing the battle smoke from afar!

"The boss gave me written authority to close," I says, quiet and easy, just as though I wasn't as nervous as a bride doing her first promenade up the church aisle. "I've got the contract here. The only blanks in it are the places for the amounts Mary names—and for her signature. I sign for the boss. Here's the written authorization."

I reaches for my inside coat pocket, where the long envelope's snuggling.

"What do you say, Mr. Ralston?" I ask him, figuring Mary'll feel better if he gives it his O. K.

I'm a son-of-a-gun if he ain't grinning. Not a nervous smile. Not a forced laugh or a relieved one. Just a plain old-fashioned kid grin.

"I rather think that's something for Mrs. Ralston to decide, don't you?" he says. "When she honored me by becoming Mrs. Ralston, I told her I'd never roughhouse her career."

Here goes the stuff over the dotted line, I'm thinking. And then Mary laughs. "Oh, but you *are* such dears, the lot of you," she gurgles. "Only you're such stupid dears. 'The greatest rôle I ever acted,' you say. The boss doesn't make mistakes often, but he's made one there. I'm playing the greatest rôle in my life right here in Bayou Cypress."

Usually I'm pretty fast on the uptake. But I strip my gears on that one.

"What rôle?" I asks, puzzled.

"Mrs. John H. Ralston, the wife," bubbles Mary.

I tumble. I guess I grin sort of foolish like. I ain't quite got my breath back yet.

"Dear old Jack," says Mary. And she ain't talking to her husband. She's talking to *me*. "The boss is such a darling, and you're such a darling. I'm going to tell you a story. You remember my sister? The Demon Chaperone, you used to call her?"

"I'll say!" says I.

"Well," says Mary, "she was all of that. But what she taught me! Never used to give me a minute. Remember? Not a minute. Coach and tutor and mother and chaperon and everything else to me. And she taught me two things above everything else. Two things I'll never, never forget."

I got a hunch those two things ain't what I've come to hear. But I keep right on listening.

"One," says Mary, "was that you've got to be able to wait and willing to wait for your chance at the thing you want most in the world. The other was that you've got to work like mad with everything you've got, to make good at it when it comes. No matter what it is."

"But what's that got to do—" I starts.

"Just this," she interrupts. "I learned marriage and a job on the stage are things to be treated exactly alike if you want to make a success of 'em. I didn't jump at every chance I had to marry, any more than I jumped at every chance I had for a job. I waited till the right man came along. And when Jack did come along—well—ever since then I've been working at the rôle of wife just as hard as ever I worked at any other rôle I ever had. I study pleasing my husband and being a wife and managing a household just as hard as I ever studied lines and entrances and exits."

"I'm trying to follow you, Mary," I says.

"Here's what I'm trying to tell you," she flashes back at me. "Why, being a wife is my *job* now. I wanted it and I got it. It's the biggest job any woman ever gets, anywhere. It's a job a million women ought to be fired from, because they don't use their brains to shine at it."

"But, Mary," I puts in, "here the boss is offering you a star chance to shine at it."

"Listen," says Mary. "That husband of mine over there doesn't look like a wreck or a cripple, does he?"

I had to admit that if he did I'd got to revise my notion of wrecks and cripples.

"If he was," Mary goes on, "I'd go out and scrub floors for him if I had to, let alone grasping such an opportunity as the boss offers. But he isn't. It's his job now to fight for me, and it's my job to make a home for him. And when a husband has a fight on his hands in Bayou Cypress, Louisiana, that's where his wife belongs. Not on Broadway or in Hollywood or down at Palm Beach or anywhere else. Just at home!"

Gee, but that was a line! The good old hokum! I felt a shiver go up my backbone. Me! I could almost *hear* the old peanut gallery tear the roof off the house. Just the way they used to when Mary did her stuff and every guy who heard her loved her and hoped he'd have a chance to slug a villain for her sake, sometime, somewhere.

And Ralston just sat there and grinned. The lucky stiff. Just grinned. But when I come to think about it, what else was there for him to do?

I try to catch back. Oh, I'm clever!

"But listen, Mary," I tells her. "Can't you be more use to him helping him raise a war fund to fight these dirty low-life bums than you can just making him a home?"

Mary laughs that million-dollar laugh of hers and looks at her husband.

"John Henry Ralston," she says. "In the presence of a witness, now; and remember that what you say will be used against you. Did you marry me with the thrifty idea that some time I'd go out and lift the mortgage off the old homestead?"

Ralston chuckles and lights another cigarette. "Quit your kidding," is all he says.

I feel myself slipping. I look around at the furnishings of that library—those big, cool rooms.

"Then if he loses out in this fight you'll give up all this and live in some rented little cottage wherever he takes a job?" I shoot back at her.

"That's right where I'll be living," says Mary, and I'm damned if her voice ain't sort of singing. "I'll have *him*, won't I? And he'll have me. And we'll both have something I'm afraid you've got a lot to learn about, Jack Armstrong, you old dear. That's love. In our home. The home I'll make for him in a shack, if we have to."

Her eyes are shining now. Hopped on hokum! I hang on the ropes for a minute, hoping the old bean can produce something. But it can't. And then she shoots over the knockout punch.

"Suppose we wake up to-morrow flat broke," she says. "What of it? We're young yet. What's money? If anybody left the boss ten million dollars, how long do you think he could keep his hands off the theatre? You know perfectly well, you stupid old dear, that having money isn't half the fun there is in fighting to get it. I've had it. I know."

I look at Ralston, grinning over there like a Cheshire cat, and I stick up both my hands.

"Kamerad!" I croaks. "I'm licked."

"I told you," he says, chuckling, "that this was something for Mrs. Ralston to decide."

"She's decided it," says I. "And if it costs me my job I'm telling the slab-jawed world she's decided it right."

THEN the maid comes in. "Two gen'lem'n t' see Mista Jack," she says. "One's Mista Maitland. T'otheh says his name's Pinckney."

The grin that lights up young Ralston's face was pure Yale bulldog fighting stuff.

"Show 'em in before they start biting each other out in the hall," he says to the maid. He turns to Mary. "Douglas must have caught up with him while he was waiting for the Atchafalayà River auto ferry," he says. "Don't try to leave, either you or Mr. Armstrong. We may have some fireworks."

The maid brings in the pair of 'em. And young Ralston opens the ball. He acts like he believes Papa Joffre was right when he said the best defense is to hit the other guy.

"Mr. Maitland, here, is my lawyer, Mr. Pinckney," he says, short and sharp. "Mr. Armstrong is a friend. You both know Mrs. Ralston. Anything you've got to say to me you can say in front of them. Now don't waste time telling all about regrets you haven't got. I know already about the injunction you got to-day. Let's hear just what you hope to make by it, and don't waste time trying to camouflage it."

Bluff. Pure bluff. I had to hand it to the youngster. There he sat, licked to a frazzle, and you'd think to look at him he had a Morgan-Rockefeller combination back of him. It sort of got Pinckney's goat too. You could see he'd expected any one of sixteen other things than this. Here was a guy by all the rules of Wall Street ought to have been hollering for help and grateful if he could bootlick it out of somebody, and he was looking the cash kings' fair-haired boy square in his lamps.

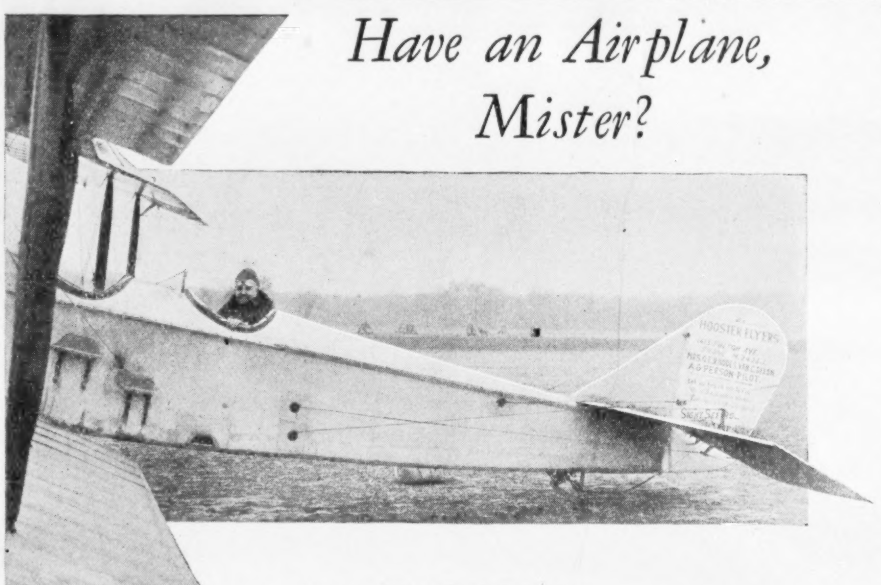
"What we *hope* to make by it?" he sneers. "Our organization doesn't do business in hopes, Ralston."

"Not any more than any other sure-thing player who stacks a deck," says Ralston, quiet like. "Just what *did* you come out here for, Pinckney?"

Pinckney's Angora is running loose now. "I came out here to buy out your interests at a reasonable appraisal," he says, "as part of the new organization of the cypress lumber business. But if you're aching for battle in the open market, instead, we can give you that. And you're not helping yourself any by

(*Continued on page 40*)

Have an Airplane, Mister?



By BERT VINCENT

WOMEN with time hanging heavily on their hands should take a tip from Mrs. Gertrude Rhodes of Evansville, Ind., and go into the airplane business.

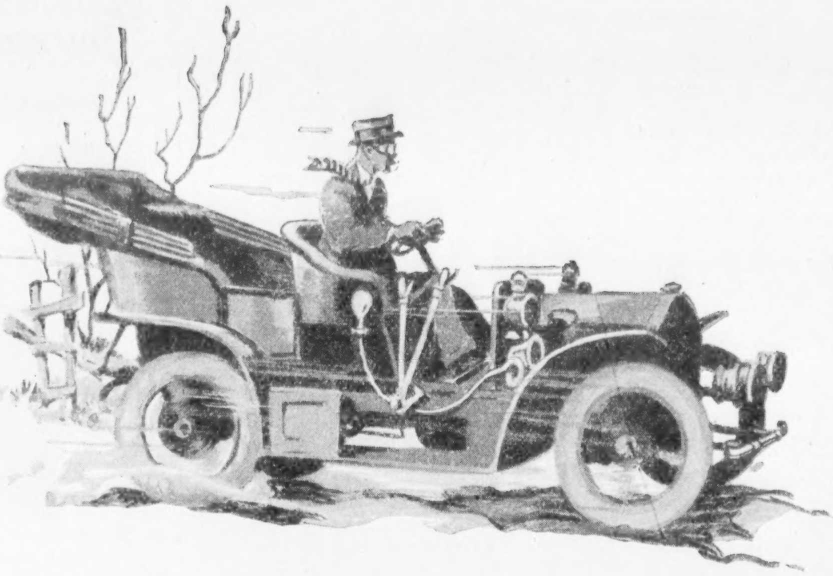
"There are enough thrills packed in one airplane ride to kill the effects of a whole month of monotonous life," Mrs. Rhodes says.

Mrs. Rhodes' recent experiences seem to bear her out in her contention. She owns seven airplanes and an airplane sales agency. Although fifty-one, she has learned to fly; and she drives her own plane when giving a demonstration to a prospective customer. Until a few months ago she owned a grocery in Evansville, Ind. She handed out matches, soap, flour. With the earnings she had a home built. Then the children married and went away. Offered a profit for her grocery, Mrs. Rhodes sold it.

Looking for excitement, she took a ride with a cross-country aviator. She liked the experience so much that she bought the machine and hired the former owner to teach her to fly it.

"Why not be an airplane saleswoman?" Mrs. Rhodes asked. No one could find a good reason against the idea except its danger, at which Mrs. Rhodes laughed. She ordered seven new airplanes, to be delivered as she sold them. She leased a flying field and contracted for a hangar. And her new business was under way.

"The old-fashioned picture of a mother sitting with hands folded, waiting, waiting—that's not for me!" vows Mrs. Rhodes. "Up and doing, that's my motto from now on."



When This Car Was the Latest Model

Gemco Engineers Set Out To Build The World's Best Bumper

Speed was a tame thing in those days. And car population was small. It took a great stretch of imagination to picture today's traffic dangers. But there were men who possessed this vision, who foresaw the growth of automobile traffic and the increasing need of bumper protection. In a small way, this group of men began to make bumpers. They chose a name and adopted this fixed policy: to make that name at all times stand for the world's best, as well as the industry's first bumper.

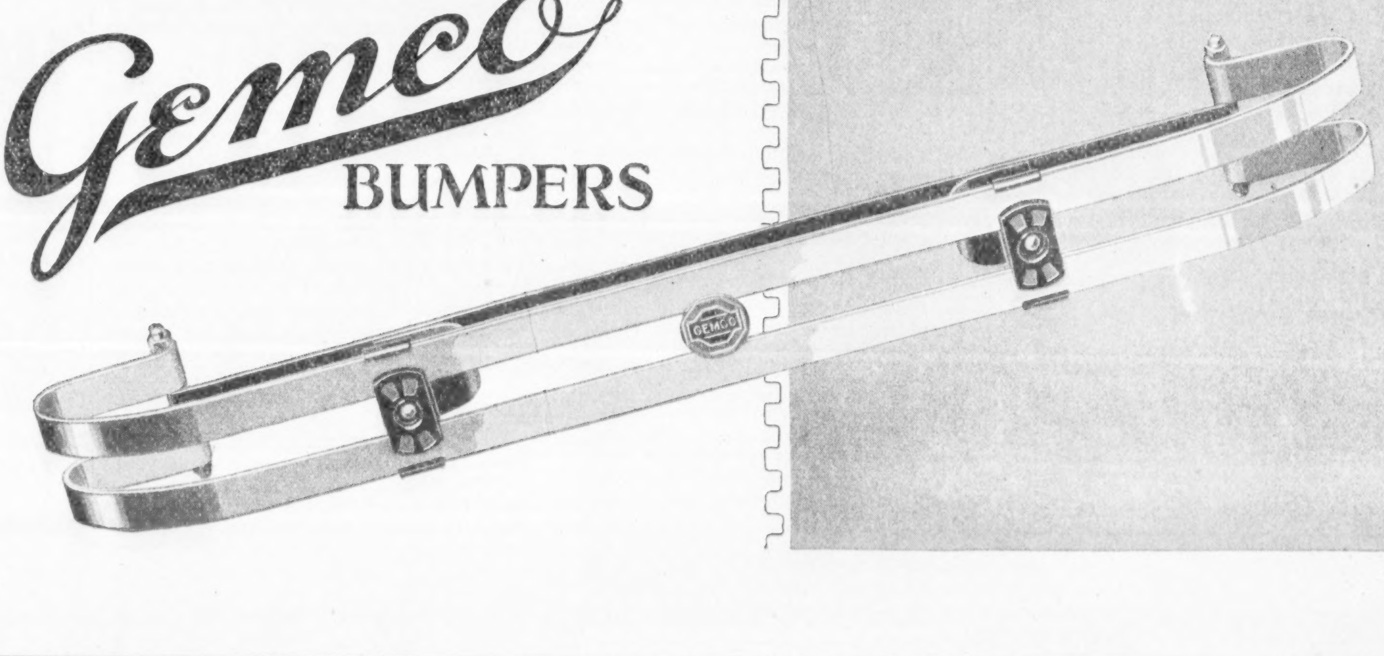
Out of this ideal has come a bumper of surpassing strength, resiliency and beauty. Broad experience built it. The Gemco is not an assembled bumper, but built, from raw steel to finished product, by men who know bumper requirements; completely Gemco-made.

Many exclusive processes have been developed in the Gemco plant. Chief among them are the Gemco method of tempering steel which produces great toughness and strength; and the Gemco process of nickel plating which provides a finish that defies rust. These and other improvements in bumper manufacture distinguish the Gemco for its greater protection and lasting beauty. And Gemco Bumpers are moderately priced. Look for the Gemco trade-mark—*there is no substitute for experience.*

GEMCO MANUFACTURING CO., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Gemco

BUMPERS



Two minutes a day keeps a cold away

You guard your teeth—why not your nose and throat?

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat there are countless tiny channels, or blood-vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away congestion. Often this succeeds, but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, widens the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it aids Nature to keep you healthy.

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? Food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation — the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will harden them and make them healthy.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium, and large size bottles.

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PREPARED ONLY BY
KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
MFG CHEMISTS
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Free
Two Weeks' Test

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New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name..

Address..

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Hokum in the Heart

Continued from page 38

calling better business men than you sure-thing players and deck-stacking gamblers."

"I know already about what your idea of 'reasonable appraisal' is," says Ralston with a grin. "And I'm not calling your associates deck-stacking crooks from hearsay. Suppose you listen to me a minute."

Short and snappy he gives him both barrels on the wrecking of those two saw rigs by the spike-driving husky. Pinckney sits there trying to look bored and wear one of those superior smiles at the same time.

"You'll have rather a time proving that my associates had anything to do with that," he says, when Ralston finishes.

"Well," begins Ralston, "that's what your sabotage specialist said. But we'll do our feeble best when—"

He looks around. The maid just outside the door was arguing with somebody and their voices had got loud.

"Yo' bet I'm goin' t' see Misteh Jack, me!" says the other voice. "I don' care who he's talkin' with."

AND in through the door walks the little Cajun I'd seen at the mill that afternoon—Achille Rambeau. He's smeared with mud, and he's carrying something I'll swear never came into a library before. Some evening caller! But young Ralston couldn't have welcomed the Prince of Wales any more than he did this guy.

"He come through, Misteh Jack! He sure as hell come through!" says Achille. "And will yo' look at w'at I got heah? I done dive in dat log pond an' I got it."

What he's got is a big copper-headed sledge-hammer. That's all.

"Did he make a statement, Achille?" asks Ralston, eager as a kid.

"*Sacre cochon!*" says Achille. "I say he make statement. He can't lick us all, so he make statement all right. He tell his real name befo' he stop! He tell who hire him and w'at he done been hired fo'. Dat town marshal, he got dat statement lock up in his safe, waitin' fo' yo'."

"Fine!" says Ralston. "Now you go home and get a night's sleep. You've earned it."

This bird Douglas Maitland, he ain't been doing any talking up to now, but here is where he steps in.

"I hardly need remind you, Mr. Pinckney," he said, "of how this evidence will sound in court in a countersuit charging conspiracy. These—ah—practices in restraint of trade are rather considered bad form by most federal judges these days. And such a countersuit coupled with our offer to bond your injunction against logging the Bouligny cypress tract—it would make a very pretty case, Mr. Pinckney."

"We have our legal department to take care of that, Mr. Maitland," said Pinckney, short and grouchy. You could see how much he didn't like this.

"You'll need it," says Maitland, polite and smiling as a dancing teacher. But his voice was full of dynamite.

Pinckney's goat bucks loose again. "If you get enough wood off that Bouligny tract to make a box of matches, you'll be doing well," he says. "This game hasn't started yet!"

"Pardon," says a voice in the doorway.

We all look up surprised.

There stands the old bird Mary and me picked up out of the ditch that afternoon. His broken arm is in splints and slung against his chest. He's dressed in those torn, spattered old clothes, with only one arm through a sleeve and the rest of his coat slung over his shoulder. He looks like the wreck of the Hesperus.

Mary gives a little cry and starts up from her chair and runs over to him. He holds out his good hand to her.

The two of them spatter French all over the landscape for a couple of minutes. We catch the word "Bouligny" a couple of times. The old-timer seems to be asking a lot of questions, and Mary seems to be answering them. Then she turns, and say—you ought to see the way her eyes are shining.

"Let me present you," she says, "to Monsieur Hugues de la Houssaye of Cypremort, who has no business to be out of bed, but who felt he must go on his way because he had a commission to perform for his friends. He has consented now to return to bed. Jack—" she nodded to her husband—"will you and Mr. Maitland come with me, if Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Pinckney will excuse us a minute, and help Monsieur de la Houssaye retire once more?"

Pinckney and I sit there for half an hour or more, smoking and looking at each other like a couple of sore-headed bears. Then down into the room comes Mary and Ralston and Maitland. And you ought to have seen their faces!

"Pinckney," says young Ralston, "you may remember enough of your history to recall it was Captain Philip of the Texas who said: 'Don't cheer, boys! The poor devils are dying!' That's the way I feel about you. Man, you don't know how badly you and your gang of crooks are licked. You came here to try to buy me out after you'd tried to wreck me the way your crowd wrecked my father. You can take my answer now. If I owned all the cypress in the world, I wouldn't sell you a splinter for a million dollars. Now go ahead and crack your toy whip."

He rang a bell on the library table. The maid comes in.

"Bring Mr. Pinckney's hat and show him out," says Ralston. "And have the house boy show him where the hotel is if he wishes to spend the rest of the night in Bayou Cypress."

Pinckney did all there was left for him to do. He beat it.

He ain't any more puzzled than I am.

"Say," I says, when the door shuts behind him, "do you business experts mind telling a simple-minded press agent how putting an old bird to bed makes you get this way?"

You should 'a' heard 'em laugh. It was Mary came to first.

"Since it's you, Jack," she bubbles, "we don't mind telling you in confidence. All that 'old bird' is, it happens, is the leader of a group of old-time Louisiana French folks who own the last big tract of cypress swamp down Cypremort way. Nobody has ever been able to induce them to sell. The United crowd has been pestering them for months. They decided finally to put it on the market, and picked him as chairman to go into the city to open negotiations with somebody they could trust. That's why he was in such a hurry to go on. They have old-fashioned ideas down here, Jack. He got my maid to help him dress and he was waiting down in the hallway to thank me for helping him, before he left, when he heard the name of his old friend Bouligny mentioned. He asked me what it was all about. I told him. We've closed with him for that cypress. My husband goes into the city to his bankers in the morning. However the Bouligny tract suit comes out, we've got the cypress. That's absolutely all, Jack!"

Did I add my three ringing cheers to the noise? I'll say I did.

NEXT morning Mary drives me down to the station to catch the rattler for New Orleans. Her husband and Maitland had left early in Maitland's car, to get to town quick.

"You tell the boss exactly what happened," says Mary. "And, Jack, old pal, tell him something more for me. Tell him he's an old darling to remember me. Tell him if I ever should go back to the old game, there's nobody in the whole world I'd go back for except him. Tell him I said he's got the finest special representative he possibly could have, and I'm going to write to him to confirm it."

She stops a minute, and I see she's flushing up a little.

"And, Jack," she says, "you're both such old, dear friends—tell him—that you and he are going to get an invita-

And Mother said: "You may get a package of Wrigley's too!"

The Wrigley Vendor

After buying the eggs, meat and breakfast food- "You may get a package of Wrigley's too."

Wise mother:-she rewards the little errand runner with something delicious, long-lasting and beneficial.

Happy, healthy children, with Wrigley's- and best of all - the cost is small!

A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

WRIGLEY'S
"after every meal"

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

THE FLAVOR
L-A-S-T-S

F25

tion to a—a—a christening party before long."

"The hell you say, Mary!" says I, grabbing her hand. "I can see now how that husband of yours can fight a trust barehanded!" And then I give her the best I know, bless her. "I hope it's a girl," I says, "and if she's half what her mother is, she'll knock this bat-eyed world for a row of Woolworth buildings!"

MARY'S eyes shining are the last things I see from the platform as the train rolls out of Bayou Cypress. I'm muttering to myself.

"Jack Ralston, you're the luckiest stiff in the world," is what I find I'm saying. Damned if I ain't forgot how hard I fell down on my first big job!

But I got time to remember, heading back to New York. I face the boss, kinda shivery inside. I come clean. The whole story. Start to finish.

"Um, hum," says the boss. "You're licked, all right. But do you know why you're licked?"

"I'm guessing," I says.

"I ain't," says the boss. "I know. You're licked because you were bucking the greatest force in the world, hokum!"

"Hokum?" I asks him.

"Hokum," says he. Usually the boss lets the other guy do the talking. But sometimes he orates. This was one of them times.

"Hokum is right!" he says. "Evidently you don't know what hokum is. I'll tell you. It's the crystallized judgment of the human race on what's the best in the hearts of men and women ever since they came out of the jungle and the cave. Hokum rules the world in the long run. 'Making the world safe for Democracy' was one of the greatest pieces of hokum I ever heard. Men died for it. 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!' That line of hokum sent a shiver up your back when you heard it as a school kid. It hits you yet. Miles Standish, when he ripped the bundle of arrows out of the snake skin and sent it back to the Indians stuffed with powder and bullets, pulled the greatest piece of pantomime hokum in history. Farragut's 'Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!' How's that for hokum? How about that sergeant of marines in the Argonne yelping to his squad: 'Come on, you sons of sea cooks! Do you want to live forever?' "

The boss stops for breath. "Hokum?" he says. "The highbrows make fun of it. But the guys you'd want to tie to in a pinch—they're the fellows who know down deep in their hearts that if it wasn't for hokum, this would be a hog wallow instead of a world for men and women.

"Why," says the boss, "a bunch of men got together in Philadelphia once and they pulled a line of hokum that was a world beater. 'All men are born free and equal,' they says. All they did was start the United States of America. We've got hokum in our hearts, and look at us. It made us the greatest nation in the world.

"Mary Blake's got hokum in her heart too," says the boss. "And it made her one of the great actresses. She knew it was the real heart-throb stuff. She acted it right because she lived it. And hokum's making her one of the greatest wives in the world to-day.

"What you saw down in Bayou Cypress," he says, "I've seen in an Al Woods show on Seventh Avenue. All Mary Blake was doing when she faced life in a shack to stick by her man was to live the greatest line of hokum old Bartley Campbell ever wrote."

"What's that?" I ask.

Says the boss: " 'Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.' And do you know why it was the greatest line Bartley ever put over?"

"Shoot," I tell him.

"George Ade hit it," says the boss. " 'Dammit,' " he says, " 'rags *are* royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!' That's why."

Yap-a-nee

Continued from page 28

his eyes burned till the woman who told the tale to others, later on, could not endure to look at them.

"Do you know anything of Fakfak?" he asked of Atu, mouthing his words as if his tongue was dry.

"I do know of him," answered Atu. "He is the brother of Kwattu, and Kwattu does not love you or Saonek. Lord, if harm has come to her, you shall give us both Fakfak and Kwattu to play with after our old fashion, and we will raise merrier sport than you have ever seen."

"Do not talk to me of sport," answered Howe, his breath failing so that he spoke on the indraw of the words. "Bring the young men and the canoes, and we will go out at once, and we will not leave a stone on the coast unturned."

"Lord, it is not on the coast you should look," said Atu.

"What do you mean?"

"They who have her do not live there. It may be they have been traveling in canoes, but now they will have returned to the forests."

"The cannibals? God!—"

"Lord, this man Fakfak took a wife from them; there is nothing about them that he does not know."

"Go to the house of Kwattu," roared Howe, in a voice like the bellow of some tormented beast. "Go and drag him forth— No—I will—" He ran, followed by the crowd of young men, and afterwards by Atu, making the best time that middle-aged legs, unspurred by terror, could compass.

There was no one in the house of Kwattu. Kwattu was not anywhere on the island. Quartering it as for a hunt, the young men searched, with shouts of excitement. No trace of the sorcerer could be found. Someone had seen his canoe come to the island in the night; but it was gone now, and so was he.

They were pausing to take breath on the edge of the beach, when a terrible cry from the white chief's house started them all running back again. They found Howe standing in the midst of the bedroom that had been his and Saonek's. Something was in his fingers, clutched tight—something that he had found laid out in the middle of Saonek's sleeping mat. It was a little, pretty hand, with a ring on it.

NO ONE, on the island of Soroekwari, or near it, ever saw the man Fakfak again. Kwattu, the sorcerer, was not seen for many moons after the steamer had come to Humboldt's Bay and taken the White Chief away. He boasted a good deal of his exploits—not excluding the last—and succeeded in getting the island, now masterless, to take him at his own valuation. When a squad of Amboynese police sent down at fearful expense from the Moluccas, landed on Soroekwari and arrested him for murder of a British subject, namely Saonek, Baroness Burntisland, not all the young men were as pleased as they ought to have been, and very few were glad when they heard he had been taken to Amboyna and there hanged. You see, he was such an excellent sorcerer.

Conway, Baron Burntisland, died this year. He married before he died; it is possible that the barony may not become extinct. Lady Burntisland (a well-connected girl, not young, who "went in" before her marriage for social service) found him a faithful but not an affectionate husband. When he was dying (of the obscure trouble, lately returned, that had sent him traveling in nineteen twenty) he was a little delirious; it was noticed that he did not mention Lady Burntisland's name. He talked a good deal in foreign tongues, and repeated certain words over and over. Quite secretly, Lady Burntisland was, and is still, jealous of a girl whom she takes to have been called "Yap-a-nee." She is sure Yap-a-nee was a minx. . . .

AFTER shaving, especially in cold weather, your face demands Aqua Velva

How a Coast Guard protects his skin from bitter Arctic winds

A COAST GUARD, at sea in the north Pacific Ocean, writes: "After shaving, the protection afforded to one's face in these cold Arctic Ocean winds by Aqua Velva is very noticeable."

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Aqua Velva *conserves the natural moisture of the skin.* It keeps the face from getting rough, chapped, drawn and tight.

If the skin is left *unprotected* these things will happen no matter how perfect your shave may have been. And powders, so often used after shaving, absorb moisture and so serve only to emphasize such troubles. Aqua Velva keeps the face like *velvet* all day long.

Pleasant, scientifically effective, expressly made for after shaving:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
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—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Try the FREE test bottle. Use the coupon or say "Aqua Velva" on a post card. The large 5-ounce bottle costs 50 cents (60 cents in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

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By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

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Send me the FREE test bottle of Aqua Velva

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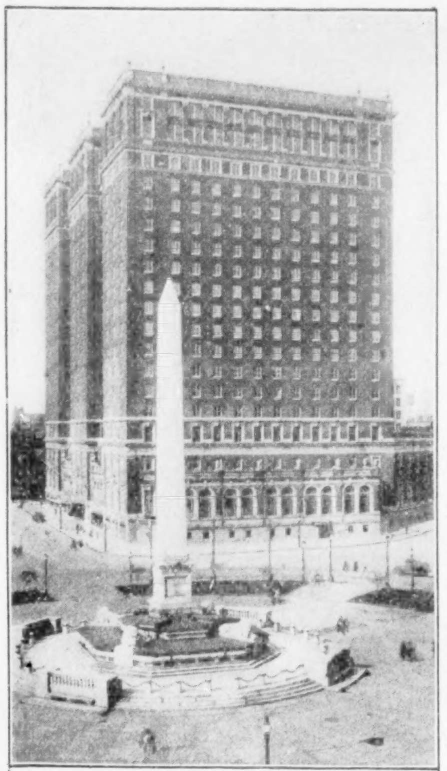


In the new
HOTEL STATLER
at Buffalo
WILDROOT
TAROLEUM
is favorite

Chris. Miller, manager of the barbershop in the new Hotel Statler at Buffalo, says this:

"If I could dictate to our customers what shampoo they should have, I would insist on their using Wildroot Taroleum, because it not only cleanses the scalp and hair but gives fresh life and vigor with its crude-oil base blended with pine-tar. And, as a matter of fact, most discriminating customers already insist upon it."

Taroleum will delight you. It is luxurious, and yet it is economical. A tablespoon is all that is required as a shampoo. And the large 6-oz. bottle costs only 50c. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT
TAROLEUM
The wonderful new crude-oil hair-wash

A Leatherneck

Continued from page 19

sloppy work by the police. Butler had to tear into things through the summer harder than ever.

He did tear and he gained ground. He had made of the good-natured, easy-going, generally fat policemen in Philadelphia a very fair imitation of a modern police force. They wore smart uniforms, with their guns and clubs in plain sight. They stayed on the streets where they were supposed to be.

"Only last spring," one Philadelphian told me, "my wife was chased into our house by a couple of rough guys. The other night I stopped to fix the lights of my car at the corner, and two policemen were out on me like a flash, to see what was going on. That's what Butler did to the police force."

He Broke the Strutters

HE MADE it about ten times as hard to get a drink in Philadelphia as it is in New York. But perhaps the outstanding achievement was that there had not been a robbery under arms, a real bandit job, for eight weeks in the summer. These gentry had found no safe place to hide in Philadelphia, because Butler had made powerless their friends on the police force and in politics. He had redistricted the most important part of the city.

"The redistricting itself wasn't so important," one old police official told me. "It wasn't that so much as it was that we broke the strut of the district leader. Nowadays he don't dare walk up to the cop on the beat and say, 'Tom, go easy with Tony's place,' or 'Tom, come in here, I want to talk to you.' That's what made the police work effective—and that's what caused the row.

"We're having no trouble with the real leaders; we never did. But these little strutters, who lived on their ability to get things done like that, are the ones we've hurt, and they're the ones that are trying to hurt us."

As Butler came nearer to physical collapse through these bitter days of underground fighting during the summer, Mayor Kendrick became angry. He was losing The Organization support he had grown on and the church-folk support he had hoped to acquire. In September he let it be known that he had written a letter demanding the resignation of the General.

Butler's enemies had made use of a powerful weapon. They had told the Mayor—and produced much evidence to prove the telling—that Butler was shattering the morale of the police. The police morale was, as a matter of fact, pretty badly shattered. But it was shattered by the atmosphere of uncertainty that surrounded its head.

And just as the Mayor let it be known that he had written this letter—he hadn't seen Butler personally for two months—Butler collapsed. He went to bed and he stayed there. The Mayor gallantly announced that he would not send the letter until Butler was well.

But neither Butler in bed nor the Mayor with his letter realized that three months of heretical insult had broken the spell of the small gods of Philadelphia, the open town and The Organization.

The bandits had been driven from town; prohibition was at least not openly flaunted; and Chestnut Hill and the Main Line suburbs began to realize that the reason its payrolls were safe was because the old alliance among police, politics, and vice had been broken.

And very incensed citizens began to gather into meetings and write letters to the Mayor.

"I had the guts to hire him; I've got the guts to fire him," was the Mayor's answer to all this.

But it was an answer that was about as effective as the old lady's broom or King Canute's command against the tides of the sea. There came a Sunday night upon the morrow of which Director Butler was to return to his office and the Mayor was to send his letter firing him. On that night in the biggest hall in Philadelphia there gathered the wildest meeting that Philadelphia had ever known. Church and reform organizations united with representatives of the biggest business in town and told the world in no uncertain terms that Butler was to stay.

On Monday morning it was announced from the Mayor's office that the letter firing Butler would not be sent. It was announced that on Saturday night—before the mass meeting and all that fuss—"if they'd asked me to speak to them I could have told them," said the Mayor—that representatives of the Chamber of Commerce had talked to both the Mayor and the General and that peace had been made.

And once Butler and the people of Philadelphia, freed by him of the spell of the small gods, had won their fight, Washington backed him up nobly. President Coolidge demanded that the Mayor assure him that Smedley Butler would be supported and "treated right" or else Washington would call him back and put him to duty with the marines.

Butler doesn't hold much with the tactics of killing the wounded. He called on the Mayor his first day back in the City Hall. He had made a pilgrimage during his long convalescence. He had led a delegation of the Catholic members of the force to the great demonstration of the Holy Name Society in Washington. Smedley Butler stopped swearing at the Mayor and at the cops. He even stopped swearing at the politicians. But this is what he said to the first meeting of lieutenants he addressed upon his return.

"I'm all patched up and ready to go," said he, "ready to go just like we started last January. To be explicit we're going to go like h—, like the old Harry. There's to be no more foolishness. You understand what that means. It covers everything. Excuses don't go from now on."

The Note of Tragedy

THEN he outlined his plan for getting a line on the 3,000 men out of the force's 4,200 he felt were not coöperating with him. Two hundred, he said, he knew to be actively against him. But his method now is to pick up a patrolman from his beat in his own car and then, unless the street sergeant reports the man's absence, to fine the sergeant $25 and put him back in the ranks. He warned them that the discovery of a still or a disorderly house in their territory meant immediate preferment of charges. Then he continued:

"Aside from these defects, which can be remedied, you are right now, without exception, the finest police force in the United States. We have endless evidence of that. The sole remaining trouble is that of political influence.

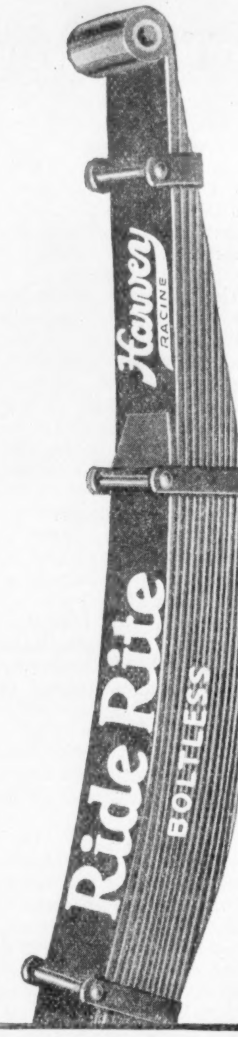
"Only people who are thoroughly corrupt would influence a policeman to do anything. When we eliminate entirely this influence—this dastardly influence—we will be a long step nearer our goal.

"It is not a question of following me or any individual man, but a question of following the principle of law and order. We want a safe and decent place for our children to grow up in. We want to satisfy the need for protection which every citizen at some time feels. After all, it is not the rich, but the baby-coach-pushing occupants of two-story houses who are the backbone of this city, and it is them we must first serve.

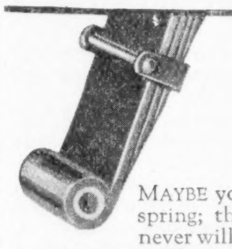
"And I'm going to stay here for many years," he ended, "unless God takes me away."

And there, in that conclusion, lies the element of tragedy in the whole tale. Butler has thrown down the small gods, the false gods of this town. But he slipped away from his cops when he finished this talk. He dropped into a chair and gasped. The doctors say it is nothing organic. But Butler's stout heart shows an actual muscular strain.

To change the small gods of a town is a heart-breaking task.



Think about
your springs
for a minute or two



MAYBE you never broke a spring; that's no sign you never will. Maybe your car rides very easily; it might ride easier.

Harvey Springs are a result of engineering design; not just leaves put together in the shape of a spring. The number and shape of the leaves; their length and thickness; the way they're assembled; the steel and its treatment; all these make a difference.

The difference is in longer life to the springs; and easier riding.

We make springs for the job they have to do; special steel made for us, specially forged and treated by us. Designed scientifically for easy riding and long service. Guaranteed to fit.

When you need springs, ask for Harvey Springs. There's a service station that can supply them.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING COMPANY
Dept. A, Racine, Wis.

We have a new spring oiling device, and oil to go with it. Better use them on your car. A well oiled spring is better and lasts longer. Send for the booklet, "Springs and their care."

Harvey
RACINE

The Story of the Moral Code

Continued from page 6

Thorndike that he believed that it was not knowledge but ideals and habits of thought that really make us what we are in point of character; he insisted that knowledge alone, such as we were cramming into the heads of our children—the three R's, for instance—did not develop character, and he set out to prove it.

He had assistance and advice from the most eminent psychologists in Columbia. He was trying something brand new.

And at the end of two years after his extensive tests, which he himself devised, he wrote a thesis which gained for him the distinction of a Ph. D. at Columbia University and started the entire pedagogical world upon a new tack.

The newest news in the school world is that moral training of school children is not only possible, but that it works without failure.

A Composite Code

I TALKED to young Dr. Voelker the other day in the town of Olivet, Mich., where he is now a full-fledged college president.

"Surely," he said, "morals can be taught to our children, but how shall we teach them? Great students are working throughout the United States trying to find out the best method. If we could find the right way—and we will some day—of teaching morals, we would have a new kind of United States in the next ten years; we would have something as epoch-making as any of our greatest inventions."

And then he told me that only recently in California, with the assistance of Stanford University and the officials of the Whittier State School there, an even more advanced study than his own, but based on the principles he had developed, had been prepared by Vernon N. Cady, which more than substantiated everything that Dr. Voelker had discovered.

"The several hundred boys with whom I dealt showed an improvement in trustworthiness of over 22 per cent," he told me, "and I was only feeling my way, sort of blazing the trail. I think the teachers of America can do far better than this before long. The public schools have much to learn from Boy Scout methods, and the methods of the Girl Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls. We'll find the way, never fear."

I left him, after hearing about Jimmy and the other boys in his classes and something about the tests for boys in over twenty schools in California, which involved some twenty-two hundred subjects and seven hundred teachers and principals, feeling as if I had been talking to a new Edison—an Edison of the motive power of life.

Turn back to page 5 and you will see the result of the effort of thousands of Collier's readers to launch "Instruction in plain, unvarnished morality" for American children of school age.

Rightly enough, these thousands of parents who helped by their advice, suggestion, and criticism to furnish the materials and thought which went into this code, believe that some effort ought to be made in our public schools to give the children something more than the three "R's."

In Collier's for September 6, 1924, there appeared a statement "To Mothers and Fathers, and to Every One of Our Readers, of Every Faith and of Every Denomination."

In this statement the question was put: "Is it wise to leave our children without any training in a moral code? Are the three 'R's' more important than the knowledge of right and wrong? *How shall we select these fundamentals?*

"Let our readers, Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, or of other faiths, send to us the fundamental truths suitable in their opinion for this school code."

This code grows directly out of the immediate and immense response from every corner of the country and from every walk in life, from great educators in Washington and in the state capitals down to teachers in country schools, from fathers and mothers, from prison convicts, from famous criminologists, and from the children themselves.

This code is a crosscut of American opinion.

"In God We Trust" was chosen as part of the code of morals because it is *the* religious motto of our nation, and a majority of readers suggested that some recognition of religion be made in the code. It comes from no religious creed, nor from any version of the Bible. Instead, indeed, it comes from our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The story of the motto itself is a thrilling one. If it is not known in our schools it ought to be.

During the Civil War, when the clouds were blackest for this nation, a small-town clergyman named Watkinson wrote to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury. This letter ran in part: "You are probably a Christian. What if our Republic were now shattered beyond reconstruction? *Would not the antiquarian of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past that we were a heathen nation?"* Watkinson suggested that the words "God, Liberty, Law" be placed on our coinage.

This letter from this simple man—it is carefully preserved in the archives at Washington—moved Secretary Chase to instant action. He wrote this short letter to the Director of the Mint:

"Treasury Department,
"November 20, 1861.

"Dear Sir:

"No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins.

"You will cause a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay with the motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words possible this national recognition. *Yours truly,*
"S. P. Chase."

It was Chase himself who finally selected the phrase "In God We Trust," taking it from a line in the national anthem.

By Act of Congress

ONE time a President, Theodore Roosevelt, attempted to remove this phrase from certain of our coins. It was discovered that the use of this phrase had not been made imperative by the war-time Congress, and even while President Roosevelt was trying to defend his action Congress met in May, 1898, and by a vote of 259 ayes to 5 noes, with 120 absent or not voting, passed an act making it compulsory to use this phrase upon gold and silver coinage.

But to-day we have gone a step further. Upon our humblest coin, the beautiful Lincoln penny, the motto appears over the head of Lincoln. It is a motto that is in the pockets of our school children.

President Roosevelt's argument against the use of the motto was that its familiar use on the coinage came "close to sacrilege."

"A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated," he said, "only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit.

"It is a motto which is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls and in such buildings as those at West Point and Annapolis. . . ."

If Roosevelt wanted to have the motto stand in the schools of our fighting men at West Point and Annapolis, why should it not stand, as part of a code of morals, in all the schoolrooms of the land?

This book is the key to real business success

Do your own
PRINTING
with the
MULTIGRAPH
GOING AFTER THE CUSTOMER

Successful experiences of eighty (80) users are told in this book.

Sending for these books does not obligate you in any way.

Two Books FREE

The Multigraph is the back-bone of direct-mail advertising. Tens of thousands are in use. It reproduces form letters in a personal way, and prints artistically and economically. It is simple to operate, a pleasure to use and can be purchased on easy payments.

Is Your Business Listed Here?

Agencies
Associations
Banks
Brokers
Builders
Churches
Clubs
General Stores
Government Depts.
Hotels
Insurance
Investment Houses
Jobbers
Libraries
Lumber
Lodges
Mail Order
Manufacturers
Municipal Depts.
Public Service Corp's.
Publishers
Retailers
Schools, etc.
Specialty Concerns
Wholesalers

Then a Multigraph Will Save You Money

Walter Sharp, "From factory to you" business man of Los Angeles, suddenly ran out of a special system-form. *With his Multigraph* he printed 1,000 of them in one hour. *That's service!*

Temple, Oklahoma, is but a speck on the map, but the B. & O. Cash Store in that town of 905 people does a million-dollar business in a year. *Their advertising is printed on the Multigraph.* Business comes from all over the country, mail-orders amounting to nearly $100,000 annually.

You'll Find the Multigraph Will Save You Money.

Don't turn to the next page without clipping the coupon below and mailing it. *It will save you money.*

Remember that *success strikes you where you live. More profits* mean something. *Go get them!*

One tells how to *save* money and *earn* money—how to print at savings of from 25% to 75%—how to make your sales and advertising work more effective—how to put variety into your sales promotion work—BY USING THE MULTIGRAPH.

It is a book in keeping with this remarkable machine. Full of pictures of the equipment, instructions explaining how to use it, type faces, borders, ready-to-print cuts available to Multigraph users—everything you want to know before selecting the exact equipment for your needs.

The other book, now in its second edition, *tells how others have increased sales and profits and have saved money on printing.* Satisfied users wrote it, eighty of them contributing photographs, samples of their work, and explaining in detail what the Multigraph has accomplished for them. It has been well called "the greatest collection of *definite facts* on direct-mail advertising ever printed."

How It Saves

If you really want success, begin practicing economy in your printing.

H. J. Borgmann Co., Stamford, Conn., saved $800 on printing in four months.

The Frank E. Davis Fish Company, Gloucester, Mass., report, "Savings for the year of $12,600.46."

Howard Automobile Company, Los Angeles, Cal., saved $344.00 in "*A typical month*".

The Engineers Club, Philadelphia, reduced their printing bills fully $800.00 a year *by using the Multigraph.*

"*Just when we want it*" is of more importance to Lord and Taylor, New York City, than the mere saving of 33⅓% on the printing of letters, bulletins, forms, etc. The Multigraph saves them *time* and *plenty of money.*

Harding Bros., Emporia, Va., say, "We hardly see how we could do without it (the Multigraph) *and stay in business.*"

The Syracuse Washing Machine Company (the *Easy Washer*) paid for their complete Multigraph investment *the very first year* through savings on *imprinting* alone.

How It Sells

And as for selling! Walter Sharp Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, B. & O. Cash Store at Temple, Okla., Marquette Variety Store, Chicago, Ill., The Charles Co., Napoleon, O., The France Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O., Sheller Motor Co., Sunnyside, Wash., are a few examples—*all tell remarkable stories of sales achievements with the help of the Multigraph.*

And for *variety* of uses, read these! The Industrial Bureau of the Board of Trade of Baltimore estimate that the Multigraph was of real aid in attracting $42,000,000 worth of plant and equipment to that city.

One mailing of a Multigraphed letter developed a $5,000 policy, a $10,000 policy and three income policies for the Little Rock agency of the Aetna Life Insurance Company.

A mere Multigraphed postal card mailed to 191 farmers sold a carload of salt for the Maxwell Company, Epworth, Ia. Cost-per-ton selling, 22 cents.

In the East, West, North, and South, in businesses large and small, *the Multigraph is paying for itself over and over again.* Use the coupon for vital information!

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1808 E. 40th St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE MULTIGRAPH

If You Want to Save Money on Printing and Increase SALES and PROFITS

Get this coupon into the mails, and consider that you've done yourself a good turn. Send no money, but *do* check the coupon carefully. Any concern spending $100 or more a year should have a Multigraph. These books will bring you the facts that prove it.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY

Check Uses You Are Interested In and Mail Coupon Today

My Business Is: ____________________

NAME ____________________

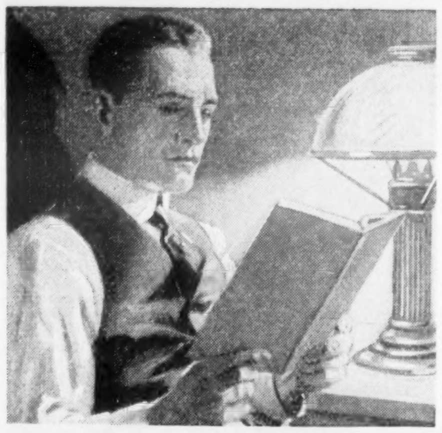
ADDRESS ____________________ C. 1-17

Printing

☐ Billheads, Statements
☐ Booklets and Folders
☐ Direct-Mail Advertising
☐ House Organs
☐ Imprinting
☐ Office-Forms
☐ Receipts, Checks, etc.
☐ Shop-Forms
☐ Stationery
☐ Store-Papers

Typewriting

☐ Bulletins
☐ Form Letters
☐ Envelope-Stuffers
☐ Inside System-Forms
☐ Notices
☐ Price Lists
☐ Reports



$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare-time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the thousands of I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare-time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4130, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Banking Law
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Better Letters
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Business English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Metallurgy ☐ Mining
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blue Prints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name...
Street Address.. 3-6-24
City..............................State..............................
Occupation..

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Sell Tailoring

Earn liberal steady income, sell fine tailored-to-order all-wool suits at $31.50 direct to wearer, 100 styles. All one price, biggest values. Sell on sight. Biggest commissions, paid in advance. We deliver and collect. 6x9 swatch samples sent FREE. Representatives earn $85 and up weekly. Write today.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. A-431, Chicago

Solve Cross Word Puzzles 50,000 Synonyms Ross Pub. Co. $1.00 Mail

Dept. D-1613 Franklin Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-5, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.**

PATENTS Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of invention for *Free* Examination and Instructions.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

CHECK SNEEZING COLDS
Rub nasal passage with
Mentholatum
COOLING, ANTISEPTIC, CLEARS HEAD
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
By JACK BINNS.

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS.

Another Prize to Win

FOR the best letters of not more than 200 words, answering the question "Where is the best broadcasting?" $100 will be paid, divided as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20. Letters must reach the office by January 31st. None can be returned. Address Jack Binns, in care of Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York. A more detailed announcement of the contest was printed in the issue of January 10th.

Panning the Waves

NORMAN RUSSELL of St. Louis suggests a substitute for the loud speaker. "Tune in the station wanted as loud as possible and then clamp the ear-phones on an aluminum pan. The station will be heard any place in an ordinary-sized room."

Exit Clickety-Click

AMATEUR organizations, such as the American Radio Relay League, have done wonderful work in getting transmitting amateurs to change from sparks to tubes. They can complete their task by advising suitable means of filtering out "key clicks" which tear up the ether when John W. Amateur goes dot-and-dashing across the continent. These clicks have become quite a source of annoyance to the BCL.

Let's Try It Anyway

AT THE time of the Washington Conference, before the decision upon super-power was taken, we ventured to write a paragraph predicting that no matter what the decision might be, the subject would plague us for the rest of the year. The Secretary of Commerce, and every other radio agency, have been flooded with propaganda against the use of high power. Why not look at it broadly? Who can tell what super-power will do? The best way to find out is to try it. Should the fears of those opposed to it materialize, there is ample leeway under Secretary Hoover's power to rectify the situation. What would happen to progress generally if we permitted every adverse view to stop us from trying out a project?

Gas-Cooled Tubes

TRANSMITTING tubes filled with helium gas have been used at seventeen of the largest broadcast stations for the past six months, according to a writer in Q. S. T. The gas exerts a cooling effect upon the tube, it is said. The tubes are experimental ones and have been quite successful. They should be ideal for the Shenandoah and the Los Angeles.

Noblesse Oblige

WE COULD never understand why keen business executives should submerge all human attributes in their dealings with competitors. After all, success in business is greatest where acquaintanceship is most widespread; and acquaintance is the first step toward friendship. With these beliefs, it was a distinct pleasure to us the other evening to hear one metropolitan broadcast station announce to its listeners that its rival—which operated on the same wave length—could be heard on another wave temporarily assigned to it. There had been a clash in program periods, but the executives of the two stations—with commonsense aforethought—got together with the local radio supervisor. A brief discussion and the temporary accommodation solved an embarrassing situation and rendered a real service to the public.

Internal Static

L. G. B. of Chicago asks this: "I built a five-tube set, but when I turn it on I get terrible frying and crashing noises. Is this caused by static?"

Well, L. G. B., you can soon determine that. Disconnect the aërial and ground. Then set your three tuning dials at widely different numbers. If you still get the noise it must be in the set. Loose or faulty connections are undoubtedly the cause, and they may exist in any part of the receiver. It means careful overhauling and testing.

"The Next Voice You Hear"

STUDENTS from the high schools of New York City are to be given an opportunity of trying out their voices as announcers at Station WNYC—the Municipal Voice of Greater New York.

Increasing the Odds

W. J. B. of Ithaca, N. Y., writes that as long as there are so many radiating receivers in the country he will be in favor of a multiplicity of broadcast stations. The theory back of his stand on this subject is simply one of percentages. The more transmitting stations there are, he says, the less chance there is that every squealing receiver will be able to heterodyne on the wave of the station which he is desirous of hearing.

The Air Way to Fame

I AM indebted to Arthur E. Tucker of Schenectady for this item: "'Silence,' a play by Max Marcin, was recently broadcast, before its opening in New York City, by the WGY players, Miss Rosaline Greene, a student at the New York State Normal School, playing the leading rôle. Mr. Marcin, who was listening to his play by radio, was so impressed by Miss Greene's interpretation of the part that after an interview she was engaged to understudy the leading lady in the New York company. All of which demonstrates that radio offers wonderful opportunities for those who aspire to the stage."

A New Song of Hate

RADIO as an entertainment is going to exert a tremendous effect on business. Out on the Great Lakes the ferry companies have already aroused their shippers who are radio fans. The president of a company in Green Bay, Wis., in a letter to the local railroad company ordering a shipment, completes his letter thus:

"See if you cannot use your endeavors to get these people (the ferry owners) to get a spark system more up to date so that all their shippers will not spend every evening hating the ferry company."

Everybody's Doing It

THOUSANDS seek patents on radio ideas and apparatus. This is as it should be. The more inventors and inventive effort, the faster and greater will be the progress. Nothing since the dawn of civilization has so stimulated the mind and imagination as radio.

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS'
FIELD GLASSES
Brand New

8 Power $9.85 Postpaid

Genuine German War glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built regardless of cost according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition.

Shipped promptly upon receipt of check or money order for $9.85, under positive guarantee of full cash refund for any glasses returned.

Order your field glasses today

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest importers of field glasses in America
93 N. Federal St. Boston, Mass.

One of many everyday uses.

For Removing Chewing Gum

from Carpets, Rugs, Upholstery, Clothing Shoes, Floors, etc., read directions on label and in booklet under label of every bottle.

For Safety's Sake-demand

CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine Naphtha or Gasoline
Cannot Burn or Explode

Ask for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

WONDERFUL POULTRY BOOK 144 PAGES 200 Pictures

The Nation's Greatest Poultry Manual, tells about Mrs. Berry's success with Pure Bred Poultry and Hatchery, also about feeding, housing, diseases and remedies. Makes LOW PRICES on Pure-Quality Fowls, Eggs, Chicks, Supplies, etc. Send 5c to help mail. BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, CLARINDA, IOWA

CHICKS ON LOW TERMS

Baby chicks shipped parcel post prepaid and guaranteed. 20 kinds to select from. Order early and get special prices. Big illustrated catalog and poultry guide free.
Colonial Poultry Farms Box 813 Pleasant Hill, Mo.

BOOTH BETTER BRED CHICKS

Postpaid. **100% live arrival** guaranteed. Purebred Barred Rocks, Reds, Anconas. 25, $4.50; 50, $8; 100, $15. Leghorns, 100, $13; 500, $60; etc. **12 other breeds.** Bank reference. **Free catalog.**
BOOTH FARMS Box 712 CLINTON, MO.

Poultry Miller's American Lessons

A complete course telling all about care, feeding and raising chickens for profit. IDEAL INCUBATORS—Hot Water and Electric—IDEAL Brooders—Coal and Oil Burning—Baby Chicks, Eggs, for Hatching. Special Low Prices. **FREE**
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Rockford, Ill.

"Please send two more"

Miss E. W. Forrest of New Haven, Conn., is a radio fan who knows the value of a radio map. She ordered one recently and then wrote: "It is the finest thing—and so complete and comprehensive. Please send me two more as soon as possible."
Radio fans can get the Collier's Radio Map by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to—
Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 416 West 13th St., New York City

Men and Women

Cash in on the Great Demand for
Dr. Lawton's Reducing Garment

Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer is a tremendous seller. One agent, a woman, made $24 the first day out. Collect large commissions in advance. It sells on sight. Reduction absolutely guaranteed.

We want a representative in your section. Write for selling plan at once.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
Dept. 41-A, 19 W. 70th Street, New York City

play your way ahead

LEADING professionals, like Carroll Martin, famous trombonist of Isham Jones' Orchestra choose Conn instruments because of Conn supremacy in tone, tune, mechanism and *easy playing* qualities. You'll get ahead *faster with a Conn*, socially or professionally —win new friends, make big money if you choose.

Carroll Martin

Cultivate Your Musical Bump

Conn is the only maker of every instrument for band; saxophones, trombones, cornets, etc. Write now for Free Book "Success in Music and How to Win It," by Sousa and other artists, and details of *Free Trial offer*. Mention instrument.

C.G.Conn,Ltd., 109 ConnBldg.,Elkhart,Ind.

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

LAW **STUDY AT HOME**

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win the highest positions and biggest success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students practicing law in every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 140-L Chicago

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Learn Stenography at Home

EARN $25 TO $40 A WEEK
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOKKEEPING taught by our advanced home study method, makes you expert in short time. Fits you for private secretary. Earn while you learn. Practice in spare time. We furnish typewriter. Enormous demand for operators. Free employment service. Hundreds successful graduates. Don't start any business course until you get our **free scholarship plan**. Send for book today.

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YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Do you want to have an independent, profitable business of your own which will pay you well for every hour you give it?

Demas Hoover of Ohio

That is just what Demas Hoover of Ohio wanted when he became a representative for ***Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor,*** and ***Farm and Fireside.***

In twelve years he has built up a business that pays him hundreds of dollars in cash each year; and it is steadily growing.

You can build the same kind of business in your own town.

Let me tell you about it, without obligation to you.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-12
The Crowell Publishing Company
416 W. 13th St., New York City.

Dear Sir: Will you tell me how I can have my own business right at home?

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN and STATE

"Tex" O'Reilly

Continued from page 7

plague through the city. For two hours I held that post. It was the longest two hours of my life. About the time I was due to be relieved, a Spanish doctor, one of those employed by the hospital, came out from the city and took charge. He soothed the crazed patients, and drove them back to their rooms. Together we nailed up the gate. Then I sat down and had a chill. It might have been malaria, but I think it was nerves. The memory of that evening will never leave me.

There was another wild experience with the Chinese which occurred a few years later. At the time I was a green recruit in the International Police of Shanghai. One night as I was going on duty the old desk sergeant said:

"Look out for the moon about eleven o'clock."

At eleven I was patrolling on the Foochow Road, the native Broadway of Shanghai. For more than a mile, the theatres, sing-song shops and restaurants lined both sides of the street.

Suddenly that mob of Chinamen went crazy. Crowds rushed out of the theatres, yelling like lunatics. Hundreds of others on the housetops bombarded the sky with giant firecrackers. I looked up and saw that a shadow was creeping over the moon. It was an eclipse. Later I learned that the Chinese have an ancient superstition that an evil dragon occasionally tries to swallow the moon. By much noise he can be frightened into disgorging his prey.

Slowly the shadow crossed the moon, and the pandemonium increased. But at last it disappeared and the din died away. It was a bewildering experience to see ten thousand Chinese go raving mad.

The Greatest Thrill

ONCE I experienced the sensation of death itself. I was an officer in the insurgent army fighting against President Castro in South America.

It was not much of a war. Our outfit was trapped near the town of Victoria, over six hundred men were killed and the survivors scattered in the jungle. For weeks we dodged about through the wilderness, chased by companies of soldiers.

I was slightly wounded and succumbed to a severe attack of the black water fever. My fellow fugitives, deciding that I did not have a chance to live, abandoned me in an Indian village.

For days I lay on my bunk. One night I felt that I was dying. I grew so weak that I couldn't raise my hand or whisper. Finally I lost the sense of sight and hearing, although my mind seemed clear. Then, believing that it was the last minute of my existence, I could no longer struggle to think.

When I awoke it was the next day. My eyes were clear, my skin was cool, and I felt a strange sensation of strength tingling through my nerves. I experimented by raising my head. Then I tried lifting my hand. It worked. I realized that I was going to live. That moment was one of the great thrills of my life.

There are many other incidents that are indelibly stamped in my memory. But what was the *greatest* thrill?

It came to me last week. My eldest son entered Columbia University this year. A few days ago I was an excited bystander at his freshman class rush. As he fought his way through the ranks of the hostile sophomores I found myself yelling like a Kiowa Indian.

The class battle continued over two hours. When it ended the lad walked by with the clothes half torn from his back, but with a wide grin on his battered face. He had defended his "freshie" cap. I think at that minute I felt the greatest thrill of all.

That boy is not going to be an aimless wanderer over and under the world. If I see any indications that he has inherited the curse of the meandering foot from his father I will nail his shoes to the floor.

You Men

Owe to yourselves these whiter teeth

You know that whiter teeth are possible, for you see them everywhere today. Millions attain them through a new method of teeth cleaning. Accept this test and in ten days note what it means to you.

Film is unclean

That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds them and destroys them. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discolored, forms dingy coats, hides the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape those troubles when they clean teeth in the old ways.

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. So a new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it daily, largely through dental advice.

The unique results

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Thus those great natural tooth-protecting factors gain much added power. These combined results bring to users a new dental era.

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1620

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 458, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Beats Owning a Store!

You can have a business of your own. Without saving a lifetime to get it. Without risking money in store fixtures and stock. Through a new selling plan that doesn't take a dollar! Let Wm. B. Garden tell you how:

"I only *thought* I was making money when I had a good season in my store. After paying rent, clerk hire, insurance, etc., and *charging off my losses* from dead stocks and deader credits—I had little left for the capital invested and the worry expended.

"Today I'm letting someone else bear all the burdens of the business. I have tied to an organization that has the money and the men and the *ideas* that make business *hum!* I'm making twice the money, with lots more *fun*, and the business I am building up is *permanent*. Here is my advice to anyone who wants to *make money:*

The Plan That Made Me Independent

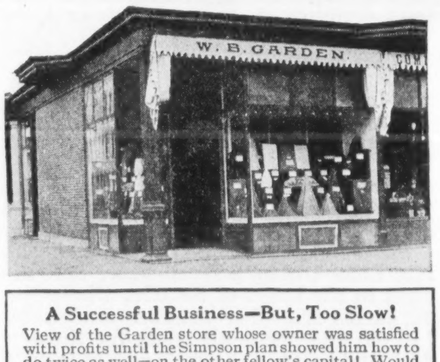
"In January 1921, I discovered the amazing system by which the big tailoring house of Simpson was putting virgin wool made-to-measure suits in the individual's hands for $31.50. No wonder it was getting harder to coax men into even good store suits! I took on the marvelous Simpson line—on the side. Soon I was selling three suits tailored the Simpson way, at the Simpson price, to one of other make.

"These clothes so full of individuality at such a close price soon brought me new trade from all quarters. And my Simpson customers began to repeat. I began getting orders in the evening; on the street; to and from work; my commissions began to grow like interest on money.

"I got orders galore from men who lived miles from town—who wouldn't pass my store once a month—men who had just been waiting for such an easy way to buy good clothes at a price that had no store expense tacked on. Eventually I sold my store to have more time for handling the demand for Simpson tailoring. That was the day my income started to *double*.

Ask Garden—He Knows!

Here's a man who dates his real success from the time he got out of small retailing—and got into large selling. The Simpson plan did it—without a dollar of capital!



A Successful Business—But, Too Slow!

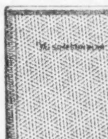
View of the Garden store whose owner was satisfied with profits until the Simpson plan showed him how to do twice as well—on the other fellow's capital! Would you rather be a small merchant—or a big money-maker?

To Men Who Seek a Real Business Opportunity

The new Simpson line is ready for the coming season —with 100 beautiful suitings in every imaginable pattern, and all the late colors—at $31.50! Also some striking virgin wool summer fabrics—at $21.50! Such a line sells on the spot. Our system of measuring is extremely simple. You need no previous experience. There are still openings for Simpson representatives—all or part time—but we urge *immediate* action if interested. Here's the coupon:

J.B. SIMPSON INC.

Dept. 1031 ***Chicago***



WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me FREE and POSTPAID the new illustrated book—The Simpson Plan—and explain fully how Simpson representatives can start without capital or previous experience.

Name

Address

Territory Wanted

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

ELIN PETERSDOUGHTER, a Swedish girl on the point of leaving America, wrote to "What's On Your Mind" a spirited arraignment of American housewives and what their servants suffer in their homes. We had no doubt that Elin had had some pretty rough experiences, but the tone of her letter seemed to us to indicate a temperament that could not possibly adapt itself to domestic service anywhere. Several intelligent readers who have been through the mill don't agree with us. Here are extracts from letters:

She Thinks Elin Was Right

To the Editor of Collier's:

American women generally provide clean, airy, well-furnished rooms for their "hired girl," but create such an atmosphere of "You're only my servant" that all too few American girls will go into service for the most tempting wages.

All too frequently the children in the family add to the feeling. I've heard them make remarks like this one, without a rebuke: "You're only the maid, I don't have to mind you, and Mama don't care if I do get crumbs on the floor. Isn't that what we pay you for?" I'm married now and have two children. If I had not served my two years, I'm sure I shouldn't be as happy as I am—yet only the girls who work or have worked know the humiliation and insults to which I have been subjected. MRS. —— ——, Wichita, Kan.

The "Stigma" of Housework

To the Editor of Collier's:

I know a girl who was forced to earn her living as a housemaid. When she got free and decided to make her start in the business world, it was next to impossible for her to secure a position, because she innocently told of her previous work. She was refused a position with the telephone company because they "did not employ girls who were accustomed to housework." These are facts, for I happen to be that girl.

With such a stigma on housework, who can expect a self-respecting girl to remain in it long? It is not only the attitude of her employers, but of people in general. No matter how refined the girl, let her do housework to earn a living and she is at once looked upon as "common," not to be compared with regular people.

Perhaps, after all, the Golden Rule would solve this problem of "Where can I get a maid?" with remarkable ease. EVELYN LEE, New York City.

A Chauffeur's View of It

To the Editor of Collier's:

I too have been a servant, as chauffeur, in every state of the Union except Florida and Michigan, also in England, on the Continent, in many parts of South America, Mexico, Canada. At home (I was born in the States, too) I was brought up to treat the servants with the utmost respect. There happen to be several of them there, in spite of my (present) humble station. I am a soldier of fortune. . . .

I have never been insulted by a man or woman I have worked for in any country except the United States. The people of the States do not know how to get good service, for they do not demand it and they do treat their underlings as though they were slaves of some sort. . . . In my wanderings, I have met many people of superior position in menial work: a "younger son" from Britain on the police force, a West Point graduate sweeping out a moving-picture house, an Oxford graduate boatman on the Thames, etc.

HARRY STRAHLE, Berkeley, Cal.

Five-to-Four Decisions

To the Editor of Collier's:

In an editorial in your issue of Nov. 1st, you say: "Our constitution has been in existence for 134 years. In that time only *nine* five-to-four decisions have been handed down by the Supreme Court." You then give the salient points in these decisions. I cannot understand how Collier's can publish an editorial based in misinformation. I believe that a casual search would have shown you that there are a great many more than nine five-to-four decisions in the reports of the Supreme Court.

SIGMUND W. DAVID, Chicago, Ill.

Nine five-to-four decisions, together with eight salient points involved, were set forth in the editorial Mr. David refers to. They all dealt with congressional powers, the word Congress being used each time except once, where the implication was plain. But it is also plain we should have been still plainer. Had we said, "Nine five-to-four decisions *holding an act of Congress unconstitutional,*" our November mail would have been lighter by several letters, of which this is one.

Age of a Clipper Ship

To the Editor of Collier's:

I lived in Seattle for some years, and if my memory does not fail me the clipper Benjamin F. Packard is owned by a cannery company, home port Seattle. She makes one round trip per year to British Bay, Alaska, taking up cannery supplies in the spring, returning after the close of the season loaded with cases of canned salmon. She brings home the entire summer pack of fish and lots of the Chinamen and cannery help.

She is unloaded and stripped and sent into Lake Union, a fresh-water lake almost in the heart of Seattle. There the barnacles from her summer anchorage fall off, and she is all ready for the dry dock and paint in the spring. She is well cared for but doesn't get driven very hard, as she was in Mr. Hains' time.

I have run across a lot of the old clippers that once were Eastern owned, doing cannery service on the Pacific coast. While they are passing out fast, a few are left. During the war, when hulls were bringing good prices, several were converted from windjammers into fore-and-afters, and they are still afloat.

BERT S. NICKERSON, Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. Hains, once the Packard's first mate, and an authority on the windjammers, writes: "I think he's mistaken, for she was a coal barge in the Boston-New York trade some twenty years ago, and would hardly have stood re-rigging to take around the Cape." The Seattle Chamber of Commerce could probably settle it. At all events, hulls that were once proud clippers are carrying "goldfish" now.

The Automatic Shotgun

To the Editor of Collier's:

Just what is a decent sportsman? We are always hearing about giving the game a "sporting chance." Are these not merely relative terms? "Uncle Johnny" writes to you decrying the automatic. But he carries a double-barrel. How much "sporting chance" has the game with that sort of weapon? Wouldn't the pioneer with his single-shot muzzle-loading rifle call "Uncle Johnny" a game hog? Wouldn't the aborigine with his bow and arrow call the pioneer one? And wouldn't the aborigine's predecessor, who caught his game by fleetness of foot and dispatched it with a club, call *him* one?

I for one am heartily in favor of putting the ban on firearms as far as small game is concerned; the universal use of the bow and arrow would not only conserve our vanishing game, but would also conserve much human life and would make for a better race of men. JAMES G. HAYDEN, Marion, O.

The argument against the automatic shotgun is by no means new, and the "sporting chance" idea gives it a somewhat misleading cast. "Uncle Johnny" was writing about grouse shooting. Even with an automatic, where the grouse are all experienced, one would seldom have more than two shots ere the bird disappeared. Those who oppose the automatic speak of ducks, "snipe," and quail in the open; a quick man, they say, can kill a small flock. Nevertheless, unimpeachable sportsmen are among the users of automatics.

She Wives for He Husbands

To the Editor of Collier's:

So Miss Crossways can't find a real he husband, can't she? Men are all lah-de-dah dress designers, cookbook worms and sichlike?

Woe be unto the poor husband who fails to appreciate his wife's new dress from the buttons on the back to the dingus on the waist, and to the man who can't get supper for the kiddies while his wife is at her bridge club! On the other hand, what of the women who fish, hunt, play golf, etc.? What of women lawyers, doctors, police, governors, and congressmen? I can't see where Miss Crossways has any kick coming.

"A MAN'S MAN," Falconer, N. Y.

To the Editor of Collier's:

"Wanted, a He Husband," by Laura Crossways, New York City. I consider myself a he man and have had trouble finding a girl who wanted one; most of them want one of the other kind, by that I mean one who uses a safety razor and perfume, gets his hair permanently waved, etc. In other words, a cake-eater.

Now I am going to call Miss Laura's bluff, and if she will give me her correct name and address I will give her my principles on what I think a he man should be.

J. RAYMOND EVERETT,
Middletown, N. Y.

Let Incomes Have Privacy

To the Editor of Collier's:

That public funds should be open to public inspection is right and just. But that every little business man should be forced to let every one of his competitors know exactly what was his income for the previous year is an injustice that should be obvious to everyone. The evils of such meddling publicity are too numerous to mention. Making such figures public will give labor new pretext for strikes, provide ammunition for agitators and disrupt business generally.

But the worst aspect of all is that this is just one more invasion of the privacy of the individual.

L. B. LOFTUS, Cincinnati, O.

The Zulu's Snickersnee

To the Editor of Collier's:

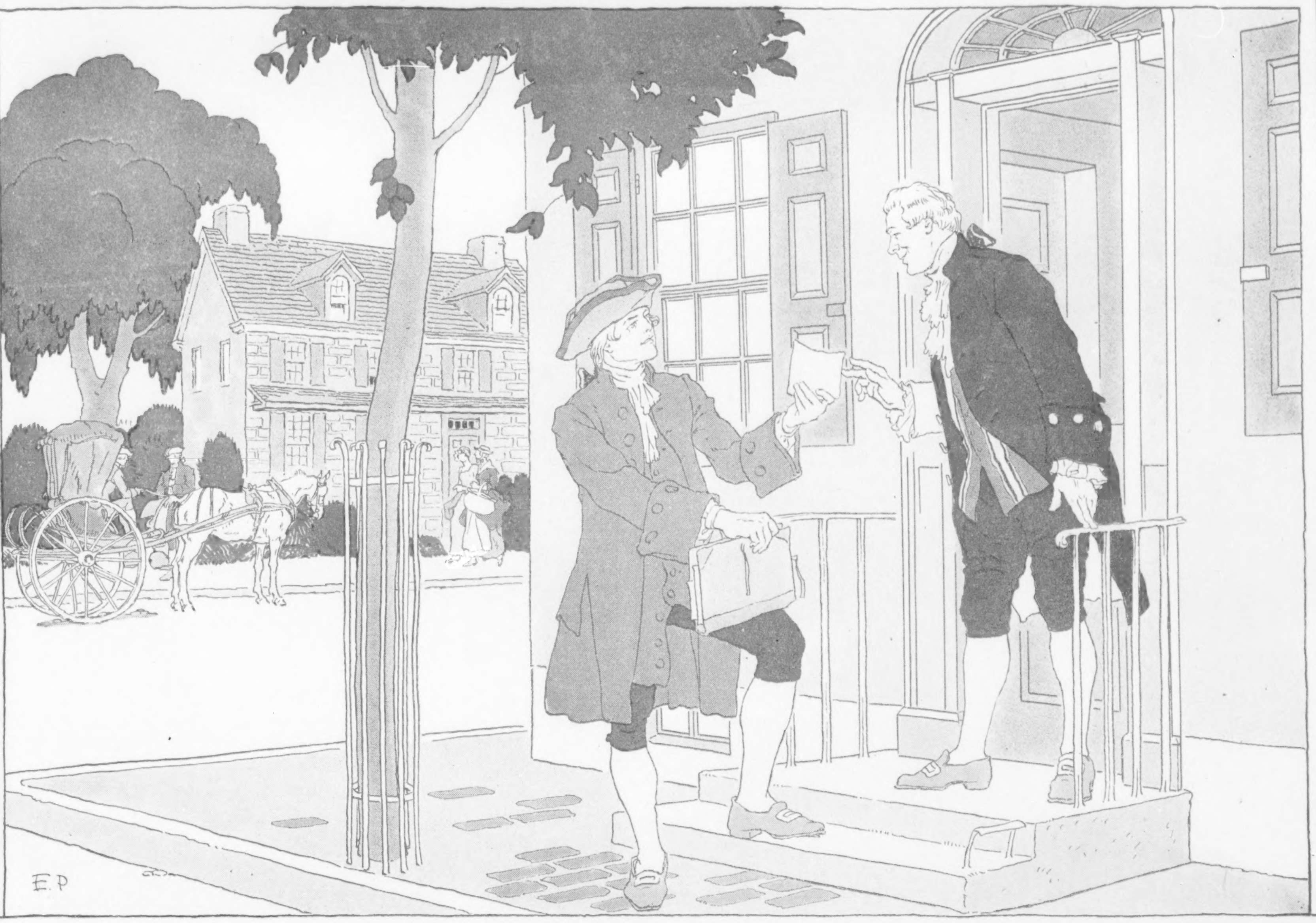
Mebbe that *was a Zulu* kris that Austin Parker wrote about in Collier's. And mebbe it was a Malay assagai!

Them Zulus are derned queer, but if they use a kris I hadn't heard of it.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM, New York City.

Though the blade of the kris has a permanent wave,
The same as the Zulu's wool, it
Never is they—it's the brown Malay,
We're told, who when peeved will pull it;
While the sensitive Zulu will make retorts
To critics who've called him queer,
With an assagai—which, we have on high
Authority, means a spear.
But supposing a Zulu had voyaged, at risk
Of becoming "long pig" with gravy,
And returned to his clan, a traveled man,
With a souvenir keen and wavy,
Or a Zulu of fashion, whose wardrobe trunks
Had formerly had but grease in.
Took men's-wear hints from those of the Prince
And wore plus-fours with a kris in—

Supposing all that, for the sake of peace,
Couldn't there be a Zulu kris?



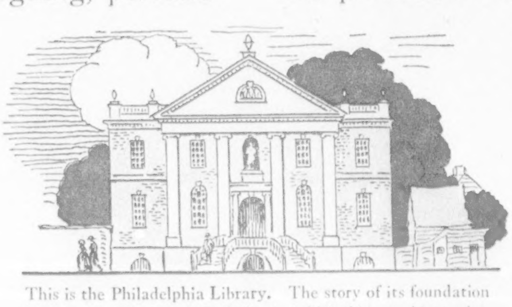
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—*Book Salesman*

YOU SEE in a newspaper: "Franklin founded the Philadelphia Library in 1731." It sounds easy. Franklin lived in Philadelphia; he founded a library. That is all.

There was not a bookstore in Philadelphia in 1731. What books there were had to be imported from England. But young Franklin was undismayed. He set out, as he says in his autobiography, "to make the benefit of books more common."

From house to house he went—arguing, persuading, *selling* the idea of books. And finally fifty Philadelphians agreed to pay ten shillings a year for a public subscription library, the first in America.

Hard work. And worth it, for Franklin says: "This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repaired the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me."


This is the Philadelphia Library. The story of its foundation in 1731 by Benjamin Franklin is told in his autobiography, a part of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

In Franklin's Footsteps Walk 430 Men

Throughout America today, 430 salesmen of the House of Collier are working as Franklin did "to make the benefit of books more common." They can tell you how Franklin's "hour or two each day" for profitable reading has been cut down by Dr. Eliot of Harvard to only 15 minutes a day.

An interesting little book called "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—which will tell you at once all about Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books —will be sent you by return mail on request. Or, if you like, one of the Collier representatives will bring it to you and answer your questions.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Publishers of Good Books Since 1875 416 West 13th Street, New York City

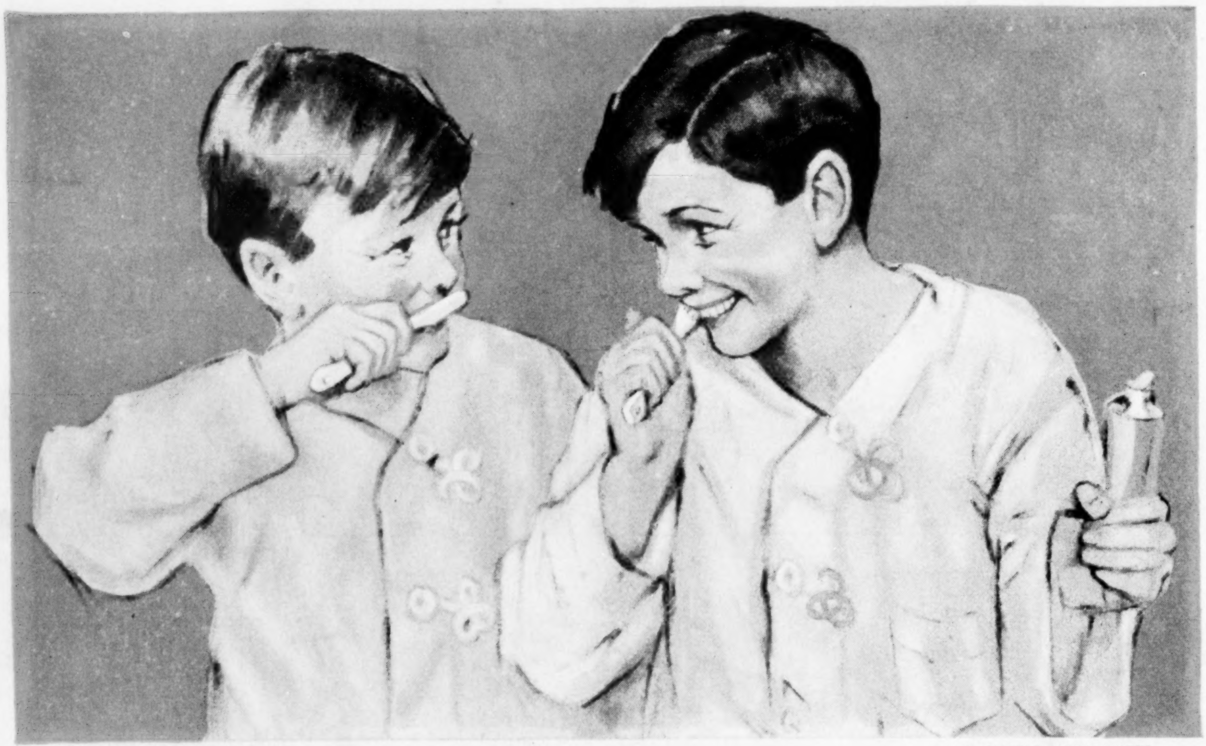
This might have been prevented!

Poison of Bad Teeth
Causes Malnutrition
Interferes with Digestion and Assimilation of Food—Child Remains Undernourished

Don't wait to counteract tooth trouble

Prevent It!

Colgate's *removes causes* of tooth decay



"SMILING TEETH FOR LIFE" By MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

THE time to fight unhealthy teeth is before disease sets in—not after. Give yourself and your family a chance to escape disease by the most effective and inexpensive method in the world—prevention.

Preventive science is the new development in dentistry. Its aim is to keep teeth healthy—and teeth can be kept healthy only when they are kept clean. Healthy teeth are as necessary to beauty as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion.

Free—2 week trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 978
199 Fulton St., New York City
Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

Causes of tooth decay must be removed—safely. Soap and chalk, scientists say, are the best agents yet discovered for cleaning teeth safely—and these are ingredients of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

"Washes," Polishes and Protects

Colgate's does not scour teeth clean; it washes them gently and thoroughly. The fine chalk removes clinging particles of food while the mild soap washes them away. The mouth is left in its normal condition—pleasantly refreshed and clean.

There is no grit in Colgate's, for grit scratches tooth enamel, thus inviting decay instead of fighting it. Colgate's contains no dangerous ingredients. Its function is to cleanse and protect.

The Safe Course

See your dentist at least twice a year and use Colgate's after every meal. It is priced as sensibly as it is made—25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

BAD TEETH and malnutrition are closely associated. In the United States 68% of the school children have defective teeth: 22.7% suffer from malnutrition. (Authoritative figures.)

Dr. Robert Hugh Rose, in his book "Eat Your Way to Health" says, "If these defects were confined to the poor it would not be such a reflection upon our conception of how to nourish the nation, but the rich suffer about the same as the poor."

When teeth decay, either from faulty diet or from lack of care, development of the child is retarded both physically and mentally. Poison from decaying teeth permeates the body. Then serious trouble starts. Dread diseases may develop. Even life itself may be cut short.

Many cities have undertaken preventive dentistry in the schools. Philanthropic organizations have taken hold. Big business institutions are making tooth care compulsory. It means better work from employees, and fewer absences.

As education advances—as the serious effects of unhealthy teeth are becoming known—more and more forces are combating this national defect. Conditions can greatly be improved.

Give the child a chance!

These New York City school children are being given a chance to escape the consequences of unhealthy teeth.

Healthy mouths lessen the danger of "catching" disease.